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CAPE COD.

THE most striking feature of the New England coast-line is Cape Cod. Standing far out, lonesome, into the ocean, it gives, from the map, the impression of a sand-bar. In looking at other sea-coast reaches, the imagination flies at once to a sheltered inland: to village streets and peaceful farms and bush-fringed ponds and wild flowers; but looking at this weird projection, it seems impossible to conjure up an inland.

There are wastes, in fact, along this stretch of sea-board. The farthest town has not a farm, and the soil of its gardens is brought in the holds of vessels. Nothing could give a stronger impression of desolation than the wild sea of shifting sand-hills lying open to the Atlantic on the outer coast of Provincetown, and the sand-hills on the harbor side, which crowd two miles of houses to the water. The open plain between Provincetown and Truro is wild and barren; its vegetation is for the most part little more than moss; although in favored spots is seen the mock-cranberry's red-berried creeping vine and some recent plantations of pine, all making headway.

When the Pilgrims entered Cape Cod harbor, this stretch of country was all covered with soil, and bore a forest growth of oak and pine. Woods and soil, like the Indians, have given way before civilization, and, under the white man's rule, sand has beaten in and swamped the vegetation. Even now, in Provincetown, one can see the process of desolation going on. In every violent gale, the looser sand is drifted about, and after the storm is over, here and there peep out the tops of newly submerged bushes.

All through the Cape, too, are barren stretches of "old fields," crossed by decayed rail fences or stone walls gray with moss:

such fields as are seen through the whole of eastern Massachusetts. The last generation of farmers beggars the land and leaves it. It is hard to realize now that Eastham was once the granary of Massachusetts Bay and Plymouth; that the sandy tip of the Cape was covered with trees; that the "old fields" once waved with substantial crops. Nevertheless, such are the facts.

With all the grandeur of wildness that has seized upon a great part of the outer coast, from Provincetown to Chatham, speaking in every line of storms, of surf, of wrecks, of bodies heaved up by the sea, a quiet inland beauty nestles still in the shelter of Cape Cod. There are woods and farms; there are elm trees overhanging village streets; there are blue ponds and still, dark flumes and wild flowers.

Two hundred and sixty years ago, and more, the *Mayflower* anchored in Cape Cod harbor, off what is now Provincetown. Although the settlement of the Pilgrims was finally made at Plymouth, it was at Cape Cod that the first birth and the first death occurred, and that the famous compact of government was signed. It was on Cape Cod that a party under Miles Standish made the first excursion inland, tracked Indians through the woods, laid hold on corn, rifled a wigwam and, with that delicacy which always characterized their captain, explored an Indian grave.

Carried by steam, to-day, through the whole length of the Cape, in cars of the latest pattern, raising our eyes from the last novel to look upon stretches of open country, it is hard to frame a vision of Cape Cod as it was when the Pilgrims landed. Shut your eyes to the sand-hills, to all the neglected acres white with daisies or gay with golden-rod; clothe

the seventy miles of curving peninsula, except the broad salt-marshes, with forest trees; think of the numberless bays and ponds and streams that light up the country still; picture here and there an Indian clearing, a cluster of wigwams, and a sachem with his followers; fill the woods with deer and wolves and foxes, and you see Cape Cod as it lay on that November morning when the plunge of the *Mayflower's* anchor broke the stillness.

Soon after the settlement at Plymouth, a trading-house, the foundations of which may still be traced, was built at Manomet, now known as Monument, near the head of Buzard's Bay; but the first settlement, properly speaking, on Cape Cod, was made at Sandwich. "April 3, 1637," say the Plymouth records, "it is also agreed by the court that these ten men of Saugus [naming them] shall have liberty to view a place to sit down, and have land sufficient for three-score families."

In view of the later history of Cape Cod, there is an amusing ring in this liberty to "sit down," granted to the nucleus of a people who in their growth have shown a constant desire to do anything but sit down; who have disclosed, on the contrary, a most determined disposition "the ocean's depths to sound, or pierce to either pole"; who hang Calcutta hats upon their hat-trees; whose parlors give out a sandal-wood perfume from the islands of the Pacific. If there was any one form of words that was to prove peculiarly inappropriate to the settlement of Cape Cod, it was this of a liberty to "sit down."

Soon after this settlement was begun, two commissioners were sent from Plymouth, directed to "go to Sandwich, with all convenient speed [which was probably about three

miles an hour], and set forth the bounds of the lands granted there." Their names lend a certain flavor of romance: Miles Standish and John Alden. When they came to settle the titles of Sandwich, the eventful deputation to settle the title to Priscilla, if any such there was, had long since taken place. We can hardly think, without a smile, of these two heroes, all unconscious of the poetic halo that was to gather about their names, peacefully working together in the unromantic task of running boundary lines, parceling upland and salt-marsh.

The mention here of the two famous suitors reminds me of two bachelor settlers—such they seem to have been—whose lot was less romantic. They had undertaken to "sit down" in Sandwich, and had begun to clear allotments. They presumed to be "disorderly" by "keeping house alone," and for this they were arraigned at Plymouth. Poor Pilgrims! Who knows their story! Perhaps they had dutifully tried to win for themselves two humble Priscillas, and, through John Alden's of their own, had failed. Nevertheless, the rigid views of the colony could not allow them, as bread in the desert, even this pale joy of keeping house alone.

The settlement at Sandwich was quickly followed by others, at Barnstable, at Yarmouth, and lower down the Cape. Eastham was settled by a colony from Plymouth, headed by Thomas Prince, for many years governor, whose descendants live there still. The question of a general removal from Plymouth to Eastham was seriously debated.

Many interesting historical associations are connected with the different towns. In the scattered village of East Sandwich stands, on a little rise of ground, a large, bare building,



GOVERNOR THOMAS PRINCE'S BIRTHPLACE.



WELLFLEET ANCIENT WHARVES.

which, from its absolute plainness, you would know, if you took it for a house of worship at all, to be a Friends' meeting-house. This building dates only from the beginning of the present century, but it stands in the place of an older structure, and the society is of long standing. The Sandwich monthly meeting has been said to be the oldest in the country. The surnames which prevail in the neighborhood figure in the ancient court records of the Plymouth colony,—for this was a marked locality in the early struggle for religious liberty.

Nicholas Upsall was a member of the Boston church. When he was far advanced in years, he was, for outspoken disapproval of the persecution of the Quakers, fined twenty pounds and banished. His choice of a retreat being limited, he came to Plymouth; but he was now viewed as a Quaker, and it was illegal in the Plymouth colony to entertain him. Nevertheless, a man who was returning to Cape Cod took the old man in his convoy to Sandwich. Here he must have been harbored, for we find an order of the General Court to John Newland of that town, forbidding any further meetings at his house tending "to the disturbance of the public worship of God," and a direction that Nicholas Upsall, the "instigator" of this trouble, "be carried out of the government by Tristan Hull, who brought him." Upsall seems to have sown some seed, for, shortly after this, a number of persons were punished for encouraging what were called "Quaker" movements. In 1658, a large number of citizens of Sandwich were fined for expressing sympathy, in one way or another, with Quaker views, and feeling ran so high in the town against the strictness of the

colony, that the town constable could not, or perhaps would not, perform the duties of his office, and a sort of metropolitan police, in the form of a special marshal, was appointed by the Plymouth government to fill his place. In Barnstable and Yarmouth, too, the local officer was superseded.

Barlow, the marshal set over Sandwich, had no morbid delicacy. When he had a fine to levy upon the goods of a Quaker, he would select for seizure the article least to be spared, as the family kettle. An Indian charged with theft justified himself by precedent: "I have done," he said, "only as you do by the Quakers."

There was a long contest between Barlow, backed by the Plymouth government, on the one hand, and public opinion in Sandwich on the other, with many amusing features. How natural and human it makes the life of those early days, to read of the superseded constable's prosecution for "railing" at the marshal who supplanted him!

Perhaps, in the features of the settlements on Cape Cod, including their absolute freedom from the witchcraft mania, the curious inquirer may seek for a certain clew to traits that have marked Cape Cod in later times. Her genius has been practical. The strongest characteristics of her people have been a common-sense sagacity and a capacity for affairs. Perhaps it is that very enthusiastic temperament which, in other sections, led to extreme and fanatical convictions in religion, that has unfolded itself, in later times, in the imaginative literature of Massachusetts.

One of the most curious buildings of Cape Cod stands in East Sandwich. It is a block-house, built in 1644. It is now the parlor of



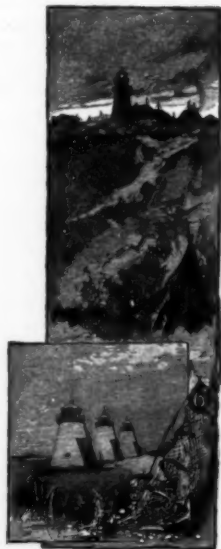
AN OLD INHABITANT.

a dwelling-house, and its neat and peaceful interior, cheered by a cabinet organ, is in strange contrast with the thought of Pilgrims, in peaked hats, standing guard against possible forays of Indians.

Next below Sandwich lies the scattered village of West Barnstable, anciently called "Great Marshes," from the vast sweep of salt-marsh, rich in suggestive beauty, which makes far out to Barnstable Bay. From the road that rises to the southward to cross the Cape, you look on woods and farms, on bits of swamp, green in the hottest summer, on the great marshes and the bay. The meeting-house, high up the hill, is nearly one hundred and seventy years old, being one of the oldest in the State. It takes the place of an earlier structure, and the church which worships in it has a history. In the early part of the seventeenth century, Henry Jacob, a clergyman of the Church of England, wrote against the English Congregationalists then in exile. Shortly after, he went to Leyden, where he met with John Robinson, and, influenced probably by him, changed his views. On his return to England he took the lead in the establishment, in 1616, of an Independent Church, of which, for eight years, he was the pastor. He was succeeded by John Lathrop. Another eight years the congregation worshiped in secret in London, but it was fi-

nally discovered, by the bishop's pursuivant, at the house of one Humphrey Barnet, in Blackfriars. Forty-two persons were apprehended, and the prisoners were held for some two years. Mr. Lathrop, the pastor, was detained longest, and it was only after the death of his wife, on the intercession of his children, that he was released, on condition of leaving the kingdom. He came to New England with thirty of his people, and settled at Scituate; but in 1639, with a majority of the members of the church, he emigrated to Great Marshes, and so began the settlement of Barnstable. "This circumstance," says Palfrey, the historian of New England, himself a native of the town, "makes the first church in Barnstable the representative of the first Congregational church established in England, unless, which perhaps was the fact, the church of John Robinson, now surviving in that of Plymouth, was organized on Congregational principles before he left the mother country for Holland." "Another interesting fact," he adds, "connected with that primitive English Congregational church which still survives in our church at Great Marshes, is that from its bosom also proceeded the first English Baptist church: so that it is further entitled to the eminent rank of parent of the now very numerous churches of that denomination both in England and America."

Among those who came with Lathrop from Scituate to Barnstable were the famous James Cudworth and Isaac Robinson, a son of the



HIGHLAND LIGHT, NORTH TRURO, AND MAUSETT LIGHT, EASTHAM.



OLD HALLETT HOUSE, OSTERVILLE.

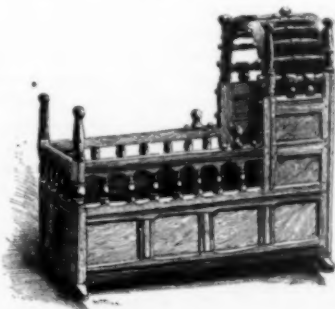
great Leyden pastor. Robinson was deputed by the General Court to attend, with others, the meetings of the Quakers, and to endeavor to convince them of their errors. He went, and in the end became convinced that there should be no persecution of them, and for his open defense of their right to religious freedom was disfranchised. He subsequently settled in Falmouth, and built the first house in that town. Descendants through him of the famous Leyden pastor live there to this day.

Half way down the hill, between the church and the railway, stands a large square house (formerly the parsonage), the birthplace of Chief-Justice Shaw, whose father was the minister of the parish. A quarter of a mile from there, on the road to Barnstable, is the site of the Otis mansion, where Colonel James Otis lived, and his son, the patriot Otis,—“the soul of the Revolution,” the elder Adams calls him,—was born.

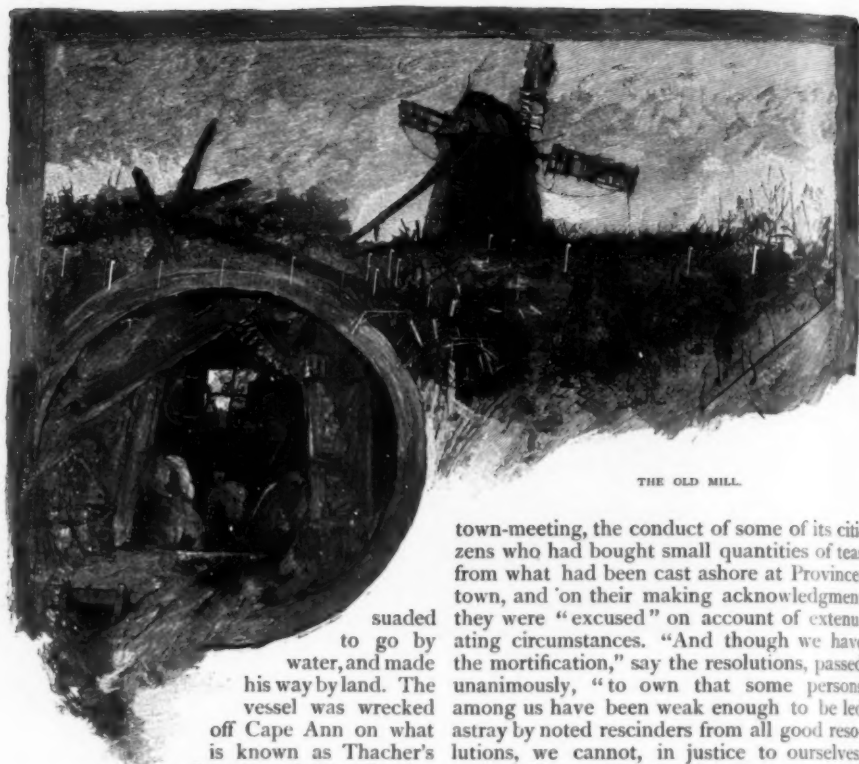
This unnoticed hamlet is, therefore, the seat of a church which is the representative of the earliest or the second of the English Congregational churches, and the parent of another great denomination; it has also given the country one of its loftiest statesmen and one of its greatest judges. Other men of mark have sprung from the town of Barnstable: Governor Hinckley, Nymphas Marston, and Samuel A. Otis, member of Congress from

this district and the father of Harrison Gray Otis; Solicitor-General Davis, and Mr. Palfrey, the historian, among others.

One of the most interesting relics of Pilgrim days upon Cape Cod is a cradle which has descended in a prominent family in Yarmouth, and is now in possession of Mr. Henry C. Thacher. Anthony Thacher came to New England in 1635, with a wife and several children, and with a young nephew, who became the ancestor of the judges George and Peter Oxenbridge Thacher. He landed at Newbury, and, to continue his journey, took passage by sea; but the nephew, having a presentiment of danger, could not be per-



THE THACHER CRADLE.



THE OLD MILL.

sued
to go by
water, and made
his way by land. The
vessel was wrecked
off Cape Ann on what
is known as Thacher's
Island, and Mr. Thacher
and his wife alone were

saved, their children being drowned before their eyes. This cradle, which had held the youngest, was washed ashore, with a worked broadcloth covering, which has also been preserved.

The records of Brewster give a striking illustration of the exposed situation of Cape Cod in case of war. During the war of 1812, a British man-of-war, the *Spencer*, appeared there, and exacted four thousand dollars as the condition of sparing the town and the valuable salt-works.

The feeling at Boston and Philadelphia as to tea, in 1775, ran high upon Cape Cod. A vessel loaded with tea went ashore at Provincetown, and for some service or other a Wellfleet man received and undertook to sell a chest or two of tea, saying that, as it had not paid duty, there was no harm in his accepting it. Public spirit has always been strong upon Cape Cod, and the general indignation rose to such a pitch that he finally felt obliged to present a written apology in town-meeting. "I had no intention," he says, "to injure the liberties of my country."

In February, 1774, Truro discussed, at a

town-meeting, the conduct of some of its citizens who had bought small quantities of tea from what had been cast ashore at Provincetown, and on their making acknowledgment they were "excused" on account of extenuating circumstances. "And though we have the mortification," say the resolutions, passed unanimously, "to own that some persons among us have been weak enough to be led astray by noted rescinders from all good resolutions, we cannot, in justice to ourselves, omit making public the fact that no person in this town could be prevailed upon to accept the infamous employment of transporting the tea saved out of the Messrs. Clarks' brigantine from Cape Cod to the vessel, but that the repeated solicitations of the owners were refused, notwithstanding liberal promises of a large reward, and notwithstanding we had several vessels here unemployed." Somebody in Truro knew how to write vigorous English.

The little town which showed such spirit on the tea question, displayed an ingenuity equal to it on another occasion, during the Revolution. A British fleet appeared off-shore; the town was defenseless, except for a few militia, and the enemy seemed about to land. So the Cape Cod Yankees hit upon a device. There were sand-hills then, as now, along the coast; and the handful of militia-men, taking position behind an inner one, kept marching over it, and, hidden by a hill in front, back again, around and over the first elevation again; thus making a procession of theatrical length. The enemy seem to have been fairly cheated, for they sailed away without attempting to land.

The first glance at the map suggests the

question of cutting a ship-canal across the Cape. The "back of Cape Cod" is full of terrors in bad weather, and the circuit, with head-winds, is always tedious. In fact, the narrowness of the Cape at the head of Buz-

seem that Cape Cod was subject to visitations from the main-land. And so, in 1717, it was proposed to build a high fence from "Pickett Cliff," on the north side of the Cape, to Wareham, to keep wolves from coming



OLD MILL AT BREWSTER, FROM THE STAGE.

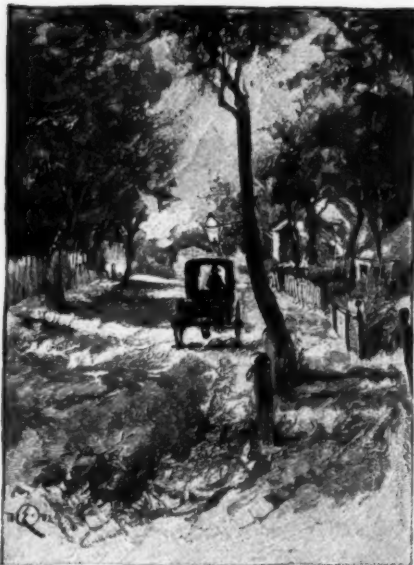
ard's Bay has afforded food for speculation from early times. The Plymouth colonists utilized this strip of land for a portage or carry when they set up their trading-post at Manomet. It was put to this use again in the war of 1812.

More than a hundred years ago the project of a ship-canal was seriously discussed. Very recently a corporation, not composed, we ought to state, of Cape Cod men, undertook the work. The route surveyed was about seven miles in length. An army of Italian laborers was brought on from New York, and digging was begun; but the enterprise suddenly collapsed, and the sons of Rome were left there, penniless, to shake their fists and utter Italian threats, and the town of Sandwich found itself obliged to feed the unfortunate men and send them back to New York. The project has lately been revived.

Long ago, the tempting narrowness of the isthmus gave rise in the mind of some local genius to a singular proposition. In those days, wolves made serious havoc. It would

into the county; but the lower towns, finding, perhaps, in the activity of the Sandwich farmers already a sufficient bulwark, were lukewarm, and the scheme fell through. The discussion of it, however, disclosed a certain lack of a spirit of self-denial in some of the outside towns. They objected to the fence, not wishing, they said, "all the wolves to be shut out of the county upon their limits." So, in one way and another, by the project of a ship-canal or a wolf-fence, the main-land has, from the earliest time, trembled under a perpetual menace of being cut off from Cape Cod.

The question of cutting the Cape at Eastham was once debated. It was thought, however, that the channel would be likely to be closed by the action of the sea, which often shows a mind of its own with regard to geography. The ocean, in fact, is constantly making changes in the shores of the Cape. Stage Harbor is entered by a narrow opening in a long tongue of sand. This opening has been changing its location. It was formerly in Eastham; but being of a roving disposition,



VILLAGE STREET.

as befits a Cape Cod institution, it has gradually moved to the south, and is now in the town of Orleans.

In many places on the more exposed coastline, the shores are slowly washing away. Where there are woods immediately on the bluff, trees are often seen lying along the beach, with their upturned roots exposed in the bank where they were undermined in a winter's gale. Sometimes, on the other hand, a storm makes beach, by throwing thousands of tons of sand upon a low stretch of coast and burying out of sight the marsh-bank.

In Eastham, large stumps may be discovered nearly a mile from land, and ancient peat-meadows now lie under water. At another place in that town is a peat-meadow which was buried in remote times by sand, but has been washed out again by the waves, and fuel has been taken from it.

While there is much barren country on Cape Cod, there are in tillage, including hay lands of all kinds, eleven thousand acres, and of woodland there are some thirty thousand acres. There is good land in almost every section, and in many places there is productive soil. Even in Truro there is good farming, and in the upper towns fine crops are often raised. On the inner side of the Cape, the soil is generally better than on the outer; but there are some marked instances of profitable farming on the outer shore. The lighter soil is warm, and being free from stones it is easily worked, and there are many crops which flourish in

it. The yield of English hay, by the last State census, was four thousand one hundred and seventy tons from three thousand eight hundred and fifteen acres.

It has been proposed, at different times, to dike-in the vast salt-marshes and convert them into dry land. The soil is deep and rich, and there is little doubt that, if they could be so protected, heavy crops of English hay or of grain could be raised upon them, and, as they are level and of great extent, they could, by coöperation, be tilled by machinery, like prairie farms of the West. If other avenues of activity were not freely open, it is more than likely that these meadows would be reclaimed.

The great feature in Cape Cod agriculture is cranberry raising. No other part of the country can compete with the Cape in this. Everywhere lie the cranberry meadows, or bogs, as they are properly called. They form one of the most characteristic features of the landscape. You see them from the car windows, spreading out over level acres, or skirting, with varying width, the running streams; you see them in winding valleys, far below the carriage road; you come upon them suddenly in the woods,—strangely trim, rectangular clearings, darkly shut in by a dense swamp growth. The culture of the cranberry has been reduced to a science. A swamp is cleared of its wild growth of trees and bushes and leveled like a floor; six inches of clear sand are carted on, to cover the heavy bog soil; numerous trenches for the flow of water are cut; a dike is thrown up about the field, and a brook is turned to run through it, with gates, so that the land can be "flowed" in spring to kill insects, and in the fall for protection from frost. Vines are set out at regular intervals, and spreading, they mat the ground. It costs on the average perhaps \$400 an acre to transform a rough swamp into a cranberry meadow in bearing condition. One marsh in Barnstable cost \$30,000. The profits, however, are large. One meadow, of two or three acres, has repaid six weeks' annual labor with \$1000 a year for twenty years. Another, of half an acre, belonging to Mr. Emulous Small, of Harwichport, an expert in this culture, has yielded ninety-eight barrels in one season. A meadow of sixteen acres, at Marston's Mills, netted in one year \$8000, and another of forty-eight acres, at Newtown, in Barnstable, has yielded in one season, within a year or two, forty-two hundred barrels, netting a profit of eighty per cent. There are probably on Cape Cod some thirteen hundred acres of cranberry meadows, from a few rods to fifty acres in size, and the acreage is constantly increasing. The whole

crop is from thirty to forty-five thousand barrels, worth from \$250,000 to \$300,000 on the ground. The picking time is an era in the year. Schools are often closed, and the boys and

are often wide; but there are numberless wagon roads that began existence merely as unofficial cart-paths, and by stealthy inroads gradually found favor and wound into the



COMMERCIAL STREET, PROVINCETOWN.

girls, with many of their elders, turn to gathering the crop; rakes are seldom used, for fear of damage to the berries, which are best picked by hand. The price of picking is not included in the figures given above, and on the whole a substantial amount of ready money is distributed in a thousand tiny rivulets from this industry.

There is more forest on Cape Cod, it is said, than there was fifty years ago. Extensive tracts that once were tilled have been left to run to wood, their former names still clinging to them. You will hear of a piece of woodland known as the "Thomas" field or "West New Field." A farmer dies; his sons have all left home to follow the seas, to keep store in Boston, or to practice law in San Francisco. The first year, the fields are neglected: withered stubble of the year before alone remains to tell of cultivation. Another year, a feeble crop of grass comes stealing in; another summer, unless the land is fated to remain as an "old field," you will see miniature pitch-pines all over it; another summer yet, and they are bushes; and before you can realize it, the whole field is rejoicing in a vigorous growth. Even in many of the roads you hardly leave the woods. It seems as if a chief business on Cape Cod from the time of Noah had been the making of roads. The village streets and the county highways

affections of the public until they gained recognition. They are very narrow often, and the trees meet overhead. Sometimes you are tempted to pursue such a way until it turns out a "blind road," and you can go no further, and can with difficulty turn back. In some of them it is the rarest thing—we might almost say illegal—for two vehicles to meet; if there is a meeting, it takes a certain Yankee planning sometimes to effect an interchange of position. But a man who has passed a score of years or more in riding up and down high-rolling waves thinks nothing of urging a wagon, loaded with cordwood or oysters, up the steepest bank, or of driving over saplings six feet high, to make a circuit.

In many places, the woods run along the coast to the very edge of the sandy bluff. For many miles upon the southern shore, in Osterville and Cotuit, and on the headlands of Mashpee, for example, one can stroll through the pine woods on an August day and enjoy the fragrance and the dense shade, listening all the while to the steady breaking of waves upon the beach.

A wood-packet runs regularly from Cotuit to Nantucket. It is quite common for the crews of coasting vessels hauled up in the winter to turn to felling wood; in this, as in everything else, is seen a mingling of rural



THE TOWN-CRIER.

and maritime pursuits. Every mariner knows something of farming, and every farmer is more or less of a sailor. They tell of an action against a town for injuries from a defect in a highway, in which the distance of a certain hole in the road from the traveled path was in question. A town officer had fixed the distance by actual measurement, and the only evidence for the plaintiff was that of a man who simply gave his judgment. Nobody could guess how the plaintiff's counsel would get around the evidence of the town officer. But he was undaunted. "Gentlemen of the jury," he said, "both witnesses are honest; one of them is mistaken—which is it? You all know how liable we are, in ciphering or in measuring, to make a mistake of calculation; my good friend, the selectman, probably laid down his foot-rule one time more or less than he thought, and so he

is mistaken; but my witness, gentlemen, did not put his trust on any foot-rule: he knew better. As you all know, he has cut more cord-wood than any other man in Barnstable County, and he can measure by his eye infallibly. About his accuracy, therefore, there can be no possible question. The selectman may be wrong; my witness can't be."

The natural ponds of the Cape are among its chief charms. You come upon them everywhere. The smaller ones are much alike, except as nature loves to give to each some shy, peculiar grace. They lie for the most part in an amphitheater, and have neither inlet nor outlet. The bottom and the shore are commonly of white sand, and the water is as clear as crystal and singularly pure.

These ponds are, of course, spring-fed, and there must be an overflow through the loose upper soil by percolation. Many of them are wooded all about and to the very beach, and the trees throw out long branches over the water, and fling their shadows far on its surface. Others are surrounded by pastures divided from each other by rail fences, which project out to deep water to keep the cows of different farms separate. Often a farmhouse, with its barn and sheds, stands on the bank above the pond.

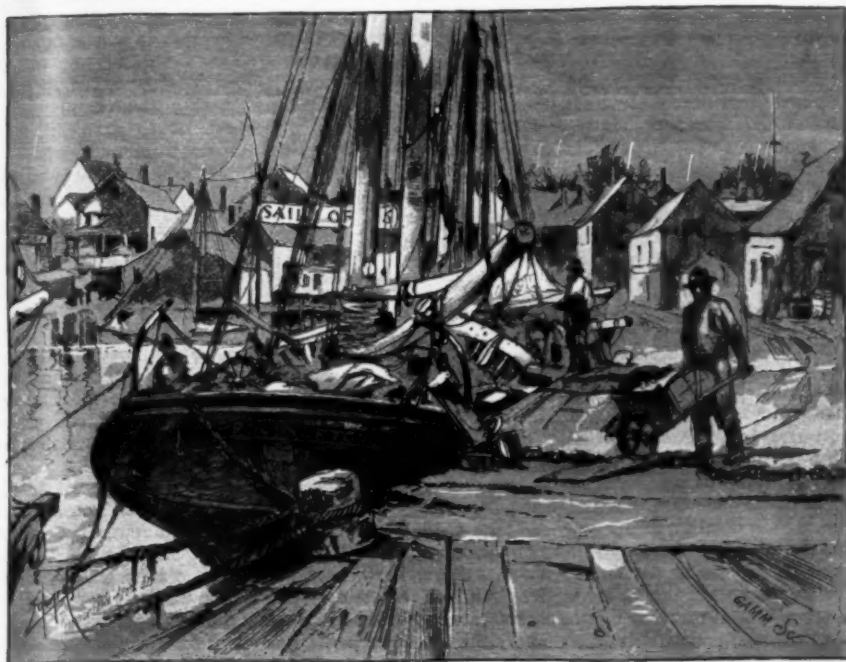
There is no rocky coast upon Cape Cod. The powerful swirl of waves into worn granite race-ways is unknown. Instead of rocks, there are long sand beaches curving as far as the eye can reach, cut, every few miles, by the opening of some little bay or harbor. There are no perils on a bold rocky shore equal to those of Peaked Hill Bars off the white Provincetown sand-hills, seizing vessels in their sunken traps and holding them there to beat in pieces. There is not a mile of coast from Provincetown to Chatham that has not stories to tell of shipwreck. In fact, the history of the whole coast line, inner and outer, of Cape Cod would be a history of disasters, from the time when the pirate ship *Whidah* was driven ashore in a gale, a century ago, and more than a hundred bodies were washed up on the beach.

The number of birds on Cape Cod is very great, and among them are many rare ones for the North, such as the black skimmer, or shear-water, and the Maryland yellow-throat. Mr. H. E. Chase, who spends his summers at Hyannisport, has himself counted a hundred and eighteen varieties, and has shot and stuffed a good many of the more interesting.

The prairie warbler is often met in the pine woods. It is so bold that one can sit within a few feet of it, while it hunts for its food like the chickadees, often head down, clinging to some twig, now and then pausing to chirp. At dusk, the night-heron wings its

way out over the salt-marshes to relieve the kingfisher, who has been sounding his rattle all day long from some favorite post; and as the deeper shadows gather, whip-poor-wills

the thousands of shore birds on their southward journey, and acts, moreover, as a barrier to Southern species wandering North in the late summer. Some years ago, a great



CENTRAL WHARF, PROVINCETOWN.

and owls come out from the deepest recesses of the woods.

Among the most common birds are the meadow-lark or marsh quail, the sharp-tailed finch, the red-wing blackbird, the grassfinch, the green heron, the tern or mackerel-gull, and the shore birds. They are all independent of the woods. From the peculiar position of Cape Cod, and the equalizing effect necessarily produced on the climate by the ceaseless sweep of ocean breezes, many stragglers of northern and southern species, never seen in other parts of Massachusetts, find their way here, and some which usually pass further south have even been known to winter here.

Birds which follow the shore in their migrations consult the nature of the coast. In Eastern Massachusetts, more plainly than anywhere else, is seen the change from the low, sandy shore which marks the South to the high and rocky coast-line of the North. Such a change is sure to be noticed by birds on their migrations, for on the character of the coast depends their food. Cape Cod is, therefore, particularly fitted for a resting-place of

white heron was shot near Yarmouth, and the least-bittern has been shot at Chatham.

The winter is so much milder on Cape Cod than further North, that the Wilson's snipe sometimes stay all winter around the upper, fresh portions of the marshes. Snowy owls are probably more abundant during the winter on Cape Cod, Martha's Vineyard, and Nantucket, than in any other places of the same area in New England. Monomoy Island also seems to be a favorite winter resort for this owl. Hawk-owls are sometimes seen along the shore, where they often alight in the beach-grass or sea-weed. The Carolina or turtle-dove is common on the Cape, and flocks of from half a dozen to twenty may often be seen in the fields of stubble. Its nest has been found in a grove of stunted pines on the edge of the Great Marshes in Barnstable. Eagles are quite often seen on the Cape.

There may still be found between Buzzard's Bay and Provincetown the mink, rabbit, fox, raccoon, and deer. There are miles of woodland, unfenced and dotted over with ponds, where the deer still roam, and when pursued,

usually escape by taking to the water. Cape Cod was one of the best Indian hunting grounds. Numberless arrowheads have been picked up on the narrowest parts, where large game was probably intercepted, and flocks of sea-birds were shot at while crossing at points which are still found to be preferred by them.

The occupation of the people of Cape Cod is chiefly maritime. Some of the towns have given their attention mainly to foreign voyages, others to coasting, others to banks fishing.

Three or four years ago a case was tried at Barnstable, in which a lawyer from a distance was concerned. Talking over the prospect of a verdict, he said that with a rural jury, who knew nothing of the world beyond their own door-yards, of course he could not expect a very intelligent consideration of the case. Some one took pains to inquire who the jurymen were, and it turned out that eleven of the twelve had been either all over the world, or pretty nearly all over their own country, as masters of vessels, or in some business of responsibility, and that the twelfth was a substantial farmer.

In view of such juries as these, it seems almost a pity that the people of Cape Cod do not show a litigious spirit and improve their opportunity. In fact, the courts have hardly business enough for exercise. Although there is wealth there, the little county having a valuation of sixteen millions, and although there is a boundless field for disputes in claims under the cranberry-flowage statutes and in fishing and beach privileges, there is in fact no litigation of any account. There are well-to-do populous villages on the Cape which probably have not furnished a lawsuit for twenty years. The population of the county is thirty thousand, and there are only five practicing lawyers. Perhaps a general familiarity with the world has had its influence in imparting a certain good-humored tact in settling controversies.

A characteristic story is told of a jury case at Barnstable. A man was tried for a violent assault. In argument, his counsel, who was from an inland county, alluded to the fact that the injured person had not called a doctor to wounds which he had described as serious, and based the defense very largely upon this. He saw no possible answer to his argument. But he did not know his ground. Judge Marston, the district attorney, afterward attorney-general of the State, was born and bred upon Cape Cod of a family of Barnstable lawyers, and he had his ready answer. "Gentlemen," he said, "you have heard the plausible argument of my ingenious young

legal friend, who has come from a distant city to enlighten your benighted understandings, and you see through his sophistry. You all know Captain —, the father of the victim of this assault; you know what our young friend, with all his learning, has plainly never discovered, that a man is not master of a ship for thirty years without learning how to deal with wounds, and you know well that there is no doctor on Cape Cod who can heal cuts and bruises better than the captain can. Why should he have sent for a doctor?"

The mariner's habit of thought appears in everything. A few years ago, the school committee in one of the towns decided on a change of geographies, and the superintendent of schools was besieged by publishers' agents. One of them called upon him and undertook to explain the features of his book. "I don't think you need to tell me anything about geography," said the superintendent, who was an old sea-captain, "but I will teach you something. Here is a picture of what you call a smack fishing for mackerel, and you've got her on the port tack, with sheets hauled aft, making about seven knots an hour. Now, in a mackerel boat they keep the kit on the port side, and she lays off to fish on the star-board tack, with the sheets off, the peak of the foresail slacked down, and the tiller lashed hard down." Not long after, the publishers wrote and asked him for a correct drawing, and he had a rough sketch made by a sailor who had a knack with the pencil, and sent it to them.

No one who travels through Cape Cod and visits the people in their houses can fail to notice an almost universal thrift and comfort. No other section of the State, perhaps, shows more general independence and average prosperity. There are large villages, with streets of handsome houses and bearing signs of wealth. But, to a considerable extent, the houses are in hamlets, or stand apart in lonely situations. To city people they often seem forbidding. You see a cottage, with an L extravagantly long, standing by itself upon a hill-side, by a pond, or near the beach. The outside, very likely, has never been painted; but if you enter, you are pretty sure to find substantial comfort. And if you find a welcome, it is no more than you have a right to expect in the little county which, in King Philip's war, invited to its hospitality the people of three whole towns exposed to Indian ravages. And it is a barren house that does not display some foreign treasures. No mean museum could be filled from the houses of Cape Cod. Everywhere, too, you see signs of familiarity with the sea. There are often great foreign shells on the gate-

posts, or rows of shells up a front path; a wide-doored barn with haymows will have a cod-fish weather vane; from a key left in the door of a blacksmith's shop will dangle a shell, instead of a billet of wood. Occasion-

There is, however, evidence of a certain fairness of dealing, in the friendly relations which subsisted between the two races on Cape Cod even through King Philip's war. We have spoken of an old block-house, built



MARSHES (EVENING).

ally, you will see a hen-yard fenced about with a seine.

Even the men whose work lies ashore have all been more or less at sea, and can steer and reef on a pinch. A man was hurried off a farm awhile ago to fill a gap on a coaster. He had the easy berth, and through all the heavy weather that prevailed he merely stood and hauled on deck. But when the voyage was over, and the vessel swung at anchor in the home port, and there was occasion for some one to go to the foretop mast-head, the farmer, with a twinkle in his eye, seized the ratlines and went up like a cat. He had shrewdly kept dark as to his seaman-ship.

The history of Cape Cod has, of course, been closely interwoven with the fate of the Indians. The titles of lands are based upon grants from them. The prices, of course, were very small. One of the early deeds runs as follows:

"AUGUST 26, 1644.

"These presents witness that I, Serunk, Indian, now dwelling at South Sea, do sell and make over unto the town of Barnstable all the sd. lands and meadows lying betwixt the bounds of Sandwich and the bounds of Prexit and other Indians, in consideration of four coats and three axes. In witness I have hereunto set my hand, the day and year above written.

"The mark of + Serunk.

ANTHONY ANNABLE,
HENRY CORB,
THOMAS ALLEN,
JOHN SMITH,
LAURENCE WILLIS,
THOMAS DIMOCK,

Witnesses."

in 1644. There were, nevertheless, no Indian forays on the Cape, and the tribes that lived there seem to have been well disposed to the white men.

The Indians figure prominently in legislation. It was forbidden to furnish them with firearms; for it had been "found by experience that the Indians, who are naturally perfidious, are abundantly more Insolent and Proud when they are furnished with English Arms." Even so dignified a man as Mr. Leverich, the minister of Sandwich, was brought before the court for lending a gun to an Indian.

It appears that there were, even in those early days, evasions of law; for complaint being made that certain persons provided Indians with guns upon the pretense that they were their servants, it was forbidden for the future to hire Indians and furnish them with arms, an exception being made in favor of such as "have been servants for divers years, and are in a good measure civilized and approved of by the Governor and assistants." It was forbidden to sell wine or strong water to an Indian, except in case of illness. It was also unlawful to sell Indians boats or casks. Idle children of the Indians were to be bound out to service. Indians, "especially young men," were to work out their debts. Indian captives were in some cases to be sold; a runaway Indian servant was to be returned and whipped; it was unlawful for an Indian to remove from one place to another without a written permit. These provisions present the aborigines in Plymouth

Colony in the position of a subject race at an early day.

There were, however, humane provisions in their favor. An act of 1643, reciting that it has been held unlawful "from our first beginning" to purchase or hire land from the natives without the magistrates' consent, prescribes a penalty for making such purchases without permission. And in 1663 it was enacted "that no man shall make any particular use of any Indian's land without leave of the court." In 1659 is a curiously suggestive provision standing incomplete upon the records:

"The Court understanding that some, in an underhand way, have given unto the Indians money or goods for their lands formerly purchased according to order of Court by the magistrates, thereby insinuating as if they had dealt unjustly with them, it is enacted by the Court that some course be taken with those whom we understand——"

Were their tender consciences disturbed about these purchases?

The only Indian settlement now remaining on Cape Cod is that of Massipaug, or Mashpee. Richard Bourne, a leading man in Sandwich, stirred, probably, by the efforts of Eliot, began to labor for the improvement of the Indians here at a very early day. Through his influence, a deed of what is now the township of Mashpee was secured, and the land was set aside for a reservation. The deed is still in existence. Somewhat shorn from time to time, this territory has continued to be a home for the descendants of the Indians. Within a few years, it has become incorporated as a town, and the inhabitants now stand on precisely the footing of other citizens of Massachusetts. In 1880, Mashpee cast a unanimous vote for Garfield.

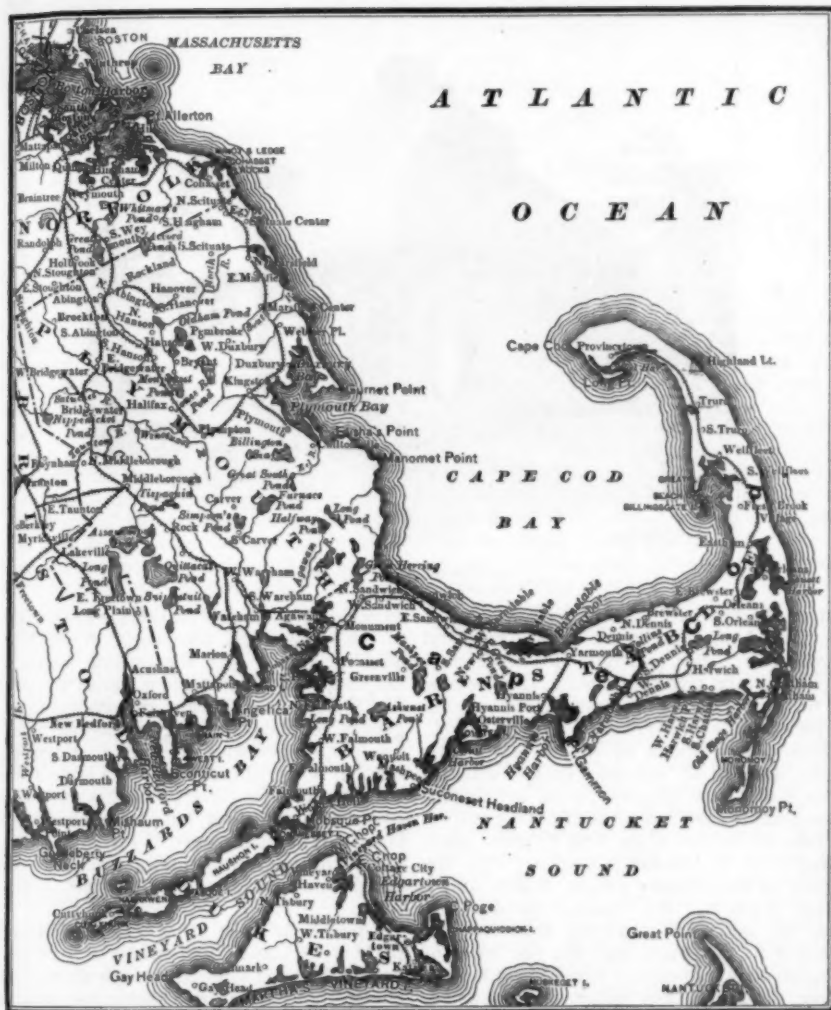
The Indians have been held in guardianship, in one form or another, until very recently. In later years, the inhabitants of Mashpee have improved their condition greatly, particularly since the introduction of the cranberry culture has given importance to their lands and brought money into the town.

There are now probably none of unmixed blood among them, although Indian names remain, and many of the people have a strongly marked Indian appearance. The names of Pocknet and Attaquin are unmistakable. Inter-marriage with other races has been very common among them. Some of the Hessians who were captured in the Revolution came to Suconeset, in Mashpee, to oversee salt-works there, and married Indian girls; and their descendants may still be met with. The names of Hush (Hirsch) and De Grass came from this source. We have talked with an old

seaman who, in his boyhood, knew the Hessian Louis Hirsch, who married here.

Beyond the western point of Suconeset headland, looking off to the light-ship on the Shoals and to the shining bluffs of Martha's Vineyard, lies, on the sea, a tract of neglected land called the "MacGrego Farm." It is encircled by a dike, now overgrown and not more than three feet in height, although originally six feet high. On the eastern side, where the cart-road runs, is an opening in the wall, and inside this are a few fruit-trees, now grown wild, and a bit of sward, which plainly mark the former seat of a dwelling. The "MacGrego Farm" has a story. Among the prisoners captured in the Revolution was a young fellow named MacGregor, the son of an English clergyman, who, after getting a classical education, ran away from home, from love of adventure, and shipped on an English privateer. Being captured, he was held as a prisoner until the close of the war, and on regaining his freedom he came from Boston, with some of the Hessians, to look after salt-works on this shore, in the interest of Boston merchants. Among the Indians was an orphan girl of sixteen, tall and good-looking, called Mercy Moses. The late Captain Peter Lewis, of Waquoit, a very intelligent man, who knew both her and Thomas MacGregor in their later years, said that when advanced in age Mercy was as straight as an arrow. Some persons now living at Mashpee also knew her, among them Deacon Matthias Amos and his wife, who, before her marriage, taught school near Mercy's wigwam.

Mercy Moses had inherited this tract of which we have spoken and another parcel of land upon the sea, on Suconeset headland. Thomas MacGregor succumbed to the charms of the Indian girl, and married her, and they made their home upon the "MacGrego Farm," as it came to be called. He was a man of great bodily strength and activity; his farming was celebrated all through the region, and people used to come from other places to see his crops. About 1812, we are told, the farm was flooded by an unusual tide. Probably it was in 1815, when the tides, helped by a tremendous gale, rose so high in Buzzard's Bay as nearly to overflow the isthmus and make the Cape for the time an island, lodged a schooner in the woods, and set a sloop down like a foundling—a perfectly natural foundling for Cape Cod—before the door of a house. Although the tide did not flow so high in the Vineyard Sound, the MacGrego farm, low lying, was flooded; and, for fear of another deluge, MacGregor threw up, by his own labor, a dike six feet in height around the whole forty acres.



MAP OF CAPE COD.

Bartholomew, Barron & Co., Eng., N.Y.

Although he staid at Mashpee all his days, and built a barn for his cattle, he himself lived in a wigwam to the day of his death. The neighboring ministers (who were probably all college-bred men) used to visit him.

Mercy MacGregor survived her husband, and died about forty years ago. The land has lately been reclaimed by her heirs, who, to make out their title, had to go back a hundred and twenty years, and prove that she was the daughter of one Jude Moses and so the sister of one Samuel Jude Moses, from whom, in different branches, they were descended.

VOL. XXVI.—62.

One of the most interesting things with regard to the relations between the whites and the Indians is the occasional appearance, to this day, in the Massachusetts law reports, among street-widening cases and controversies turning on steam and electricity, of suits relating to Indian titles.

The descendants of the Indians have fallen into the sea-faring ways of their white neighbors, and you will find in almost every house in Mashpee a man who can tell you of voyages. It is worth while to have a chat with Solomon Attaquin, who keeps the excellent



THE LIBRARY AT OSTERVILLE.

inn in Mashpee village, and to visit Deacon Matthias Amos, one of the leading men and a good story-teller, and hear this descendant of King Philip give the dramatic story of how he first heard of the late war, by the capture, in the spring of 1861, by the cruiser *John C. Calhoun*, of a whaler of which he was first mate, and of his romantic escape with his crew from New Orleans, by the connivance of a domesticated Southerner from Cape Cod.

Like all the rest of the New England coast, Cape Cod is becoming familiar with the aspect of the summer visitor. Where only a dozen years ago the beaches lay deserted, now the poles of sketching umbrellas are planted in the sand, and the red roofs of English cottages peep out between pitch-pines along the bluffs. For many years a number of Boston families have had summer-houses at Cotuit, and more recently city people have been establishing themselves on Buzzard's Bay, at Wood's Hole (which has attempted to become fine by changing its honest seaboard name to Wood's Holl), at Waquoit, at Osterville, and at Hyannis Port, and summer-boarders find their way to the lower towns. The bluffs of the Indian town of Mashpee have not yet been invaded.

While this current of city visitors disturbs

to some extent the natural charm of simplicity of the villages, still the people of the Cape, already familiar with the outside world, are not disturbed as most communities would be; and there is every year a growing market for garden produce, and a good deal of work is brought, in one way or other, to those who need it. Osterville has gained a benefit from the summer colony in a public library, erected partly by home effort, but at the instance and largely by the generosity of Mr. W. L. Garrison of Boston, a son of the great reformer, aided by others who have summer cottages there.

One of the chief attractions in summer of the shore of Cape Cod, both on Buzzard's Bay and on the outer southern coast, is the exquisite climate, not particularly bracing, but cool, and remarkably equable. The prevailing breeze is from the south-west, from off the Vineyard Sound, and the harshness of east winds is seldom felt. The water, too, is warmer by some twenty degrees than at Swampscott or Manchester, for example, and the sea-bathing, on that account, attracts a good many people. And although in landscape this region has nothing like the richness of the Beverly shore, it has, nevertheless, not a little rural beauty, with a wild, peculiar charm that is all its own.

F. Mitchell.

A WOMAN'S REASON.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Chance Acquaintance," "A Modern Instance," etc.

XVIII.

THE world of fashion, on whose bonnets Helen had experimented in learning her business, accepted the hearsay of her success in a humbler way with self-satisfaction, and attributed far greater things to her than she achieved. It understood that she was making money, and several fictions in regard to the sums she had amassed had a ready currency. The world intended to look her up, when it had time; it was neither hard-hearted nor indifferent, but it was preoccupied. There were ladies who meant almost every day to drive out and see Helen; there were others who refrained because they fancied she would rather not have them come; but all were unfeignedly glad that the poor thing had found something at last that she *could* do. Her experiment in æsthetic millinery had thrown a great deal of light on her former endeavors; people said there was hardly anything she had *not* tried. In fine, they practically left her acquaintance and her memory in the keeping of Clara Kingsbury, who remained faithful to both, and perhaps did the best thing for them in rather hushing them up. She was herself a little sensitive about Helen's first experiment, and she was aware that many people held her indirectly responsible for the enthusiasm with which they had encouraged it. She always answered inquiries about Helen in an elusive way; she generalized her, and passed her over as quickly as possible, so that really the world had it to say that, so far from having dropped Helen, she had dropped herself. It was certainly not to blame for having heard nothing of her health, which began to break some six months after she had established herself at Margaret's. She had worked very hard, for she had incurred expenses during her fever at Mrs. Hewitt's, for which she was still in debt to Clara Kingsbury, and she had cherished the secret determination to reimburse her for all her losses through her. She had not earned enough to do this, but she had worn herself thin and pale by the time the advancing spring made it a year since she had heard of Robert's death. Her friend wished her to give up and go down to her

cottage with her; but Helen refused to do more than spare herself a little, and she was still at Margaret's when the Butlers and Rays arrived from Europe.

They had been abroad longer than they had intended, because Captain Butler had continued in feeble health; but now they had come home to stay, as Marian wrote from London before they sailed. They were all going to be in Beverly together till Ray could decide whether to buy or to build in Boston, and Marian said that the first thing must be an indefinite visit from Helen. There was a tone of peremptory hospitality in her letter which made Helen, in spite of her affection for them, dread the return of her old friends. She was much more comfortable with Clara Kingsbury, who had become the friend of her adversity, who realized it, and took it seriously; and she could see that it was still a freakish piece of willfulness to the Butlers. Marian somehow treated her as if she were a little girl, and rather an absurd little girl. She knew that she could right herself against Marian's assumptions of sincerity and wisdom but she shrank weakly from the effort, and she foresaw that she should not have the physical strength to make it.

In fact, she yielded at once when Marian drove out to Cambridgeport and took possession of her. She was not even to be allowed to wait till they were settled at Beverly, but was to go down with them; and Marian came down from the hotel where they were stopping for the day to fetch her.

Marian had always been large and blonde. She now showed a tendency to stoutness; she was very English in dress, and she had the effect of feeling as if she looked very English. In fact, she had visited so much at great English houses that she was experiencing the difficulty, which sometimes besets American sojourners in England, of distinguishing herself from the aristocracy, or at least the landed gentry. The illusion shortly yields to American air, but it is very perfect while it lasts.

Marian had a nurse for her little boy, and she called this nurse by her surname; she was quite English in her intonation, and

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she was, at the same time, perfectly honest and unaffected in these novel phases, and as thoroughly good and kind-hearted as ever. But her handsome bulk and her airs of a large, strange world made Helen feel undersized and provincial; in spite of all she could do, and in spite of her accurate knowledge of just what Marian Ray was and had always been, her friend made her feel provincial. She had been almost two years out of society, and for the last six months her relations had been with inferior people. She asked herself if she might not really have retrograded in mind and manners, and she gladly escaped from Marian to the others; to the exuberant welcome of the younger girls; to the pitying tenderness of Mrs. Butler; to the quiet and cordial simplicity of Ray,—his quiet seemed to have been intensified by absence. But what went most to her heart was Captain Butler's tremulous fondness, and the painful sense that the others were watching, whether they would or not, for the effect of his broken health upon her. He brightened at meeting Helen; they said afterward that he had not seemed for a long time so much like himself; and they left him to entertain her while they made a show of busying themselves about other affairs. It was probably an indulgence they had agreed to grant his impatience. He kept her little, worn hands in his, and looked at her forefinger, roughened with the needle, and deeply tinted with the stuffs in which she worked, and it seemed to be this sight that suggested his words:

"I managed very badly for you, my dear! If it hadn't been for my hesitation when I first doubted that rascal, I could have made terms for you with the creditors. I don't wonder you would never accept help from me! It's very good of you to come to us now."

"Oh, Captain Butler, you break my heart! Did you think *that* was the reason? I only wished to help myself. Indeed, indeed, that was all. I wouldn't have accepted any provision from the creditors."

"You need never have known it. That could have been arranged," said Captain Butler.

"It's been a mercy, the work—my only mercy!" cried the girl. "Oh, Captain Butler!" She caught her hands away and hid her face in them, and let the black wave of her sorrow go over her once more. When it was past, she lifted her dim eyes to those of the old man. "Did you read about it—all about it?"

"Yes, my dear, and many a night I've lain awake and thought about it!"

"Did you ever think that he might still be alive—that perhaps those men came away

and left him, and he escaped somehow? Don't tell me that you did, if you never did!"

The old man remained silent.

"Then they must have killed him—to get that money——"

"No; probably they told the truth. It might very well have happened as they said," pleaded Captain Butler.

"Ah, you know it couldn't!"

Again his hopeless silence assented, and Helen said, with a long, deep sigh:

"That is all. You know how I must have felt. There is no use talking of it. I only wanted to see you and speak of it just once, because I knew you would know. Thank you!" she said, with a wandering pitifulness that forced a groan from her old friend's lips.

"For crushing your last hope, Helen?"

"Ah! it is better not to have false hopes."

She stole her hands back into his, and after awhile she began to tell him quietly of her life, and what she had done and expected to do; and he gave her the comfort of his fatherly praise, in which there was no surprise or foolish admiration, such as afflicted her in most people's knowledge of her efforts.

"I don't have to work very hard," she explained, in answer to a question of his; "not harder than I wish; and I have got to working at last as other people do who earn their living, without thinking at all that it's I that am doing it. That's a comfort—a great comfort. And I know my trade, and I'm sure that I do good work. Do you remember when I told you that I should be a milliner if I were ever left to take care of myself?"

"I remember, Helen."

They were both silent; then she said, with a light sigh:

"I'm only feeling a little fagged now."

"You must stay with us, Helen," began Captain Butler.

"I shall be glad enough to stay awhile," she answered, evasively, and in her own mind she had already fixed the term.

It was inevitable, perhaps, that she should extend the term. The summer was a vacant time, at best, and she could let the luxury of Captain Butler's house flatter her feeble health into strength again without such a bad conscience as she would have had if she felt that she was spoiling her future, or if she had got back her strength very rapidly. The family did not see many people, and only saw them in a quiet informal way in which Helen could share. The world, with which she had never had any quarrel, took her back kindly enough; it discreetly suppressed its curiosity; it spoke of bonnets and ribbons in her presence with a freedom that was wiser and politer than an avoidance of such topics would have been;

it sent her invitations to little luncheons and low teas, and accepted her excuses gracefully, and always renewed the invitations, just as if she had come.

The old affection enfolded and enfeebled her. It was quite as bad as she had feared. She said to herself sometimes that it would be better to break off at once and go back to Margaret's; but she did not do so. The thought of the little wooden house baking beside the dust of Limekiln avenue and her own low chamber gathering heat and mosquitoes from day to day under the slope of the slated mansard opposed itself to the actuality of the Butler cottage, with its wide verandas that looked seaward through cool breaks of foliage on the lawn dropping smoothly to the boulders on the beach; with its orderly succession of delicate meals; with the pretty chintzed and muslined room in which she seemed to drowse her life away, safe from the harms that had hunted her so long; and she felt how easy it would be to accept indefinitely the fond hospitality that claimed her. She said that she must not; but in the meantime she did. She had the soft, feline preference for sunny exposures and snug corners which is to blame for so much frailty of purpose, or so much purposeless frailty in women; and now she was further weakened by ill-health. She stayed on and on, in spite of the feeling that they all regarded her as a poor, broken thing, who could no longer be the ideal of the young girls, or the equal friend of Marian.

Mrs. Ray was much preoccupied with her baby, with the house that Ray had decided to build, with the friends abroad from whom she heard, and to whom she wrote. She carried with her an impression of wealth, an odor of opulence, which accorded well with her affluent personality; she accepted her lot of rich woman with a robust satisfaction which would have been vulgar, except for her incorruptible good-heartedness. She never talked of money, but she was a living expression of large expenditure; and in discussing the plans of her new house with Helen, she had an unconsciousness of cost, as related to questions of convenience or beauty, which went further to plunge Helen into hopeless poverty than any boast of riches could have done. Her manner was none the less effective for her assumption that Helen was equally able to pay for such a house. She was not planning altogether for her own comfort and splendor, though these were duly provided for; but she was looking after the well-being of everybody in her household, and she was as willing to lavish upon the servants' quarters as her own.

"I think it's barbaric," she said, "to make

those poor creatures, because they do our work, pass their days in holes in the ground and coops under the roof, and I'm determined that they shall be decently housed, with me at least. I'm making the architect work out this idea—it was something I talked over—with—" she added, with the effect of feeling it absurd to shrink from saying it—"Lord Rainford."

They both continued quietly looking at the plan, but the word had been spoken, and they no longer talked of the servants' quarters in Marian's house. Helen leaned back in her chair, with her listless hands in her lap, and Marian took up the work she had laid down before unfolding the plan.

"When did you see him last?" asked Helen.

"Oh, he came to see us off at Liverpool," returned Marian.

"Was he—well?"

"Yes, as well as he usually is. I believe he's never very strong, though he's never in a bad way. He's much better than he used to be."

Helen was silent. Then she began, as if involuntarily, "Marian"—and stopped.

"Well?"

She was forced to go on.

"Did you know——"

"He told Ned. Now, Helen," she added quickly, "I promised Ned not to open this subject with you!"

"You haven't," returned Helen, with quiet sadness. "I opened it. I knew that we should have to speak of it some time. I feel that I was not to blame, and I have never felt sorry for anything but his—disappointment."

"He never blamed you. He understood just how it happened, and how he had mistaken you. He is the soul of delicate appreciation."

"Yes, I know that."

"And his only trouble was that he should have forced you to say that you were engaged."

"Yes."

"And I don't believe that any of us grieved more sincerely for you than he did."

"Oh, I believe it."

"Well," said Marian, breaking her needle in expression of her resolution, "I won't talk with you about Lord Rainford, Helen; for I can only talk with you in one way about him, and I promised Ned not to do that!"

"What way?" asked Helen.

"You know!"

"Now," cried Helen, "you must tell me all about it! If I didn't believe that I had suffered as much as he, I couldn't forgive

myself. How did he find out about—about—Robert?" She whispered the last word.

"We told him!"

"And he was sorry for me—he——"

"Yes."

"How kind he is!"

"Yes, he is kind," said Marian. "He's a good deal changed since he was here." Helen looked the interest which she did not otherwise express, and Marian continued: "He's giving up a good many of his wild, Utopian ideas about democracy, and all that kind of thing. You know at one time—before he first came out to America—he thought of dividing up his estates among the laborers on them."

"What a strange idea!"

"Yes. But there was some legal obstacle to that,—I don't know what,—and now he's devoting himself to making his people comfortable in the station where he finds them. He conforms a great deal more than he used to, in every way. I think his acquaintance with America did him good: he saw what a humbug democracy and equality really were. He must have seen that *nobody* practically believed in them; and we must say this for the English, that they're too honest to get any pleasure merely from the names of things. He must have found that people here were just as anxious about position and all that sort of thing as they are in England."

"He seemed very much puzzled by it," said Helen. "I couldn't understand why."

"Because he was very sincere; the English are all sincerer than we are. They accept rank and royalty, and carry it out in good faith; and we accept democracy, and then shirk the consequences. That's what Ned says. I wonder that the Englishmen who have been here, or seen us running after titles abroad, can keep from laughing in our faces! And I *don't* wonder that Lord Rainford was cured of his fancies in America. Why, he actually, at one time, was a sort of republican!"

"A very curious sort," said Helen. "He said that Americans were all commoners."

Marian paused.

"Did he say that? Well," she added, with heroic resolution, "I suppose we are."

"I don't think so," said Helen. "Or at least, it wasn't delicate of him to say so."

"I don't believe he meant anything by it. He gave us to understand—or Ray, at least—that he particularly admired you for your courage in earning your own living, and being no more ashamed of your work than if you were noble."

"Yes," said Helen, thoughtfully; "I suppose it might be natural for him, if he had

those notions, to idealize us here, just as it would be for one of us to idealize them: it would be his romance."

"Certainly," said Marian, with eager assent, as if this mood ought to be encouraged in Helen, "that is just the way."

"And perhaps," Helen went on, "it would have been better for me if I had been such a girl as he supposed—trying to help myself because I respected work, and all that. But I wasn't."

"Of course not."

"I was merely doing it because I couldn't bear to be a burden to any one; and I've never had any higher motive."

"And I'm sure it's high enough," said Marian, "and crazy enough, to suit any one," she added. "He would like it all the better when he found out what it really was; especially now that his own ideas have changed a little."

"He was an aristocrat at heart all the time," returned Helen. "If I had been born to work for my living, like the poor girls whom I make bonnets for——"

"It would have been another thing, quite. We're all inconsistent. I don't deny it. There's no merit in working for a living, whatever disgrace there is in not doing it. You don't find your Bridgets and Norahs, or your Sadies and Mamies so very superior to human weakness that you wish the rest of us to form ourselves on the pattern of working-girls."

"Oh, no," said Helen, with humorous sadness. "They're poor silly things, most of them, and as full of prejudice and exclusiveness as any one. I've never seen distinctions in society so awful as the distinction between shop-girls and parlor-girls. Their differences seem such a burlesque of ours that, sometimes, I can hardly help laughing at the whole thing. I supposed once that all work-people were on a level; but really I had no idea of inequality till I came down to them. I dare say," she added, "Lord Rainford's experience in coming down to us must have been something like it. But it didn't make it any pleasanter to have him suggest his surprise. And I don't know that I need feel particularly flattered at his singling me out for praise because I choose to help myself rather than be wholly dependent—I've always been partly so. It isn't a thing, as you say, that I deserve the least credit for."

"I never said that about you," protested Marian, "and I do think it's a credit to you—or would be, if there were any necessity for it."

"Any necessity for it?"

"I *will* speak now," cried Marian, "hospitable or inhospitable; and I don't see how it

has anything to do with it." Helen understood perfectly that these enigmatical sentences were the report, so far as they went, of some discussion between Marian and her husband, and that she was now about to break some promise she had made him out of half-conviction. "Do you expect, Helen Harkness, to go back to that horrid shanty, and spend the rest of your life in making servants' bonnets?"

"Yes—till I have learnt how to do better work."

"Well, then, I think it's a shame!" Helen drew herself up, but Marian did not quail. "I think that you might have had some little consideration for us—for all your friends—if you had none for yourself. Why should it have been any more disgraceful to accept help from papa—from your father's old friend, who felt toward you just as he does toward his own children—than to take up such work as that? If it comes to that, why shouldn't you be dependent upon us, as well as dependent on them?"

"I'm *not* dependent on them," said Helen, "and you have no right to say such a thing, Marian." But she felt herself physically unable to cope with Marian's misrepresentation, or the no-reasons with which she supported it.

"I say it for your good, and to let you see how it appears to others. It will kill you to go back there. I can't bear to think of it."

"It won't kill me," answered Helen, sadly; "but I shouldn't be frightened by that if it were true. Why do you think I should be so anxious to live?"

"Helen!"

"Yes, seriously. What is there left for me in this world?"

"There's everything—if you would see it so."

"Everything?"

"Helen," said Marian, dropping her hands, with the sewing in them, into her lap, "you force me to break one of the most solemn promises I ever made in my life. But I don't care; if I can do any good by it, I will break it. And I want you to understand that I speak entirely on my own responsibility, and quite against Ned's advice and orders. We saw a great deal of Lord Rainford while we were in England, and everything we saw made us like him more and more."

Helen feebly put herself on the defensive, but without saying anything, and Marian continued:

"He's very greatly improved, in every way. He's better, and he's better-looking."

"I thought him improved the last time he was here," said Helen, impartially.

"He's the kind of man who doesn't show

to advantage out of his own surroundings," returned Marian, pursuing her apparent advantage. "We visited him at one of his places, in the country—an old house, of the fifteenth century, that kings and queens had slept in, and that had been in his family almost as long as it had been built. You never saw such a place, Helen! There wasn't much of a park, but there were groups and avenues of beautiful old trees all about, and lawns so fine and close that it seemed as if they had been woven and laid down there just for our visit; ivy all over the front of the house—and such gardens, with peaches, and pears, and roses trained along their high walls—just like Tennyson's poems; and an exquisite *keeping* about everything that I never could make you understand unless you had been there. But everything was so fit, that you felt as if that low English sky was part of the place and the arrangement of the clouds had been studied for it. There wasn't a jar or a hitch in anything, and Lord Rainford himself came in in such a way that you would have thought he was as much a guest as ourselves."

"Yes," assented Helen. "I suppose they've brought the art of all that to perfection."

"It isn't an art with them; it's nature—second nature. This was only one of his places,—the smallest of them,—but there wasn't the least effect of ownership about him; and it wasn't from him, you may be sure, that we found out the good he was doing!"

"No; I could imagine that. He must find a great happiness in it. I'm glad—"

"Oh, he didn't seem very happy. Not that he made any parade of melancholy. But you can tell whether such a man is happy or not without his saying so, or looking so, even."

Helen was silent, and Marian made a bold push.

"You know what I mean, Helen, perfectly well. He didn't speak to me about it, but he told Ned everything, and Ned told me; and I don't believe he's forgotten you, or ever will."

"He had better, then," said Helen, with a momentary firmness. "He must."

"Didn't you tell him that if you were not engaged?"

"Oh, did he say that? Then don't talk to me of his delicacy, Marian! It was shameful to repeat it."

"What nonsense! Mightn't he say it, if he were asking Ned whether he thought you really would have cared for him if you hadn't been?"

"Did he ask that?"

"I don't know. But if he had, would it have been anything so very strange? Not

half so strange as your saying it if you didn't mean it. Why did you say it, Helen?"

"You know well enough, Marian. Because I felt sorry for him; because I had to say something. Did Ned—did Mr. Ray encourage him to think that I meant——"

"Of course, he didn't. He never ventured a word about it. He seems to think, like all the rest of us, *except* me, that you're a very peculiar kind of porcelain, with none of the flaws of common clay, and I can't persuade him you're a girl like other girls. But if you come to the common sense of the matter, I don't see why Lord Rainford shouldn't have supposed you meant what you said, and that when it was all over——"

"Marian!"

"Why he shouldn't have begun to have some hopes again. I'm speaking for your good, Helen, and I'm going to speak plainly. I *don't* see why you shouldn't marry him now! If you have no pity for yourself, if you *prefer* to go on with the wretched life you've planned, I don't see why you shouldn't have a little compassion for him. You're spoiling his life as well as your own."

Helen had to struggle from under the crushing weight of this charge by an effort that resulted in something like levity.

"Oh, I don't know that it's spoiling his life. He seemed to care for me as an element of social and political reform, and wanted to marry me because I illustrated a theory. Perhaps, if you told him I didn't really illustrate it, he would be quite willing to accept the situation!"

She left Marian where she was sitting, and the subject—for that day. But the next week Ray went off to town by a train earlier than usual one morning, and Marian went restlessly about the house. The moment she found herself alone with Helen, she began, abruptly:

"Helen, I won't have you thinking it's the same thing, my talking to you the other day about Lord Rainford, as it would be if Robert Fenton had lived."

"No," said Helen, recognizing the fact that it had seemed so to her.

"I wish to talk as if he never had lived."

"You can't do that!"

"Yes, I can; for now it *is* the same, so far as Lord Rainford is concerned. If you said anything to make him believe that it would have been different, if you had not been engaged, then you owe him another chance. If you ever did or said anything to encourage him——"

"Encourage him!"

"Without knowing it—but you can't deny that he might have thought you encouraged him deliberately that first day——"

"No," said Helen, with a guilty sense that did not suffer her to protest against Marian's cruelty in going back to that.

"Then I say you *must* listen to him, Helen, I'm speaking entirely for your good. I didn't like him at first, either; but now I know how nice he really is, I *do* want you to reconsider! You would be happy with him; he would make any woman happy, and he would be simply in heaven with you. And you're adapted to the life you would lead in England. You could be fashionable or unfashionable, just as you liked; and if you wanted to be useful, to do good, and that sort of thing, you'd have every chance in the world. You'd be a great success, Helen, in every way. I do *want* America to be well represented over there! And don't you see what a great thing his offering himself to you is? It's almost unprecedented! I hardly know any other American girl who hasn't been married for her money in Europe; they're *always* married for their money, even by cheap little Continental counts and barons; and for an English lord to marry a *poor* American girl, why, it's like an American man marrying a woman of rank, and that *never* was heard of! I want you to look at it on all sides, Helen; and that's the reason I'm almost perjuring myself in talking to you of it at all. I did promise Ned so solemnly; but if I didn't speak now, I shouldn't have another chance before——"

She suddenly stopped herself, and Helen, who had been borne down by her tide of words, lifted her head again: "Before what, Marian?"

"Before he comes!" cried Marian, hysterically. "He's coming here to-day!"

Helen rose.

"Then I must go," she said, quietly. "It would be indelicate, it would be indecent, for me to be here. I wonder, Marian, you could set such a trap for me."

Marian forgave the offensive charge to Helen's excitement. "Trap," she repeated. "Do you call it a trap, when I might have let him come without saying a word to you? I *wanted* to do it! And I should have had a perfectly good excuse; for we didn't know ourselves that he was coming, till this morning. He wrote us from New York, and he started for Boston last night. I didn't even know he was in the country—indeed, I didn't!" she added, beginning to quail, woman as she was, under the awfulness of the reproach in Helen's eyes. "We couldn't tell him not to come! How could we tell him not to come? There wasn't even time!"

"Yes," said Helen, brokenly, "I know. I don't blame you. But you see that I can't stay."

"No, I don't," retorted Marian. "I don't see anything of the kind."

"It would be shameful—it would be a trap for him."

"He's a man, and he'll never dream of such a thing; he's a gentleman, and he *won't* think so!"

"But I shall," returned Helen, definitively. "It will look as if I had been waiting for him here; as if I wished to see him. It leaves me no freedom; it binds me hand and foot. If he spoke to me again, what *could* I say? Don't you see, Marian?"

"No, I don't," said Marian. But she denied with her lips only.

"No matter; it's quite time I was back with Margaret. I will get ready, and go up to Boston at once."

"Helen! And when he's crossed the ocean to see you?"

"If he's done that, it's all the more reason why I shouldn't see him. He had no right to come. It was very presumptuous: it was unfeeling."

"You encouraged him to believe that if you had not been engaged to Robert Fenton you would have accepted him. What was he to think? Perhaps he felt that, as a gentleman, he was *bound* to come."

Helen panted, breathless. "I must go away," was all she could say at last.

"Oh, very well!" cried Marian. "You see how awkward you make it for us."

"I know. I'm very sorry. But I can't help it. How soon do you expect him?"

"Ned went up to Boston to meet him. I don't know which train they'll be down on," returned Marian, coldly.

"Then there isn't a moment to be lost," said Helen, hurrying to the door. "Will you let Jerry take me to the station?" she asked, formally.

"Oh, certainly," replied Marian, with equal state. A few minutes later Mrs. Butler came to Helen's room, her gentle eyes full of sympathetic trouble. "Marian is feeling terribly. *Must* you go, dear?"

"Why, yes, Mrs. Butler. Don't you see that I must?" returned Helen, without desisting from her packing, while Mrs. Butler sank upon a chair near the trunk.

"Yes, of course; Marian sees it, too; if you are fully resolved not—to give him any hope. But she thought—we all thought—that perhaps—Helen, dear, I don't wish to pry into your affairs; I have no right——"

"Oh, Mrs. Butler!" cried Helen, dropping an armful of clothes chaotically into her trunk, in order that she might give the tears, with which she was bedewing them, free course upon Mrs. Butler's neck, "you have all the

right in the world. Say anything you please to me; ask anything! How should I take it wrong?"

"There's nothing I wish to ask, dear. If you're quite firm—if your mind is *entirely* made up—there's nothing to say. I wouldn't urge you to anything. But we all have such a regard for him that if you should—— It seemed such a fortunate way out of all your struggles and sorrows——"

"And Robert? Do you ask me to forget him, Mrs. Butler, so soon?"

"Oh, no, my dear! I should be the last to do that! But wives lose their husbands and husbands their wives, and marry again. They don't forget their dead; but in this world we can't live for the dead; we must live for the living. Don't look at it as if it were forgetting him or betraying him in any way. As long as you live, you *must* understand that—he can be nothing to you!"

"Oh, I *do* understand it," sobbed the girl. "My heart has ached it all out, long ago, and night and day I know it. And that's what makes me wish I were dead, too."

Mrs. Butler ignored this outburst. "And this young man is so good—and he is so true to you——"

"Oh, is that the reason I should be untrue to myself?"

"No, dear, it isn't any question of that. It's merely a question of examining yourself about it, of making sure of your own mind when you see him again. The children are all romantic about it because it's a title, and they like to think of a splendid marriage for you; but if it were only that, I should be very sorry. I've seen enough of splendid marriages, and I know what risks American girls take when they marry out of their own country and their own kind of thinking and living. But this isn't the same thing, Helen—indeed, it isn't. He likes you *because* you're American and *because* you're poor; and the last thing he thinks of is his title. No, dear. If he were some penniless young American, he couldn't be any better or simpler. Mr. Butler and I agreed about that."

"Captain Butler!" cried Helen, with the tragedy of *Et tu, Brute*, in her tones, and the effect of preparing to fall with dignity.

"Yes. He says he never saw any young man whom he liked better. They formed quite a friendship. He was very sweet and filial with Mr. Butler; and was always making him talk about you!"

A throe of some kind passed through Helen, and the arm round Mrs. Butler's neck tightened convulsively.

"I never approved," continued the elder lady, "of what people call marrying for a

home; but I thought—we all thought—that if, when you saw him again, you felt a little differently about everything, it would be such an easy way out of all your difficulties. We approve—all of us—of your spirit, Helen; we quite understand how you shouldn't wish to be dependent, and we admire your courage and self-respect, and all that; but we *don't* like to see you working so hard—wearing your pretty young life away, wasting your best days in toil and sorrow."

"Oh, Mrs. Butler! the sorrow was sent, I don't know why; but the work was sent to save me. If it were not for that, I should have gone mad long ago!"

"But couldn't anything else save you, Helen? That's what we want you to ask yourself. Can't you let the sunlight come back to you?"

"No, no!" cried Helen, with hysterical self-pity; "I must dwell in the valley of the shadow of death all my life. There is no escape for me. I'm one of those poor things that I used to wonder at—people always in black, always losing friends, always carrying gloom and discouragement to every one. You must let me go. Let me go back to my work and my poverty. I will never leave it again. Don't ask me. Indeed, indeed, it can't be; it mustn't be! For pity's sake, don't speak of it any more!"

Mrs. Butler rose and pressed the girl to her heart in a motherly embrace. "I wont, dear," she said, and went out of the room.

Helen heard her encounter some one who had just come up the stairs, at the head of which a briefly murmured colloquy took place, and she heard in Jessie Butler's penetrating whisper, "Will she stay? Will she accept him? Is she going to be Lady Rainford? Oh, I hope——"

"Hush, Jessie!" came in Mrs. Butler's whisper; and then there was a scurry of feet along the matting and a confusion of suppressed gayety, as if the girls were running off to talk it over among themselves.

Helen would not make allowance for the innocent romance it was to them. She saw it only as a family conspiracy that the Butlers ought all to have been ashamed of, and she began again to pack her trunk, with a degree of hauteur which, perhaps, never before attended such a task. Her head was in a whirl, but she worked furiously for a half hour, when she found herself faint, and was forced to lie down. She would have liked to ring and ask for a biscuit and a glass of wine, but she would not; she could not consent to add the slightest thing to that burden of obligation toward the Butlers, which she now found so odious, and on which they had so obviously

counted to control her action and force her will.

She lay on the bed, growing more and more bitter against them, and quite helpless to rise. She heard a carriage grate up to the door on the gravel outside, and she flung a shawl over her head to shut out the voices of Ray and Lord Rainford; she felt that if she heard them she must shriek; and she cried to herself that she was trapped, trapped, trapped!

Some one knocked lightly at her door, and Marian entered in answer to a reckless invitation from the pillow. It seemed an intolerable piece of effrontery, and Helen wondered that Marian was able to put on that air of cold indifference in proposing to ask her to come down and meet Lord Rainford before he had been in the house ten minutes.

"Helen," said Marian, in a stiff tone of offense, "Mrs. Wilson is here, and wants you to come over and take lunch with her. I couldn't do less than promise to give you her message. Shall I say that you're lying down with a headache?"

"Oh, not at all, Marian," said Helen; "there's nothing the matter with me. I'm perfectly well. Please tell Mrs. Wilson that I shall be very glad to come, and that I'll be down directly."

She was already twisting up her hair before the glass with a vigor of which she could not have believed herself capable. But the idea of flight, of escape, inspired her; in that moment she could have fought her way through overwhelming odds of Butlers; her lax nerves were turned to steel. "Marian," she said, "I will ask Mrs. Wilson to drive me to the station this afternoon, and I'll be very glad if you can send my trunk there."

"Oh, certainly," said Marian.

"I know I'm making it horrid for you," added Helen, beginning to relent a little, now that she felt herself safe, "but I can't help it. I must go, and I must go at once. But Mrs. Wilson is such a kind old thing, and she's asked me so often, and I can easily make her understand that I must come now or not at all, and if she knows that you're expecting other people your letting me go to her for lunch the last day wont seem strange."

"Oh, not at all," said Marian, with a slight laugh, whose hollowness was lost upon Helen.

Mrs. Butler said she was to come and visit them as soon as they got back to town; she kissed her as lovingly as ever, and the Captain was affectionately acquiescent; but the young girls were mystified, and Marian was cold. Helen tried to make it up to her by redoubled warmth in parting; but this was not to be done, and as soon as she was out of the

house she began to feel how ungracious she had been to Marian, who had certainly done everything she could, and had behaved very honorably and candidly. In the undercurrent of revery which ran along evenly with Mrs. Wilson's chat, she atoned to Marian with fond excuses and explanations, and presently she found herself looking at the affair from the Butlers' point of view. It did not then appear so monstrous; she even relented so far as to imagine herself, for their sake and for Lord Rainford's, consenting to what seemed so right and fit to them. She saw herself, in pensively luxurious fancy, the lady of all that splendid circumstance at which Marian had hinted, moving vaguely on through years of gentle beneficence and usefulness, chivalrously attended in her inalienable sadness by her husband's patient and forbearing devotion; giving him, as she could from a heart never his, and now broken, respect and honor that might warm before her early death to something like tenderness. It was a picture that had often been painted in romance, and it satisfied her present mood as well as if its false drawing and impossible color were true to any human life that had ever been or could be.

By the time she reached Mrs. Wilson's cottage Ray drove up to the Butlers', and met the surmise of his wife and sister-in-law with monosyllabic evasion till he could be alone with Marian. "I didn't bring him," he explained then, "because the more I thought of it, the less I liked our seeming to trap Helen into meeting him."

"Oh, indeed!" said Marian. "That was her own word!"

"Then you told her? I might have expected that. Well, it was quite right. What did she say?"

"Everything unpleasant that she very well could. You would have thought that really we had taken the most unfair advantage of her, and had placed her where she couldn't say no, if she wished."

"I could see how it might look that way to her," said Ray, "and that's what I was afraid of. It was extremely awkward every way. We couldn't very well tell him not to come, and we couldn't very well tell her to go: the only thing I was clear of was, that we must tell her that he was coming, and let her decide upon her own course."

"That's what I did, and she decided very quickly—she's gone."

Ray looked worried: "It's tantamount to turning her out-of-doors, I suppose; and yet I don't know what else we could have done. Well! I might as well have brought him straight here, and saved myself all the diplo-

macy of getting old Wilson to take him home for the night."

Marian did not for the present ask what was the diplomacy which Ray had used. "Mr. Wilson!" she shrieked. "You got Mr. Wilson to take him home for the night?"

"Yes," returned her husband, quietly. "What is so very remarkable about my getting Wilson to do it?"

She did not answer, but burst from her door with a cry for Mrs. Butler that brought all her sisters also. "Mother, Lord Rainford has gone home with Mr. Wilson!"

Mrs. Butler was dumb with sensation that silenced all her daughters but Jessie. This young lady, not hitherto noted in the family for her piety, recognized a divine intention in the accident: "I call it a special Providence!" she exclaimed, ecstatically.

"What is it all about?" inquired Ray.

"Oh, nothing," replied his wife. "Nothing at all! Merely that Helen was in such haste to get away that she accepted an invitation to lunch with Mrs. Wilson, and has just driven over there with her. I suppose she'll accuse us of having plotted with the Wilsons to 'trap' her, as she calls it."

"Marian!" said Mrs. Butler, with grave reproach.

"I don't care, mother!" retorted Marian, with tears of vexation in her eyes. "Can't you see that she'll accept him over there, and that I shall be cheated out of having brought them together, when I had set my heart on it so much? I didn't suppose Helen Harkness *could* be such a goose, after all she's been through!"

"My dear," said her mother, "I don't wish you to speak so of Helen; and as for her accepting him—Children," she broke off to the younger girls, "run away!" and they obeyed as if they had really been children. "Edward," she resumed, "how in the world *did* you contrive with Lord Rainford?"

"Well, Mrs. Butler," said Ray, "with men, there was only one way. He had told me so much, you know, that I could take certain things for granted, and I made a clean breast of it at last, on the way home. I told him she was here, and that I thought it wasn't quite fair bringing him into the house without giving her some chance to protest—or escape."

"It was terrible," said Mrs. Butler, "but I see that you had to do it. Go on."

"And he quite agreed with me that it wouldn't be fair to either of them. I don't know that I should have spoken if I had not seen old Wilson in the car. I asked him if he wouldn't give Rainford a bed for the night; and he was only too glad. That's all. I told

him he could walk over here this evening, and meet her on equal terms."

"That would be necessary now," said Marian, bitterly. "I congratulate you on the success of your diplomacy, Ned!"

"Perhaps it *is* providential, as Jessie says," murmured Mrs. Butler.

"Oh, *very* providential!" cried Marian. "It's as if it had all been arranged by the providence of the theater. I *hate* it! Instead of taking place romantically and prettily, among her old friends, she's obliged it to take place farcically, by a vulgar accident, where there can be nothing pleasant about it."

"Why, Marian," said her mother. "Do you think she will accept him?"

"Accept him? Of *course*, she will! She is dying to do it,—I could see that all the time, and I could hardly have patience with her for not seeing it herself. She's old enough."

"Well, never mind about that," said Ray, authoritatively. "We have done what we all saw to be right, and we must let the consequences take care of themselves."

"Oh, it's very easy to say that," cried Marian. "But for my part, I'm sorry I did right."

"Well, your doing wrong in this case wouldn't have helped. My doing right alone was enough to put everything at sixes and sevens."

XIX.

A SERIES of trivial chances brought Helen and Lord Rainford together alone, before she could get away from the Wilsons' after lunch. The first train for town did not start till three, and it was impossible that she should shut herself up in her room and avoid him until that time. In fact, she found that there was nothing in his mere presence that forced her to any such defensive measure, while there was much in the fatal character of the situation, as there is in every inevitable contingency, to calm if not to console her; and the sense of security that came from meeting him by accident, where she was perfectly free to say no, and could not seem by the remotest possible implication to have invited an advance from him, disposed her in his favor. They met certainly with open surprise, but their surprise was not apparently greater than that of the Wilsons' in bringing their guests together; and when Mr. Wilson explained that he owed the pleasure of Lord Rainford's company for the night to a domestic exigency at the Butlers', Helen divined that Ray's thoughtfulness had given her this chance of escape, and wondered if Lord Rainford was privy to it. But he was listening with his

head down to Mrs. Wilson's explanation of the chance that had given them the pleasure of Miss Harkness's company; she wondered if he were wondering whether she knew that he was coming and had fled on that account; but it was impossible to guess from anything he said or looked, and she began to believe that Ray had not told him she was, with them. With impartial curiosity she took note of the fact that his full-grown beard had unquestionably improved his chin; it appeared almost as if something had been done for his shoulders; certainly his neck was not so long; or else she had become used to these traits, and they did not affect her so much as formerly. More than once during the lunch she thought him handsome; it was when his face lighted up in saying something pleasant about seeing America again. He pretended that even twenty-four hours of American air had made another man of him. Mr. Wilson said that he did not know that there had been any American air for a week, and Lord Rainford said that he did not mind the heat; he believed he rather liked it.

"But you certainly haven't got it to complain of here," he added.

"Oh, no, it's always cool on the North Shore," Mrs. Wilson explained. "We shall not let you go home this afternoon, Miss Harkness," she turned to say to Helen; "you would certainly perish in Cambridge."

"Port," added Helen, with inflexible conscience; she never permitted herself or any one else the flattering pretense that she lived in Old Cambridge. "You must," she continued, quietly. "I've made all my preparations." This fact was final with a woman, and Mrs. Wilson could only make a murmur of distress, and beg her at least to go by a later train; but Helen was firm also about the train; she said her trunk would be at the station, and she must go then. If she had her formless intention that this should be discouraging to Lord Rainford, she could see no such effect in him; he remained unmoved, and she began to question whether, at sight of her, he might not have lost whatever illusion he had cherished concerning her. She said to herself that she knew she had changed, that she had grown older and thinner, and plainer every way. If this were so, it was best; she hoped—with a pang—that it was so. She ought to have thought of it before; it might have saved her from giving Marian pain. Of course, he had entirely ceased to care for her.

After lunch, Mr. Wilson betrayed signs of heaviness, which obliged his wife to the confession that nothing could keep Mr. Wilson awake after lunch. She sent him away for

his nap, and she was going to lead her guests down over the lawn for a look at the sea from the rocks by the shore, when a servant came with some inexorable demand upon her.

"You know the way, Miss Harkness," she said. "Take Lord Rainford down there, and I will be with you in a moment."

She hurried away with the maid, and Helen descended the piazza steps and sauntered past the beds of foliage-plants across the grass with her charge. He did not leave her in a moment's doubt of his mind or purpose after they were beyond hearing.

"Do you know why I have come back?" he asked, abruptly, and striving to catch the eyes she averted.

"How should I?" she began, but he spared her the sin of even an insinuated ignorance.

"I came back for you," he said, with a straightforward sincerity that shamed her out of all evasion.

"Then I am sorry for that," she replied, frankly, "for you had better have forgotten me."

"That wasn't possible. I couldn't have forgotten you when I knew you were not free; how could I forget you now? For the last year my life has been a count of days, hours, minutes. If I have come too soon, tell me, and I will go away till you let me come again. I can wait!"

He spoke with the strength but not the vehemence of his passion, and she stayed her fluttered nerves against his quiet. If it were to be reasonably talked over, and dismissed like any other impossibility, it would be very simple; she liked him for making it so easy; she felt humbly grateful to him; she imagined that she could reconcile him to his fate.

"You must forgive me," he added; "if what I say is painful, I will spend my life in atoning for it."

"There is nothing to forgive on my part. If you can have patience with me."

"Patience?"

"Oh, I don't mean what you think!"

"I hope I haven't seemed impatient. I couldn't excuse myself if I had. No one could have respected, revered your bereavement more than I; and if I thought that I had sinned against it in coming now —"

"No—no—"

"It seemed to me that I had a kind of warrant—permission—in something you said—something, nothing—that took away all hope and then became my hope —"

"Oh," she trembled, "what *did* I say?"

"Nothing," he said, "if you remember nothing. I abide by what you say now."

She was thrilled with an æsthetic delight in

his forbearance and with a generous longing to recognize it. "I know what you mean, and I blame myself more than any words can say for letting you suppose— It was my culpable weakness— I only meant to save you—to spare you all I could!" A dismay came into his face that she could not endure to see. "Oh, *don't* look so! Did you—did you really come back on account of that?"

"I misunderstood you—I see. Not perhaps at first; but afterward. I came back because I thought you told me that, if you had been free, you might have answered me differently then."

"Yes, that's what the words *said*; but not what they *meant*!" She silently grieved for him, walking a little apart, and not daring to lift her eyes to his face. He would not speak, and she had perforce to go on. "*Why* did you ever care for me?" she implored at last, rushing desperately at the question, as if there might be escape on that side.

"Why?" he echoed.

"Surely the first time we met—what was there to make you even endure me?"

"Endure?" He seemed to reflect. "I don't think you were to blame. But it never was a question of that. You—you were my fancy. I can't tell you better than that. And you have always been so. It isn't for what you did; it isn't for what you said."

It seemed hopeless. They walked on, and they only ceased from walking because they had reached the brink of the rocks beyond which lay the sea. She stood there looking on its glassy levels, which shivered against the rocks at her feet in impulses that were like her own feeble and broken purposes. In a certain way life was past with her; there could be no more of what had been, no longer the romantic tenderness, the heroic vision of love; but there could be honor, faith, affection. The sense of this passed vaguely through her heart, and exhaled at her lips in a long, hopeless sigh.

At the light sound, he spoke again. "But I didn't come back to make good any claim upon you. I came to see you again because I must, and because it seemed as if I had the privilege of speaking once more to you. But perhaps I haven't."

"Oh, certainly, you have that!" she weakly assented.

"I don't urge you to anything. I only tell you again that I love you, and that I believe I always shall. But I don't ask your answer now or at any given time. I can wait your will, and I can abide by it then, whatever your answer is."

A heavy weight was on her tongue, which hindered her from making her answer "No."

A ship lagging by in the offing as if it panted with full sails for every breath of the light breeze, the whole spectacle of the sea, intimated a reproach, poignant as fleeting and intangible. She felt herself drifting beyond her own control, and any keeping would be better than none; she longed for rest, for shelter; she no longer cared for escape. There was no reason why she should refuse the love offered her. She could not doubt its truth; its constancy even charmed her a little; she was a little in love—pensively, reluctantly—with a love for herself so steadfast, so patient, so magnanimous. The sense of her own insufficiency to herself, the conviction that, after all and at the very most, she was a half success, only even in the sordid and humiliating endeavor which was the alternative, unnerved her.

"Oh, what shall I say?" she asked herself; and then looked up in terror lest she had uttered the words. But she had not. He met her inquiring glance only with a look of sympathy, in which perhaps the hope suggested by her hesitation was beginning to dawn. She appealed to him against himself.

"I wish you had not come back. You have made a great mistake."

His countenance fell again.

"A mistake?"

"Yes, you are mistaken in me. I'm not at all what you think me. If I were that, I shouldn't be here, now, begging you for mercy. If I were not so foolish, so fickle-minded, that no words can describe me, *he* would never have left me; he would have been alive and with me. Oh!" she cried, "I can't let any one else trust me or believe in me for an instant. It isn't as if I were bereft in any common way; it's as if I had killed him!"

Lord Rainford remained so little moved by this assumption of guilt that she added, "Ah, I see you won't believe me!"

"No," he said. "I understood something of that from Ray; and if I hoped only to be your friend—if I knew I was never to see you again—I should still say that you were wrong in blaming yourself now; that you were right then in wishing to make sure of yourself before you married him. It would have been unjust to him to have done less."

"Oh, does it seem so to you?" she implored. "That was the way it seemed to me then."

"And it ought always to seem so. If you've made it my privilege to speak to you of this matter—"

"Oh, yes, yes!"

"Then I say that I think what you did in that matter ought to be your greatest conso-

lation now. It may be one of those eccentricities which people have found in my way of thinking, but I can't feel less reverently toward marriage than that."

He had never seemed so noble, so lovable even, as at that moment. Her heart turned toward him in a fervent acceptance of the comfort, the support he offered her; it thanked him and rejoiced in him; but it was heavy again with her former dismay when he said, "I don't urge you to any decision. Remember I am always yours, whether you refuse me or not."

She perceived then that it was not really a question of her and Robert, but of her and Lord Rainford, and that the decision to which he did not urge her must rest finally with her. If she could have been taken from herself without her own consent, passively, negatively, it would have been another affair.

She gathered herself together as best she could. "I am acting very weakly, very wrongly. I've no excuse but that this is all a surprise to me. I didn't know you were in this country. I didn't dream of ever meeting you again, till three hours ago, when Mrs. Ray told me you were coming. Then I ran away from her to avoid meeting you. Yes, I had better be frank! It seemed horrible to me that I should meet you in her house; you could never have believed that I hadn't wished to meet you."

"That's what I should be glad to believe, if I could. But I saw—I agreed with Ray—that it might not be leaving you quite free in every way; and so I was glad to accept his suggestion that I should come here first till something could be arranged—till you could be told."

"That was like Mr. Ray," interrupted Helen. "I see how it has all happened; and oh, I'm so sorry it's happened."

The young man turned pale. But he answered courageously, "I'm not. I must know whether there is any hope for me; I must know it from you."

"Yes," she assented, moved by his courage.

"And I should not have gone away without at least making sure that there is none, and that is all I ask you now."

"But if I can't tell you? I must wait—I must think. You must give me time."

"Did I seem to be impatient?" he asked, with exquisite deference and protest.

"No. It must have been my own impatience—I don't know what; and you mustn't try to see me again—unless—" A deep blush dyed her face. She had put some paces between them, with a sort of nervous dread that he might offer his hand in parting. She now said, abruptly, "Good-bye," and turned

and ran up toward the house, leaving him on the rocks by the sea.

Mrs. Wilson met her half-way across the lawn. "I was coming to join you," she began. "Lord Rainford is there," said Helen.

"Mrs. Wilson, I find that I must see Mrs. Ray again before I go to town. Could you let them drive me across, and then to the station?"

"Why, certainly," said Mrs. Wilson in the national terms of acquiescence.

(To be continued.)

A MUSK-OX HUNT.

FOR about twelve months during 1879 and '80, I was traveling by sledge in the arctic regions with a party of twenty persons. During that time we depended for our food, as well as for that of our forty-two dogs, upon the game of the country, twice traversed by us, stretching from the waters of North Hudson's Bay to the Arctic Ocean. The design of subsisting for so long a time upon the game of those bleak, dreary regions entailed a great variety of hunting adventures. And to describe one of the incidents of a hunt after musk-oxen, or musk-sheep as they are sometimes called, is the object of this article.

Our route led us from the northernmost point of Hudson's Bay directly to the nearest available point on Back's Great Fish River, which empties into the Arctic Ocean just south of the large island known as King William's Land, on which island and adjacent mainland Sir John Franklin's party of over a hundred British seamen perished in 1848-49, and whose sad fate it was the object of this expedition, as far as possible, to determine. This route lay directly across country. The bulk of authorities on Arctic sledging, both white and native, bore against long overland sledge journeys, an opinion to which they often gave practical illustration by unnecessary detours to follow salt-water ice or sinuous water-courses. Our course, therefore, had never been traveled by either white men or natives, and the latter, who formed an important element of the expedition, advised against it. The Indians of the north, as I found them, are loath to enter a totally unknown country. They knew almost nothing of the game of the region, so they said, but believed that musk-oxen would be found, and if they proved to be plentiful they were willing to undertake the journey. Accordingly, a preliminary reconnaissance as far as Wager River was made by me in January, 1879, and although no musk-oxen were actually seen, we found abundant traces of them. These facts overcame the objections of the natives, who now readily consented to accompany us.

Our party was well armed with the finest breech-loaders and magazine guns, and carried an ample supply of fixed ammunition. The hunting force of the party consisted of four full-grown Eskimo men, and three Eskimo boys, ranging from twelve to eighteen, and the four white men.

We left North Hudson's Bay on the first day of April, 1879, and by the 8th of the month were, according to our natives, in what they termed the musk-ox country, the locality in which they had been accustomed to hunt these huge monsters during winter trips from the sea-coast, where the natives live the greater part of the year. But the musk-cattle of the Arctic are so sparsely distributed that they form only a small part of the game necessary to furnish these northern nomads with their yearly supplies, and they place very little reliance upon them. The annual musk-ox hunt, however, is looked forward to with much interest, and is long in advance the burden of their conversation, while housed in their little snow huts. It is in the sport and excitement of the chase that they find the greatest reward, and not in the meat secured nor in the half-worthless robes that are thus obtained. These robes are almost of no value to them unless they be near some trading station or whale-ships wintering in the ice. To us, however, their huge carcasses were, as food for our three teams of dogs, of great importance compared with that of the reindeer or any other game that we would be likely to fall in with.

On April 9th, we came upon a large trail of musk-cattle. The sign was tolerably old, some six or seven days at least; but one of the peculiarities of the animals is that they will travel very slowly when undisturbed and in a good grazing country, and this same herd, so the Eskimos believed, was not far off; they tried to persuade me with all the vehemence of savage logic to remain a day or two in the vicinity and hunt them, but the larder was still too full to warrant any such delay, and we pushed on.

Again, on the 13th, we came upon the fresh trail of a large herd of these cattle, and I had the hardest work imaginable, persuading these natives to pass on without following it up. The Eskimos have far more excitability in the presence of game or its sign than any other race of people I have encountered, not even excepting the various Indian tribes of our great Western plains.

Before we had fairly gone into camp on the 22d,—and by going into camp on an arctic sledge journey is meant the building of peculiarly constructed domes of snow, or snow-houses, the unharnessing of the dogs, et cetera,—a most furious gale of wind arose, which raged so terribly for five days that even the natives found it prudent not to stay out of the snow-huts for any considerable time; and this enforced idleness reduced our commissary to an alarming minimum. We managed, however, to get away by the 28th, the storm even then only slightly abating, and after traveling nineteen miles in a north-north-west direction we went into camp, the weather somewhat better, but the larder in a reduced condition. Shortly after camping, Ik-queé-sik, my Netschilluk Eskimo guide, who had absented himself while the *igloos*, or snow-houses, were being built, came running excitedly into the village from a distant high hill, the perspiration in huge drops streaming down his brown and dirty face, and with my army signal telescope, full drawn, under one arm. While gasping for breath, he reported that he had seen a herd of eight or ten musk-oxen about four or five miles to the northward, slowly grazing along to the west, and evidently unaware of danger. Everything was put aside, and every Eskimo, man, woman, and child, was soon at the top of a high hill near by, and a dozen dirty and eager natives were clamoring to look through the telescope. We were not long in coming to the decision that the next day should be devoted to securing as many as possible of the long-haired monsters, Ik-queé-sik's discovery having been made too late to risk an attack so near nightfall.

Our dogs, that had been loosened from their harnesses, were now secured to the overturned sledges and to other heavy materials, to prevent their scampering after the game should they scent them in the night, as their ravenous appetites would undoubtedly prompt them to do; while around each animal's nose was closely wound a muzzle of seal or walrus-line thongs, to prevent the usual concert of prolonged howls.

The following morning a heavy drifting fog threatened to spoil our sport and lose us our coveted meat, but we managed to get away soon after eight o'clock, having a party

of eleven rifles, with two Eskimo women, two light sledges, and all the dogs. At that hour the great thick clouds seemed to be lifting, but shortly after starting the fog settled down upon us again. After some two or three hours of wandering around in the drifting mist, guiding our movements as much as possible by the direction of the wind, which we had previously determined, we came plump upon the trail, apparently not over ten minutes old, of some six or seven of the animals. Great fears were entertained by the experienced hunters that the musk-oxen had heard our approach, and were now probably "doing their level best" to escape. The sledges were immediately stopped and the dogs rapidly unhitched from them, from one to three or four being given to each of the eleven men and boys, white or native, that were present, who, taking their harnesses in their left hands or tying them in slip-nooses around their waists, started without delay upon the trail, leaving the two sledges and a few of the poorer dogs in charge of the Innuït women, who had come along for that purpose, and who would follow on the trail with the empty sledges as soon as firing was heard. The dogs, many of them old musk-ox hunters, and with appetites doubly sharpened by hard work and a constantly diminishing ration, tugged like mad at their seal-skin harness lines, as they half buried their eager noses in the tumbled snow of the trail, and hurried their human companions along at a flying rate that threatened a broken limb or neck at each of the rough gorges and jutting precipices of the broken, stony hill-land, where the exciting chase was going on. The rapidity with which an agile native hunter can run when thus attached to two or three excited dogs is astonishing. Whenever a steep valley was encountered the Eskimos would slide down on their feet, in a sitting posture, throwing the loose snow to their sides like escaping steam from a hissing locomotive, until the bottom was reached; then, quick as thought, they would throw themselves at full length upon the snow, and the wild, excited brutes would drag them up the other side, where, regaining their feet, they would run on at a constantly accelerating gait, their guns in the meantime being held in the right hand or tightly lashed upon the back.

We had hardly gone a mile in this harum-scarum chase before it became evident that the musk-oxen were but a short distance ahead on the keen run, and the foremost hunters began loosening their dogs to bring the oxen to bay as soon as possible; and then, for the first time, these intelligent creatures gave tongue



ON THE TRAIL.

in deep, long baying, as they shot forward like arrows, and disappeared over the crests of the hills amidst a perfect bewilderment of flying snow and fluttering harness traces. The discord of shouts and howlings told us plainly that some of the animals had been brought to bay not far distant, and we soon heard a rapid series of sharp reports from the breech-loaders and magazine guns of the advanced hunters. We white men arrived just in time to see the final struggle. The oxen presented a most formidable-looking appearance, with their rumps firmly wedged together, a complete circle of swaying horns presented to the front, with great blood-shot eyeballs glaring like red-hot shot amidst the escaping steam from their panting nostrils, and pawing and plunging at the circle of furious dogs that encompassed them. The rapid blazing of magazine guns right in their

faces—so close, often, as to burn their long, shaggy hair—added to the striking scene. Woe to the over-zealous dog that was unlucky enough to get his harness line under the hoofs of a charging and infuriated musk-ox; for they will follow up a leash along the ground with a rapidity and certainty that would do credit to a tight-rope performer, and either paw the poor creature to death or fling him high in the air with their horns.

Although we tired and panting white men rested where the first victims fell, Too-loó-ah, my best hunter,—an agile, wiry young Iwillik Eskimo of about twenty-six, with the pluck and endurance of a blooded horse,—and half the dogs pressed onward after the scattered remnants of the herd, and succeeded in killing two more after a hard run for three miles. The last one he would probably not have overtaken if the swiftest dog,

Parseneuk, had not chased him to the edge of a steep precipice. Here a second's hesitation gave the dog a chance to fasten on the ox's heels, and the next second Parseneuk was making an involuntary aerial ascent, which

scenes) showed plainly the fights and quarrels in which they had figured. Parseneuk, as a favorite, had been raised and fed in the *igloo*, under the fostering protection of the old squaw, and, being saved the necessity of



AT BAY.

was hardly finished before Too-loó-ah had put three shots from his Winchester carbine into the brute's neck and head, whereupon the two animals came to earth together,—Parseneuk on the soft snow at the bottom of the twenty-foot precipice, fortunately unhurt. Parseneuk was a trim-built animal that I had secured from the Kinnepetoo Eskimos who inhabit the shores of Chesterfield Inlet, being one of the very few tribes of the great Eskimo family, from the Straits of Belle Isle to those of Behring Sea, who live away from the sea-coasts. They subsist principally upon the flesh of the reindeer, and their dogs are adepts in hunting these fleet animals, Parseneuk being particularly swift and intelligent as a hunter. He had been the favorite in the Kinnepetoo family from whom he was purchased, and I had to appease several of them with presents, as indirect damages to their affections. He had a beautiful head, with sleek muzzle and fox-like nose, while his pointed ears peered cunningly forth in strange contrast with the many other dogs that I have met, whose broken and mutilated ears (usually restored in illustrations of Arctic

combating for his daily bread, thus preserved his ears.

The chase finished, the half-famished dogs received all they could eat,—their first full feast in over three weeks,—and after loading the two sledges with the remaining meat and a few of the finer robes as mementos and trophies, we returned to our morning's camp, a distance of five or six miles, which we traveled slowly enough, our over-fed dogs hardly noticing the most vigorous applications of the well-applied whip.

The Eskimos with whom I was brought in contact never hunt the musk-oxen without a plentiful supply of well-trained dogs; for, with their help, the hunters are almost certain of securing the whole herd, unless the animals are apprised of the approach, as they were in our encounter with them. When the flying herd has been brought to bay in their circle of defense by the dogs, the Eskimo hunters approach within five or six feet and make sure of every shot that is fired, as a wounded animal is somewhat dangerous, and extremely liable to stampede the herd. A band of these brutes when once stampeded

are much harder to bring to bay the second time; but it may be well to mention that if the hunt is properly managed, such stampedes are extremely rare. When the circle of cattle is first approached, the hunters take care to dispatch first the active and aggressive bulls, conformably to a general hunting maxim followed in all parts of the world. As their members fall, one at a time, the musk-oxen persist in their singular mode of defense, presenting their ugly-looking horns toward as many points of the compass as their remaining numbers will allow. When but two are left, these, with rumps together, will continue the unequal battle; and even the last "forlorn hope" will back up against the largest pile of his dead comrades, or against a large rock or snow-bank, and defy his pursuers, dogs and hunters, until his death. While the calves are too young and feeble to take their places in ranks, which, in general, is about the first eight or nine months of their existence, they occupy the interior space formed by the defensive circle; but when their elders have perished in their defense, with an instinct born of the species, they will form in the same order and show fight.

The calves are born about the month of May in this portion of the country, and have the same dirty-brown, awkward, ugly-looking appearance as the buffalo calves of the Plains. They can be readily captured alive by the Eskimo dogs, if the hunters be near to prevent their being immediately killed by these ravenous animals; but, in these inhospitable regions, it is impossible to furnish them with proper nourishment to sustain life until they can be transferred to a vessel, which, moreover, can only escape from here during the autumn months; consequently, there are no cases on record, I believe, where these most curious animals have been exhibited in the temperate zones. The natives told me they had kept calves alive for a few days, but they sank so rapidly they killed them for food.

Before the Eskimo hunters were provided with the fire-arms of civilization, procured in trade with the Hudson's Bay Company or American whale ships, they used the bow and arrow, or the lance, dashing fearlessly past the brutes as they buried the sharpened bone lance-head deep in some vital part. In the olden times, one of their tests of manly courage was for the hunter to pass within the circle of animals and return, backward and forward, killing one of the oxen at each passage. Of such feats, the old gray-haired men of the tribes still boast.

One old Iwillik Innuut,—so I was told by his tribe, and they are not given to vain boasting,

—while traveling with dogs and sledge from one village to another, during his younger days, came suddenly and unexpectedly upon a couple of musk-oxen that had strayed far from their usual haunts. Unhitching his dogs from the sledge, he soon brought the oxen to bay. His only weapon was a "snow-knife," a kind of long-bladed butcher knife which they use to cut the blocks of snow in constructing their houses. Nothing daunted, however, he courageously attacked them, and in a few minutes had secured both.

The danger from these formidable and ferocious-looking brutes is undoubtedly more apparent than real, judging from the few accidents that occur. The dogs are frequently killed by being tossed in the air or pawed to death as already described. The musk-bulls are prevented from following up a dog's trailing harness line by attaching a toggle noose where the trace joins the harness at the root of the dog's tail when the traces are separated from the dogs before they are slipped for the chase; also a sure way is to fold the trace into a "bundle noose" until it rests on the dog's back. The trained Eskimo dog never barks in the presence of game until liberated from his master's hands.

The musk-ox of the Arctic is only about two-thirds the size of the bison or American buffalo, but in appearance he is nearly as large, owing to the immense heavy coat of long hair that covers him down below the knees, as if he were carrying a load of black brush. As his generic name (*Ovibos moschatus*) imports, he seems to form a connection between the ox and the sheep. His peculiar covering makes him look like a huge ram, to which his horns add much of similarity. In fact, this covering partakes of the character of both wool and hair. First, there is a dense coat of blackish-brown hair like that on the hump, shoulders, and fore-legs of the buffalo, which extends over the whole body, and is, I believe, never shed. Below this, there is an under-coating of soft, light brown wool, which is invisible through the first, unless parted by the hands, and which is shed annually. This seems to be a true wool and of the finest texture. A Mr. Pennant, an English gentleman, gives an instance of a man of his, of the name of Jeremy, having woven from this inner fleece of the musk-ox a pair of stockings which were as fine as any of the best silk stockings.

During the summer months, just after this fleece is shed, it is still found matted into the long black hair, and is only prevented from falling to the ground by this interweaving process. The short hair on their foreheads is very often found matted into little balls or

small lumps with ordinary dirt, showing unmistakably that they use their head and horns in tearing up the earth. This they have been seen to do when closely pressed and brought to bay; but they are so seldom hunted that

The native bow is usually made of two or three sections of musk-ox horn, tipped with the shorter horn of the reindeer, the whole being firmly lashed with braid made from the sinews on the superficial dorsal muscles



THE ATTACK.

we may suppose their head and horns are used in removing the snow from the mossy patches where they graze in the winter time. Their horns, from their peculiar shape, would certainly make excellent snow-shovels.

The shape of these weapons of defense is certainly most peculiar. Starting from the median line of the forehead, at which point the horns are joined base to base, they present a thick flat plate, or shield, of corrugated horn almost a foot in width. As these flat shields circle around the eyes about four inches from them, the outer edges are gradually incurved until about half way between the eyes and nostrils a perfect horn is formed. From here it tapers, curling upward near its extremity with a jauntiness worthy of a Limerick hook. To the natives of the north, these horns afford many implements of the chase and household utensils. They thoroughly understand the well-known principle of steaming the horn in order to render it soft while it is being worked.

of the reindeer, a cluster of these braids about as thick as a man's middle finger running the length of the back of the bow to give it strength and elasticity. I found the Eskimo of King William's Land and vicinity using copper stripped from Sir John Franklin's ships to rivet their bows together. The Eskimo bow is not in any way equal to the Indian bow, seldom being effective at over forty or fifty yards with such game as the reindeer. Except as children's playthings, bows have entirely disappeared, wherever intercourse with the Hudson's Bay Company or American whalers has placed fire-arms in the hands of the natives; and this includes the whole of the great Eskimo family (or Innuits, as they should be properly called), except those stretched along the shores of the Arctic Ocean from about King William's Land on the east to the farthest point reached by American whalers from the Pacific on the west.

A camp is always picked near a lake which the Eskimos know, by certain signs,



MUSK-OX.

has not yet frozen to the bottom. This fact is ascertained by placing their pug noses in close proximity to the upper surface, when the peculiar hues indicate the presence or absence of water. While the most of the party are building their little huts of snow for the night's encampment, some one takes the ice-scoop and chisel, fares out on the lake, and selects a place for his operations. He then digs a hole with the chisel about a foot in diameter, and nearly the same depth, by repeated vertical strokes, and when the chopped ice or débris thus formed commences choking this instrument, it is removed with the ice-scoop; and this alternation of cutting and removal is kept up until the water is reached, at from four to eight or ten feet below. This digging requires far more dexterity than one would at first glance suppose. The amateur finds it impossible to keep it from rapidly narrow-

ing to a point long before the water is reached. Moreover, if the débris be too freely chopped, it becomes reduced to a sort of ice-dust, which will pack in so firmly toward the finishing of the water-hole that the edge of the scoop cannot be wedged under it with its limited play of action. The children and old women of the village may draw many a meal of goodly sized salmon through this avenue, and this necessitates that the hole should be of fair size throughout. One of the most annoying events of my sledge journey was, after a long and unsuccessful attempt to catch something at one of these water-holes, to find myself suddenly at one end and a big salmon at the other of a strong fish-line, separated by an ice-hole through which neither of us could pass.

The range of musk-cattle is quite extensive. They occupy the extreme northern shores of Greenland on both the east and the west



MUSK-COW.

coasts as far as they have been explored; and these two ranges are probably connected around the northernmost point of this great polar continent. They occur on both sides of Smith Sound, and in general frequent arctic America from latitude 60° to 79° north, and from longitude $67^{\circ} 30'$ west almost to the Pacific coast. It is, however, in the great stretch of hilly country lying between North Hudson's Bay and its estuaries on the south and east, and the Arctic Ocean with its intricate channels on the north and west, that these animals are found in the largest herds and greatest numbers. Captain Hall, in his sledge journey from Repulse Bay to King William's Land, in 1869, killed 79 musk-oxen, whose hides alone weighed 873 pounds. Dr. Rae, the celebrated Scotch explorer of this region of the Arctic, also secured large numbers of them. The musk-ox occurs

fossilized at Eschscholtz Bay on the north-west coast; and fossil oxen found in different sections of the United States, and which closely resemble the musk-ox, have been described by Dr. Leidy in the Smithsonian Institution's reports. These were clothed in a long fleece, and roamed through the Mississippi Valley just before the great drift period. Fossil musk-oxen exist in Siberia and northern Europe; but their living descendants, of which one species is known, are now strictly confined to the arctic region of the Western continent.

The musk-ox derives its name from the peculiar odor which it emits, and which to a greater or less extent also pervades the meat of the animal. In the younger animals, however, it is much milder, and with the calves I have never been able to discern it at all. Much of this odor can be obviated by dressing the animal as soon as killed, especially

if it is cold weather; and this rule may be said to be more or less general with all animals and birds having disagreeable odors peculiar to their kind.

I have said the robes are almost worthless to the natives except for purposes of traffic. They are sometimes used to spread on the snow-bed, as the first layer of skins, in order to protect the snow from the heat of the body; but even here they are not nearly so serviceable as the robe of the reindeer, owing to the facility with which the snow can be removed from the latter by a few strokes of a stick. The Oojuolik or Ooqueesik-Salik Eskimos, of Hayes River, who are not armed, and consequently can procure but few reindeer (whose hide is the universal arctic clothing), often make long boot-leggings and gloves of musk-ox fur; and this gives them a peculiarly wild and savage appearance that contrasts strangely with other natives. The almost total absence of wood in their country—the little they get being obtained by barter with distant and more fortunate tribes—forces them to use the skin of the musk-ox for sledging. The ears and fore-legs of the skin being lashed almost together, a sledge-like front is obtained, and the articles to be transported are loaded on the trailing body behind. Over lakes, rivers, and flat plains it is equal to wood, but in very uneven ground its pliability is dangerous to fragile loads.

When closely pressed, the musk-oxen do not hesitate to throw themselves from the steepest and deepest precipices; and the natives speak of occasions where they have secured them in this manner without wasting powder or lead, finding them dead at the foot of the descent. Sir James Clarke Ross had a personal observation of this kind in one of his arctic expeditions.

McClintock once saw a cow on Melville Island, in the Parry archipelago, which was of a pure white color, an albino sort of deviation that is known to occur among the buffalo of the plains at rare intervals. She was, however, accompanied by a black calf. This Melville Island is abundantly peopled with these oxen, not less than one hundred and fourteen being shot within a year by the crews of two ships wintering there. When inhabiting islands, they do not seem to cross from one to another, as the reindeer constantly do when the channel is frozen over, and even confine their annual migrations to very limited areas. Different writers disagree as to whether they can be

called migratory in the strict sense of the word. If white men are hunting them without dogs, they may station themselves about a herd, close in to seventy or eighty yards, and then, by picking off the restless ones first, so bewilder the remainder that, with fair luck, they may secure them all. There are several instances of such methods being tolerably successful. When the temperature reaches the extremes of the bitter winter weather, as from -60° to -70° Fahrenheit, the musk-oxen and reindeer herds can be located, at from six to seven miles distance, by the cloud of moisture which hangs over them, formed by their condensing breath, and from favorable heights at even fifteen to twenty miles. Even at these extreme distances, the native hunters claim that they can discern the difference between musk-oxen and reindeer by some varying peculiarities of their vapors.

I remember being one of a party of six—five Innuits besides myself—that chased on the fresh trail of a small herd of musk-oxen from about nine o'clock in the morning until night-fall, which was four in the afternoon. We went at a gait which would be called a good round "dog-trot" for the whole time, except one small rest of five minutes. This is much easier than one would imagine, with a couple of dogs harnessed to you to tow you along; yet I confess I was completely fagged out after this little run of not less than forty or fifty miles, and in a fine condition to believe many stories of endurance while on hunting chases that I had heard them tell. The thermometer at camp registered 65° below zero, yet there was no suffering from the still cold during such exercise, and in fact, at times, I felt uncomfortably warm.

One of their peculiarities which I have noticed is that when slightly wounded, if they have been knocked over upon their sides, they seem perfectly powerless to rise, either from fear or the peculiar formation of their legs. Two of the animals we shot on the 29th of April received each a broken shoulder and were knocked on their sides. The native men, women, and boys sat upon their heaving sides, evidently enjoying the cruel sport; and all the white men participated for a mere second, rather to please their savage allies, until I requested them to dispatch the brutes, which they did by a well-directed heart thrust with a snow-knife. My natives spoke of this occurrence as a rather common incident of the musk-ox battle-field.

Frederick Schwatka.



A TRAGEDY OF A NEST.
(ORIGINAL ENGRAVING BY ELBRIDGE KINGSLEY.)

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THE TRAGEDIES OF THE NESTS.

THE life of the birds, especially of our migratory song-birds, is a series of adventures and of hair-breadth escapes by flood and field. Very few of them probably die a natural death or even live out half their appointed days. The home instinct is strong in birds as it is in most creatures; and I am convinced that every spring a large number of those which have survived the Southern campaign return to their old haunts to breed. A Connecticut farmer took me out under his porch one April day and showed me a phoebe bird's nest six stories high. The same bird had no doubt returned year after year; and, as there was room for only one nest upon her favorite shelf, she had each season reared a new superstructure upon the old as a foundation. I have heard of a white robin—an albino—that nested several years in succession in the suburbs of a Maryland city. A sparrow with a very marked peculiarity of song I have heard several seasons in my own locality. But the birds do not all live to return to their old haunts: the bobolinks and starlings run a gauntlet of fire from the Hudson to the Savannah, and the robins and meadow-larks and other song-birds are shot by boys and pot-hunters in great numbers,—to say nothing of their danger from hawks and owls. But, of those that do return, what perils beset their nests, even in the most favored localities! The cabins of the early settlers, when the country was swarming with hostile Indians, were not surrounded by such dangers. The tender households of the birds are not only exposed to hostile Indians in the shape of cats and collectors, but to numerous murderous and blood-thirsty animals, against whom they have no defense but concealment. They lead the darkest kind of pioneer life, even in our gardens and orchards and under the walls of our houses. Not a day or a night passes, from the time the eggs are laid till the young are flown, when the chances are not greatly in favor of the nest being rifled and its contents devoured,—by owls, skunks, minks, and coons at night, and by crows, jays, squirrels, weasels, snakes, and rats during the day. Infancy, we say, is hedged about by many perils; but the infancy of birds is cradled and pillowed in peril. An old Michigan settler told me that the first six children that were born to him died; malaria and teething invariably carried them off when they had reached a certain age; but other children were born, the country improved, and by and by

the babies weathered the critical period, and the next six lived and grew up. The birds, too, would no doubt persevere six times and twice six times, if the season were long enough, and finally rear their family, but the waning summer cuts them short, and but few species have the heart and strength to make even the third trial.

My neighborhood on the Hudson is perhaps exceptionally unfavorable as a breeding haunt for birds, owing to the abundance of fish-crows and of red squirrels; and the past season seems to have been a black-letter one, even for this place, for at least nine nests out of every ten that I observed during the spring and summer of 1881 failed of their proper issue. From the first nest I noted, which was that of a bluebird,—built (very imprudently I thought at the time) in a squirrel hole in a decayed apple-tree, about the last of April, and which came to naught, even the mother-bird, I suspect, perishing by a violent death,—to the last, which was that of a snowbird, observed in August, deftly concealed in a mossy bank by the side of a road that skirted a wood, where the tall thimble blackberries grew in abundance, and from which the last young one was taken when it was about half grown by some nocturnal walker or daylight prowler,—some untoward fate seemed hovering about them. It was a season of calamities, of violent deaths, of pillage and massacre, among our feathered neighbors. For the first time, I noticed that the orioles were not safe in their strong pendent nests. Three broods were started in the apple-trees, only a few yards from the house, where, for several previous seasons, the birds had nested without molestation; but this time the young were all destroyed when about half grown. Their chirping and chattering, which was so noticeable one day, suddenly ceased the next. The nests were probably plundered at night, and doubtless by the little red screech-owl, which I know is a denizen of these old orchards, living in the deeper cavities of the trees. The owl could alight upon the top of the nest, and easily thrust his murderous claw down into its long pocket and seize the young and draw them forth. The tragedy of one of the nests was heightened, or at least made more palpable, by one of the half-fledged birds, either in its attempt to escape or while in the clutches of the enemy, being caught and entangled in one of the horse-hairs by

which the nest was stayed and held to the limb above. There it hung bruised and dead, gibbeted to its own cradle. This nest was the theater of another little tragedy later in the season. Some time in August a bluebird, indulging its propensity to peep and pry into holes and crevices, alighted upon it and probably inspected the interior; but by some unlucky move it got its wing entangled in this same fatal horse-hair. Its efforts to free itself appeared only to result in its being more securely and hopelessly bound; and there it perished; and there its form, dried and embalmed by the summer heats, was yet hanging in September, the outspread wings and plumage showing nearly as bright as in life.

Before the advent of civilization in this country, the oriole probably built a much deeper nest than it usually does at present. When now it builds in remote trees and along the borders of the woods, its nest, I have noticed, is long and gourd-shaped; but in orchards and near dwellings it is only a deep cup or pouch. It shortens it up in proportion as the danger lessens. Probably a succession of disastrous years, like the present one, would cause it to lengthen it again beyond the reach of owl's talons or jay-bird's beak.

The first song-sparrow's nest I observed the past season was in a field under a fragment of a board, the board being raised from the ground a couple of inches by two poles. It had its full complement of eggs, and probably sent forth a brood of young birds, though as to this I cannot speak positively, as I neglected to observe it further. It was well sheltered and concealed, and was not easily come at by any of its natural enemies, save snakes and weasels. But concealment often avails little. In May, a song-sparrow, that had evidently met with disaster earlier in the season, built its nest in a thick mass of woodbine against the side of my house, about fifteen feet from the ground. Perhaps it took the hint from its cousin, the English sparrow. The nest was admirably placed, protected from the storms by the overhanging eaves and from all eyes by the thick screen of leaves. Only by patiently watching the suspicious bird, as she lingered near with food in her beak, did I discover its whereabouts. That brood is safe, I thought, beyond doubt. But it was not: the nest was pillaged one night, either by an owl, or else by a rat that had climbed into the vine, seeking an entrance to the house. The mother-bird, after reflecting upon her ill luck about a week, seemed to resolve to try a different system of tactics and to throw all appearances of concealment aside. She built a nest a few yards from the house beside the drive, upon a

smooth piece of greensward. There was not a weed or a shrub or anything whatever to conceal it or mark its site. The structure was completed and incubation had begun before I discovered what was going on. "Well, well," I said, looking down upon the bird almost at my feet, "this is going to the other extreme indeed; now, the cats will have you." The desperate little bird sat there day after day, looking like a brown leaf pressed down in the short green grass. As the weather grew hot, her position became very trying. It was no longer a question of keeping the eggs warm, but of keeping them from roasting. The sun had no mercy on her, and she fairly panted in the middle of the day. In such an emergency, the male robin has been known to perch above the sitting female and shade her with his outstretched wings. But in this case there was no perch for the male bird, had he been disposed to make a sunshade of himself. I thought to lend a hand in this direction myself, and so stuck a leafy twig beside the nest. This was probably an unwise interference; it guided disaster to the spot; the nest was broken up, and the mother-bird probably was caught, as I never saw her afterward.

For several summers past a pair of kingbirds have reared, unmolested, a brood of young in an apple-tree, only a few yards from the house; but, during the present season, disaster overtook them also. The nest was completed, the eggs laid, and incubation had just begun, when, one morning about sunrise, I heard loud cries of distress and alarm proceed from the old apple-tree. Looking out of the window I saw a crow, which I knew to be a fish-crow, perched upon the edge of the nest hastily bolting the eggs. The parent birds, usually so ready for the attack, seemed overcome with grief and alarm. They fluttered about in the most helpless and bewildered manner, and it was not till the robber fled on my approach that they recovered themselves and charged upon him. The crow scurried away with upturned, threatening head, the furious kingbirds fairly upon his back. The pair lingered around their desecrated nest for several days, almost silent, and saddened by their loss, and then disappeared. They probably made another trial elsewhere.

The fish-crow fishes only when it has destroyed all the eggs and young birds it can find. It is the most despicable thief and robber among our feathered creatures. From May to August, it is gorged with the fledglings of the nest. It is fortunate that its range is so limited. In size it is smaller than the common crow, and is a much less noble and dignified bird. Its caw is weak and feminine

—a sort of split and abortive caw, and stamps it the sneak-thief it is. This crow is common farther south, but is not found in this State, so far as I have observed, except in the valley of the Hudson.

The past season a pair of them built a nest in a Norway spruce that stood amid a dense growth of other ornamental trees near a large unoccupied country house. They sat down amid plenty. The wolf established himself in the fold. The many birds—robins, thrushes, finches, vireos, pewees—that seek the vicinity of dwellings (especially of these large country residences with their many trees and park-like grounds), for the greater safety of their eggs and young, were the easy and convenient victims of these robbers. They plundered right and left, and were not disturbed till their young were nearly fledged, when some boys, who had long before marked them as their prize, rifled the nest.

The song-birds nearly all build low; their cradle is not upon the tree-top. It is only birds of prey that fear danger from below more than from above and that seek the higher branches for their nests. A line five feet from the ground would run above more than half the nests, and one ten feet would bound more than three-fourths of them. It is only the oriole and the wood pewee that, as a rule, go higher than this. The crows and jays and other enemies of the birds have learned to explore this belt pretty thoroughly. But the leaves and the protective coloring of most nests baffle them as effectually, no doubt, as they do the professional oölogist. The nest of the red-eyed vireo is one of the most artfully placed in the wood. It is just beyond the point where the eye naturally pauses in its search, namely, on the extreme end of the lowest branch of the tree, usually four or five feet from the ground. One looks up and down and through the tree,—shoots his eye-beams into it as he might discharge his gun at some game hidden there, but the drooping tip of that low horizontal branch—who would think of pointing his piece just there? If a crow or other marauder were to alight upon the branch or upon those above it, the nest would be screened from him by the large leaf that usually forms a canopy immediately above it. The nest-hunter, standing at the foot of the tree and looking straight before him, might discover it easily, were it not for its soft, neutral gray tint which blends so thoroughly with the trunks and branches of trees. Indeed, I think there is no nest in the woods—no arboreal nest—so well concealed. The last one I saw was pendant from the end of a low branch of a maple, that nearly grazed the clapboards of an unused

hay-barn in a remote backwoods clearing. I peeped through a crack and saw the old birds feed the nearly fledged young within a few inches of my face. And yet the cow-bird finds this nest and drops her parasitical egg in it. Her tactics in this as in other cases are probably to watch the movements of the parent bird. She may often be seen searching anxiously through the trees or bushes for a suitable nest, yet she may still oftener be seen perched upon some good point of observation watching the birds as they come and go about her. There is no doubt that, in many cases, the cow-bird makes room for her own illegitimate egg in the nest by removing one of the bird's own. A lady, living in the suburbs of an eastern city, one morning heard cries of distress from a pair of house-wrens that had a nest in a honeysuckle on her front porch. On looking out of the window, she beheld this little comedy—comedy from her point of view, but no doubt grim tragedy from the point of view of the wrens: a cow-bird with a wren's egg in its beak running rapidly along the walk, with the outraged wrens forming a procession behind it, screaming, scolding, and gesticulating as only these voluble little birds can. The cow-bird had probably been surprised in the act of violating the nest, and the wrens were giving her a piece of their minds.

Every cow-bird is reared at the expense of two or more song-birds. For every one of these dusky little pedestrians there amid the grazing cattle there are two or more sparrows, or vireos, or warblers, the less. It is a big price to pay—two larks for a bunting—two sovereigns for a shilling; but nature does not hesitate occasionally to contradict herself in just this way.

I noted but two warblers' nests the past season, one of the black-throated blue-back and one of the redstart,—the latter built in an apple-tree but a few yards from a little rustic summer-house where I idle away many summer days. The lively little birds, darting and flashing about, attracted my attention for a week before I discovered their nest. They probably built it by working early in the morning, before I appeared upon the scene, as I never saw them with material in their beaks. Guessing from their movements that the nest was in a large maple that stood near by, I climbed the tree and explored it thoroughly, looking especially in the forks of the branches, as the authorities say these birds build in a fork. But no nest could I find. Indeed, how can one by searching find a bird's nest? I overshot the mark; the nest was much nearer me, almost under my very nose, and I discovered it, not by searching,

but by a casual glance of the eye, while thinking of other matters. The bird was just settling upon it as I looked up from my book and caught her in the act. The nest was built near the end of a long, knotty, horizontal branch of an apple-tree, but effectually hidden by the grouping of the leaves; it had three eggs, one of which proved to be barren. The two young birds grew apace, and were out of the nest early in the second week; but something caught one of them the first night. The other probably grew to maturity, as it disappeared from the vicinity with its parents after some days.

The blue-back's nest was scarcely a foot from the ground, in a little bush situated in a low, dense wood of hemlock and beech and maple,—a deep, massive, elaborate structure, in which the sitting bird sank till her beak and tail alone were visible above the brim. It was a misty, chilly day when I chanced to find the nest, and the mother-bird knew instinctively that it was not prudent to leave her four half incubated eggs uncovered and exposed for a moment. When I sat down near the nest she grew very uneasy, and after trying in vain to decoy me away by suddenly dropping from the branches and dragging herself over the ground as if mortally wounded, she approached and timidly and half doubtfully covered her eggs within two yards of where I sat. I disturbed her several times, to note her ways. There came to be something almost appealing in her looks and manner, and she would keep her place on her precious eggs till my outstretched hand was within a few feet of her. Finally, I covered the cavity of the nest with a dry leaf. This she did not remove with her beak, but thrust her head deftly beneath it and shook it off upon the ground. Many of her sympathizing neighbors, attracted by her alarm-note, came and had a peep at the intruder and then flew away, but the male bird did not appear upon the scene. The final history of this nest I am unable to give, as I did not again visit it till late in the season, when, of course, it was empty.

Years pass without my finding a brown-thrasher's nest; it is not a nest you are likely to stumble upon in your walk; it is hidden as a miser hides his gold and watched as jealously. The male pours out his rich and triumphant song from the tallest tree he can find, and fairly challenges you to come and look for his treasures in his vicinity. But you will not find them if you go. The nest is somewhere on the outer circle of his song; he is never so imprudent as to take up his stand very near it. The one I found the past season was thirty or forty rods from the point where the male was wont to indulge in his

brilliant recitative. It was in an open field under a low ground-juniper. My dog disturbed the sitting bird as I was passing near. The nest could be seen only by lifting up and parting away the branches. All the arts of concealment had been carefully studied. It was the last place you would think of looking, and, if you did look, nothing was visible but the dense green circle of the low-spreading juniper. When you approached, the bird would keep her place till you had begun to stir the branches, when she would start out, and, just skimming the ground, make a bright brown line to the near fence and bushes. I confidently expected that this nest would escape molestation, but it did not. Its discovery by myself and dog probably opened the door of ill luck, for one day, not long afterward, when I peeped in upon it, it was empty. The proud song of the male had ceased from his accustomed tree, and the pair were seen no more in that vicinity.

The phoebe bird is a wise architect, and perhaps enjoys as great an immunity from danger, both in its person and its nest, as any other bird. Its modest ashen-gray suit is the color of the rocks where it builds, and the moss of which it makes such free use gives to its nest the look of a natural growth or accretion. But when it comes into the barn or under the shed to build, as it so frequently does, the moss is rather out of place. Doubtless in time the bird will take the hint, and, when she builds in such places, will leave the moss out. I noted but two nests the past season: one in a barn failed of issue, on account of the rats, I suspect, though the little owl may have been the depredator; the other, in the woods, sent forth three young. This latter nest was most charmingly and ingeniously placed. I discovered it while in quest of pond-lilies in a long, deep, level stretch of water in the woods. A large tree had blown over at the edge of the water, and its dense mass of upturned roots, with the black, peaty soil filling the interstices, was like the fragment of a wall several feet high, rising from the edge of the languid current. In a niche in this earthy wall, and visible and accessible only from the water, a phoebe had built her nest and reared her brood. I paddled my boat up and came alongside ready to take the family aboard. The young, nearly ready to fly, were quite undisturbed by my presence, having probably been assured that no danger need be apprehended from that side. It was not a likely place for minks, or they would not have been so secure.

I noted but one nest of the wood pewee, and that, too, like so many other nests, failed of issue. It was saddled upon a small dry

limb of a plane-tree that stood by the roadside, about forty feet from the ground. Every day for nearly a week as I passed by I saw the sitting bird upon the nest. Then one morning she was not in her place, and on examination the nest proved to be empty—robbed, I had no doubt, by the red squirrels, as they were very abundant in its vicinity and appeared to make a clean sweep of every nest. The wood pewee builds an exquisite nest, shaped and finished as if cast in a mold. It is modeled without and within with equal neatness and art, like the nest of the humming-bird and the little gray gnat-catcher. The material is much more refractory than that used by either of these birds, being, in the present case, dry, fine cedar twigs; but these were bound into a shape as rounded and compact as could be molded out of the most plastic material. Indeed, the nest of this bird looks precisely like a large, lichen-covered, cup-shaped excrescence of the limb upon which it is placed. And the bird, while sitting, seems entirely at her ease. Most birds seem to make very hard work of incubation. It is a kind of martyrdom which appears to tax all their powers of endurance. They have such a fixed, rigid, predetermined look, pressed down into the nest and as motionless as if made of cast-iron. But the wood pewee is an exception. It is largely visible above the rim of the nest. Its attitude is easy and graceful; it moves its head this way and that, and seems to take note of whatever goes on about it; and if its neighbor were to drop in for a little social chat, it could doubtless do its part. In fact, it makes light and easy work of what, to most other birds, is such a serious and engrossing matter. If it does not look like play with her, it at least looks like leisure and quiet contemplation.

There is no nest-builder that suffers more from crows and squirrels and other enemies than the wood-thrush. It builds as openly and unsuspectingly as if it thought all the world as honest as itself. Its favorite place is the fork of a sapling, eight or ten feet from the ground, where it falls an easy prey to every nest-robber that comes prowling through the woods and groves. It is not a bird that skulks and hides like the cat-bird, the brown-thrasher, the chat, or the cheewink, and its nest is not concealed with the same art as theirs. Our thrushes are all frank, open-mannered birds; but the veery and the hermit build upon the ground, where they at least escape the crows, owls, and jays, and stand a better chance to be overlooked by the red squirrel and weasel also; while the robin seeks the protection of dwellings and

out-buildings. For years I have not known the nest of a wood-thrush to succeed. The past season I observed but two, both apparently a second attempt, as the season was well advanced, and both failures. In one case, the nest was placed in a branch that an apple-tree, standing near a dwelling, held out over the highway. The structure was barely ten feet above the middle of the road, and would just escape a passing load of hay. It was made conspicuous by the use of a large fragment of newspaper in its foundation—an unsafe material to build upon in most cases. Whatever else the press may guard, this particular newspaper did not guard this nest from harm. It saw the egg and probably the chick, but not the fledgeling. A murderous deed was committed above the public highway, but whether in the open day or under cover of darkness I have no means of knowing. The frisky red squirrel was doubtless the culprit. The other nest was in a maple sapling, within a few yards of the little rustic summer-house already referred to. The first attempt of the season, I suspect, had failed in a more secluded place under the hill; so the pair had come up nearer the house for protection. The male sang in the trees near by for several days before I chanced to see the nest. The very morning I think it was finished, I saw a red squirrel exploring a tree but a few yards away; he probably knew what the singing meant as well as I did. I did not see the inside of the nest, for it was almost instantly deserted, the female having probably laid a single egg, which the squirrel had devoured.

If I were a bird, in building my nest I should follow the example of the bobolink, placing it in the midst of a broad meadow, where there was no grass, or flower, or growth unlike another to mark its site. I judge that the bobolink escapes the dangers to which I have adverted as few or no other birds do. Unless the mowers come along at an earlier date than she has anticipated, that is, before July 1st, or a skunk goes nosing through the grass, which is unusual, she is as safe as bird well can be in the great open of nature. She selects the most monotonous and uniform place she can find amid the daisies or the timothy and clover, and places her simple structure upon the ground in the midst of it. There is no concealment, except as the great conceals the little, as the desert conceals the pebble, as the myriad conceals the unit. You may find the nest once, if your course chances to lead you across it and your eye is quick enough to note the silent brown bird as she darts swiftly away; but step three paces in the wrong direction, and your search will

probably be fruitless. My friend and I found a nest by accident one day, and then lost it again one minute afterward. I moved away a few yards to be sure of the mother-bird, charging my friend not to stir from his tracks. When I returned, he had moved two paces, he said (he had really moved four), and we spent a half hour stooping over the daisies and the buttercups, looking for the lost clew. We grew desperate, and fairly felt the ground over with our hands, but without avail. I marked the spot with a bush, and came the next day, and, with the bush as a center, moved about it in slowly increasing circles, covering, I thought, nearly every inch of ground with my feet and laying hold of it with all the visual power I could command, till my patience was exhausted and I gave up, baffled. I began to doubt the ability of the parent birds themselves to find it, and so secreted myself and watched. After much delay, the male bird appeared with food in his beak, and satisfying himself that the coast was clear, dropped into the grass which I had trodden down in my search. Fastening my eye upon a particular meadow-lily, I walked straight to the spot, bent down and gazed long and intently into the grass. Finally my eye separated the nest and its young from its surroundings. My foot had barely missed them in my search, but by how much they had escaped my eye I could not tell. Probably not by distance at all, but simply by unrecognition. They were virtually invisible. The dark gray and yellowish brown dry grass and stubble of the meadow-bottom were exactly copied in the color of the half-fledged young. More than that, they hugged the nest so closely and formed such a compact mass, that though there were five of them, they preserved the unit of expression,—no single head or form was defined; they were one, and that one was without shape or color, and not separable, except by closest scrutiny, from the one of the meadow-bottom. That nest prospered, as bobolinks' nests doubtless generally do; for, notwithstanding the enormous slaughter of the birds during their fall migrations by southern sportsmen, the bobolink appears to hold its own, and its music does not diminish in our northern meadows.

Birds with whom the struggle for life is the sharpest seem to be more prolific than those whose nest and young are exposed to fewer dangers. The robin, the sparrows, the pewees, etc., will rear, or make the attempt to rear, two and sometimes three broods in a season; but the bobolink, the oriole, the kingbird, the goldfinch, the cedar-bird, the birds of prey, and the woodpeckers, that build in safe retreats in the trunks of trees, have usually but

a single brood. If the bobolink reared two broods, our meadows would swarm with them.

I noted three nests of the cedar-bird the past August in a single orchard, all productive, but all with one or more unfruitful eggs in them. The cedar-bird is the most silent of our birds, having but a single fine note, so far as I have observed, but its manners are very expressive at times. No bird known to me is capable of expressing so much silent alarm while on the nest as this bird. As you ascend the tree and draw near it, it depresses its plumage and crest, stretches up its neck, and becomes the very picture of fear. Other birds, under like circumstances, hardly change their expression at all till they launch into the air, when by their voice they express anger rather than alarm.

I have referred to the red squirrel as a destroyer of the eggs and young of birds. I think the mischief it does in this respect can hardly be overestimated. Nearly all birds look upon it as their enemy and attack and annoy it when it appears near their breeding haunts. Thus, I have seen the pewee, the cuckoo, the robin, and the wood-thrush pursuing it with angry voice and gestures. If you wish the birds to breed and thrive in your orchard and groves, kill every red squirrel that infests the place; kill every weasel also. The weasel is a subtle and arch enemy of the birds. It climbs trees and explores them with great ease and nimbleness. I have seen it do so on several occasions. One day during the past summer my attention was arrested by the angry notes of a pair of brown-thrashers that were flitting from bush to bush along an old stone row in a remote field. Presently I saw what it was that excited them—three large, red weasels or ermines coming along the stone wall and leisurely and half playfully exploring every tree that stood near it. They had probably robbed the thrashers. They would go up the trees with great ease and glide serpent-like out upon the main branches. When they descended the tree they were unable to come straight down, like a squirrel, but went around it spirally. How boldly they thrust their heads out of the wall and eyed me and sniffed me, as I drew near,—their round, thin ears, their prominent, glistening, bead-like eyes, and the curving, snake-like motions of the head and neck being very noticeable. They looked like blood-suckers and egg-suckers. They suggested something extremely remorseless and cruel. One could understand the alarm of the rats when they discover one of these fearless, subtle, and circumventing creatures threading their holes. To flee must

be like trying to escape death itself. I was one day standing in the woods upon a flat stone, in what at certain seasons was the bed of a stream, when one of these weasels came undulating along and ran under the stone upon which I was standing. As I remained motionless, he thrust out his wedge-shaped head and turned it back above the stone as if half in mind to seize my foot; then he drew back, and presently went his way. These weasels often hunt in packs like the British stoat. When I was a boy, my father one day

armed me with an old musket and sent me to shoot chipmunks around the corn. While watching the squirrels, a troop of weasels tried to cross a bar-way where I sat, and were so bent on doing it that I fired at them, boy-like, simply to thwart their purpose. One of the weasels was disabled by my shot, but the troop was not discouraged, and, after making several feints to cross, one of them seized the wounded one and bore it over, and the pack disappeared in the wall on the other side.

WILL NEW YORK BE THE FINAL WORLD METROPOLIS?

As a mathematical and mechanical prodigy, the great Roebing Bridge, connecting Brooklyn with New York, is eclipsed by its philosophic aspect, as a vital artery, and a bond of more strength than cables and trussed beams of steel. It is a nerve of conscious identity between the two sides of the double city, not only as the eye follows the ceaseless thrill of movement and the imagination is grasped by the expressive continuity, but especially as the crossing populations grow habituated to the indivisible expanse of city beneath and around on every side, within which the glimpses of a boundary river show like partial seams in an almost seamless whole. With this imposing specimen of the spontaneous evolution and integration of a great metropolis before every eye, it may be hoped that a somewhat novel treatment of the great New York question, on general and vital principles, may meet with thoughtful appreciation. The statistical evidences might have been revised to a later date; but the totals, and the illustrative effect for which they are used, would still have been, to all intents and purposes, the same.

The metropolis is the chief organ through which both expression and effect are given to the genius and character of a nation. It is the brain, from which the nerves of public intelligence and impulse spread to every extremity, and to which the minor centers and ganglia are unconsciously subsidiary. It is the heart, whose pulsations gather and redistribute the vital currency from and to the remotest veinlets. It is the alimentary center where the national wealth is digested, mobilized, and infused into the circulation to nourish every fiber of the system. There can no more be two such vital systems and centers in a nation than in an individual. No such *iusus nature* was ever long preserved. As

in the individual, so in the whole, the singleness of such organs is the unity of the being, and their size and vigor are the measure of its vitality and power.

History is little more than the history of capital cities. "Paris is France." Blot out from English annals all that was originated or consummated in London, and what have you left? Rome was the ultimate focus of vital force in the ancient world. No people ever successfully organized and maintained itself with a plurality of capitals. A second capital rent the Roman empire in twain. Babylon culminated on the ruins of Nineveh.

In our own young country, the organism is not yet perfectly defined. More than one quasi metropolis aspires to be the vital center. Arguments have been constructed from plausible data in favor of each of these expectant capitals. Dubious opinion in most minds, perhaps, halting between such arguments, has questioned whether any one city were destined to metropolitan supremacy in America. But, despite the force of rival pretensions, our glimpse of national physiology instructs us that there must be one and only one center of the continental nationality tested and consolidated by the war for the Union. Assuming, as a first principle in political philosophy, that national being is organic and analogous to the individual organism,—inevitably developing, if not developed from, one central sensorium,—it follows that every local movement from partial causes, however powerful, must merge at length in a common vortex of national force and motion, a metropolis commensurate with the future of the American republic. The greater the complexity of genius and the exuberance of vitality exhibited in so many Titanic rivals, all so unlike, the more majestic, simply, the center to which they must all prove tributary at last. The sys-

tem must have a sun outweighing the sum of its parts, and necessarily can have but one.

The physiological and cosmical analogies will not be equally satisfactory to all minds. A more mechanical argument, however, leads to the same result. As a permanent equilibrium between any two or more rival centers is morally impossible, it follows that some one of them must sooner or later gain an advantage in mass and momentum that will tend thereafter on every occasion to augment itself. For an illustration of the tendency, take the centralization at New York of the vast commercial developments of the third quarter of our century, such as the gold and silver product of the Pacific States, the railway and telegraph systems of the continent, or the multiplying lines of transatlantic steam-ships. A number of powerful causes have coöperated in each of these centralizations, but a single sufficient cause may be found in the determining attraction of the superior mass and magnitude of affairs at this point. The presence of a superior bulk of business and capital at a certain point insures better equipment and larger opportunity there for important transactions, and thus of itself furnishes a controlling motive to draw such transactions together. Every new addition attracted to the controlling mass goes to make the motive and the certainty still stronger for the next, and so on, until the tendency becomes a necessity, fixed beyond all power on earth to change. It is true that, during the earlier development of the country, new conditions are liable to arise of sufficient power to reverse the relative rank of its leading cities. One pound may overbalance two, if it can acquire a double leverage. The Erie Canal gave such a leverage to the city of New York against the once preponderant city of Philadelphia; and so the minor mass overcame the greater and became the greater. It is conceivable that the like might happen again, in a country so young and vast as ours, and with such inscrutable possibilities yet in reserve. But it is certain that such oscillations must come to an end at length. There must be some point really strongest on the whole, and that point cannot fail to discover itself sooner or later. Thenceforward, the tendency of things to converge to that point increases by geometrical ratio, until the overpowering solarly of the accumulation precludes even the initiation of any counterbalancing movement.

While the rival provincial centers are testing their possibilities, and thus determining the true national center, the country itself is involved in an analogous process, on the scale of ages and the world, slowly developing a super-organization of the commonwealth of

man. Organic centralization or headship is the necessary consummation of every grade of life, by which it reaches and passes to the plane above it—from individual being to that of family; to that of society and party; to that of nationality; to that, yet unperfected, of the world. The past inchoate stages of world-organization, provisional, partly abortive, but every time progressive, stand out boldly in the historical retrospect, mainly three: Babylon, Rome, London. While national centers, once fixed, however crudely, by the natural maturing of national organization, have never been (naturally) displaced as such, the immaturity of the world itself, as well as the direction and destination of its grand advance, is indicated by the successive westward removals of its imperial head-quarters. There remains but one possible further stage and stopping-place to be made. A glance at the course of metropolitan development in the past will throw light upon its future method, direction, and final goal.

Capitals were primarily of military origin, from which a political development naturally proceeded. This primitive politico-military motive was directly opposite in its requirements to the later commercial motive of metropolitan growths. It shunned the then barren sea, from which the dangers of piracy and invasion came earlier than the blessings of commerce. Consequently, civilization at first centered and fortified itself on the richest inland plains or in natural strongholds.

The rise of commerce at length brought a new influence to bear on the location of capitals, modifying but not overcoming the effect of the politico-military motive. They cautiously approached the sea, seeking an outlet by navigable rivers, but keeping at a defensible distance from their mouths. Examples: Rome on the Tiber; London on the Thames; Paris on the Seine; Vienna on the Danube; St. Petersburg on the Neva; etc. Tyre and Venice, purely commercial capitals, inaugurated, or rather foreshadowed, the commercial era, and temporarily anticipated the possibility, which was long in becoming realized, of great sea-coast cities. Not until the modern epoch of international security under international law could commerce build her peaceful capitals, for the congress of nations, on the ocean harbors of Liverpool and Havre, Boston and New York.

This radical change brings into the modern metropolitan re-organization of mankind new powers and resources immensely transcending the old. And it is a very potent conjunction, in our own horoscope, that the pure product of these novel powers (hardly even yet permitted free course in Europe) is to be first

realized in the New World; and that, far more freely, rapidly, and perfectly than will be possible at best under the primitive malformations and misplacements of national centers, and among the irreconcilable fragments into which the past ages of violence have broken up the Old World. It would seem to pass all bounds of moderation, if we could venture here to forecast and apply the ratio of this one advantage in the American future over all the progress of the past.

Providence never before laid out a nation on a scale that was more than petty in comparison with the continental, climatic, and oceanic frame of the American republic. Never before in history has there been a movement of men that was not petty and cramped in comparison with the outpouring of all races into this vast national framework. Never before was there any possible fusion of such diversities of national genius as we see commingling here in a general reunion of human elements dispersed ever since Babel. In short, there has never been a possibility before of a nation so vast and coherent, so complex and coalescent, so vigorous and pacific, so free and orderly, so universal in resources and faculty, and so miraculously progressive in population, wealth, and every element of power. Our infant stature is already that of the greatest nations before us. They have filled their measures at a limit of growth where we are only beginning, and must henceforth overflow into the limitless channels of our destiny. Every probability in both hemispheres conspires to sustain for an indefinite future our past marvelous ratio of growth. What, then, is the rank of the destined metropolis—for one, it must have, as surely as a man must have a head on his shoulders—of such a nation? Attraction is proportioned to mass, in the social as well as physical universe; and the center of this unexampled mass must be a center of unexampled attraction for the commerce and resources of the world. That America is the great nation of the future,—for the world's circuit is now completed with America,—and that consequently the American metropolis must be the great city of the future, we might here take for granted without further discussion, and proceed to the question of its place and formation.

Looking at the latter question without a particle of local pride or partiality, we could with equal interest trace the probability of our present leading city being outstripped in the race by either of its quite as honorable and amiable rivals. Nor do we find conclusive argument in the group of local conditions for the development of a great city here, al-

though it must be admitted that, as a whole, they are nowhere else matched in history or geography. As yet, this only shows that, since greater cities certainly have arisen under inferior natural conditions to these, greater cities may again. The points of greatest promise have not always become the sites of the greatest cities, on the coasts either of America or of Europe.

Nor yet is there conclusive argument in the coincidence of this unparalleled group of natural conditions with present actual pre-eminence. The Old World has left many of its once imperial centers literally buried in the track of its westward-moving vortex. To-day, we are told that Damascus, to which of all cities the hyperbole "Eternal" seemed fittest, after looking on the rise and extinction of Nineveh, Babylon, Thebes, Tyre, Palmyra, and a host of more modern capitals, in a lifetime of four thousand years, is at last bleeding to death from that stupendous cut, the Suez Canal.* Perhaps no prescience less than that which described the doom of those cities, by the prophets, ages before the currents of change that should drain their existence became conceivable to man, could certainly forecast the destiny of any of the lusty germs now swelling in this continent. Nevertheless, we have here scientific elements for calculating the position of the world's future center with the highest moral certainty.

Whatever political cataclysms and transformations may be in store, the North American continent is certainly occupied and organized commercially, at least, for an æon to come, by one English-speaking commonwealth. Into this, it is equally certain, the excess of the Old World's vitality, crowded to the verge of Europe, must continue to overflow as now, with enormous expansion of liberated force, until the massing of power on both sides the Atlantic will become at no distant day equal.

Thus the world's weight must continue to accumulate on one side of the globe, in two masses facing each other across the comparatively narrow Atlantic, with the vast breadths of Asia and the Pacific Ocean, respectively, behind them. These great distances, amounting to two-thirds the earth's circumference, must forever keep the back of the Old World toward the east, and that of the New World

* "Concerning Damascus: * * * they have heard evil tidings; they are faint-hearted; there is sorrow on the sea; it cannot be quiet. Damascus is waxed feeble and turneth herself to flee. * * * How is the city of praise not left!"—JEREMIAH, xlix. 23-25. Isaiah declares: "Damascus is taken away from being a city, and it shall be a ruinous heap." This prophecy certainly defers the end of the world at least one more century yet.

toward the west, with their faces toward and near each other,—perpetuating the mutual transatlantic attraction which now focuses all great lines of movement, from both ways, in the direction of London and New York.

It is plain, therefore, that the world's center must be on one or the other Atlantic sea-board, until the Asiatic leads the van of progress, and Peking or Shanghai overshadows London and New York!

For it is manifestly impossible for the location of the American metropolis to be controlled in any degree by the American center of population. It must, by the nature of commerce, be on the sea-board, at any rate. But if there were no such consideration as sea-board, it must still be drawn to the eastward border, as now, by the powerful attraction of the European mass. These two causes will still determine it to our eastern coast, after the world's center itself shall have crossed the Atlantic, viz.: the sea-port necessity, and the still decisive force which Europe, as an inferior, must continue to exert; just as the present inferior influence of America would make it impossible to transfer the power of London, say, to Constantinople, even if the latter were the center of gravity of the Old World.

On which sea-board, the European or the American, the great center must rest at last, is another easy question. Its solution has been anticipated, in the vastly superior capacity and adaptation of the new continent, the plethora of the old, and the expansiveness of liberated forces. It is, simply, as the case of a boiler crowded to the limit of its strength and then put in connection with another of ten times its size. If it is a question which boiler will contain most steam after a few minutes, it is equally a question whether the weight of the world will ever be west of the Atlantic or not.

Having, then, approximately determined the longitude of the future cosmopolis, let us see what data we have for computing its latitude.

The temperate belt on which the imperial cities of the past have formed a line is a condition too intelligible, as well as invariable, to be disregarded in laying plans of this sort for the future. And yet a very prominent New York merchant and publicist, in contributing his quota of opinion for this article, said that, unless certain extraordinary measures were adopted by New York, the bulk of Western and Southern commerce would soon find its way to the magnificent harbors of the James River and the Mississippi. Why it has never yet begun to do so he failed to explain, and from a point of view so narrow it would

be impossible to see. But any one who has been much engaged in business at the South can give a reason deeper than slavery or yellow fever. The testimony of such a witness (to the writer) is that no man who goes to the South, of however energetic race, persists in a course of urgent enterprise and hard work long after he finds himself able to delegate his drudgery and "take it easy." As a rule, there can be no such thing in a Southern climate as a hard-working proprietor in command of large resources and affairs.

Such is climate on the southward, depressing the dynamic or human factor in progress. On the north, again, it braces the personal force, but wars against the material conditions. Midway, on the latitude of New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, we have to contend, right and left, with both difficulties; and the inequable peculiarity of our Atlantic coast climate gives formidable effect, even here, to heat and cold by turns. North of this median line the latter adversary looms up so abruptly, in the obstruction of commerce by ice and snow, as to exclude the New England ports from the range of our inquiry. South of it there is no port where the energy of the dominant (northern) races of the modern world can hold its own. We find the magic belt narrowed for us to the measure of a moderate day's ride, with no port on either side exempt at once from the visitations of ice and pestilent or depressing heat. Of the three cities on the belt, Philadelphia and Baltimore, by their inland positions, suffer perceptible disadvantage from both heat and ice. New York alone—standing out to the ocean on a southward-looking coast, while open straight to the north as far as Canada, through the channels of the Hudson and Lake Champlain, and divided by many waters into strips of island and peninsula—enjoys a bracing and temperate climate throughout the year, where all the wholesome rigor of the north is free to stimulate her energies but forbidden to bar her gates. It is a singular, even an astonishing, position; like nothing else, altogether, in the preparations of Nature for Man.

And yet this decisive condition is but one of many, equally remarkable and peculiar—a combination of manifest design before which we can scarce but stand in awe. In all the conditions of both foreign and interior communication, the port of New York excels all others, not only on our own coast, but on the globe. Impressive as are the evidences of providential design in the laying out of this continent for the final scene of human development, the plan of its natural outlet and *entrepôt* at New York is in every respect

commensurate and continuous with the rest. Believer and skeptic must agree, in view of the now visible destiny of the country, that this spot seems as if planned at the creation for the ultimate center of the world. Its harbor is beyond comparison or even conceivable improvement in every requisite for such a purpose: size and depth abundant for all the shipping of the world at once; unbroken shelter, perfected by vestibule harbors covering both its narrow gate-ways as with double doors; accessibility by a few minutes' steaming from the open Atlantic; absolute freedom at once from depressing heat and obstructing ice; and a land site practically unlimited for the diversified requirements of a high civilization, penetrated in every direction by navigable avenues conducting fleets from all oceans direct to the doors of merchants, manufacturers, and lines of transportation, on a hundred miles, if need be, of maritime water-front.

Again: looking inland, we find ourselves at the natural outlet and inlet, the great auricle and ventricle, where the channels of internal circulation meet to carry the pulsations of commerce to and from every part of the continent. The natural and the artificial conformations of these interior channels are equally remarkable.

The Hudson River, the chain of great lakes, and the Mississippi with its huge branches, lack by nature but two short links, almost ready-made, of one commercial water-course sweeping around from South to North and from West to East, through the whole latitude and two-thirds of the longitude of the United States, draining the larger and richer part of its area with a navigable course of five or six thousand miles, and finding its main outlet at the harbor of New York. The eastern link lacking to this stupendous natural circuit was completed but fifty years since by the Erie Canal, and here is the commercial delta it has created at its mouth: the present city and dependencies of New York, already more than twice the size of its late superior, and equal in population to all four of its rivals (if such they may be called) rolled into one.

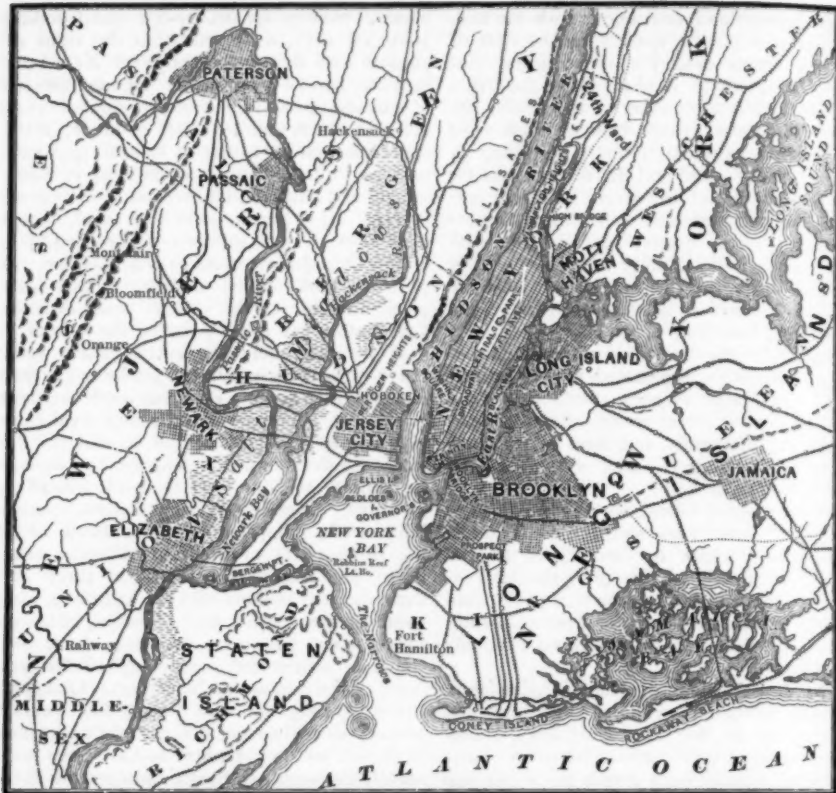
And now, on a similar yet still grander scale,—the young railway system of the continent, the growth of yesterday as it were,—debouches a hundred thousand miles of traffic through a thousand trains a day at this center.

We have insensibly slid from natural prearrangements to accomplished results which have taken their places also among the fundamental and controlling conditions of the future. A certain mass and momentum attained assure their own increase in a geometrical ratio thenceforward. From the records of the United

States Treasury, for twenty-five years ending June 30, 1877, it appears that the value of imports and domestic exports at New York in that period was nearly 13,000 millions of dollars (\$12,884,760,669); against 1245 millions, or less than *one-tenth* as much, at the second largest port, that of Boston; 938 millions at Philadelphia; 839 millions at Baltimore; and a total at all these and other ports of the United States, great and small, except New York, of 9000 millions (\$9,006,074,676), or less than three-fourths as much as the port of New York alone: showing a true solar preponderance of the central mass over the aggregate of all other parts of the system.

If we take only the seven recent years (1871-77) during which the public negligence characteristic of New York was made the most of by a vehement development of rival energies and advantages, we find no material difference in the result. The imports and domestic exports at New York from 1871 to 1877, inclusive, exceeded four and three-quarter billions (\$4,752,525,134); while those of all the other ports of the United States combined fell considerably short of three and three-quarter billions (\$3,690,134,001); and those of the second port (Boston), although raised forty per cent. or more above any previous septennate, were only twelve per cent. of the amount at New York. Or again, by comparing the last twenty-five years* among themselves, we find the preponderance of New York on the whole to have been constantly increasing through considerable fluctuations. The first five of these years showed a far lower relative amount of commerce at New York, and that too in the lately much contested matter of exports, than any subsequent portion of the twenty-five. These statistics, however, relate only to merchandise, and fall very far short of showing the true relative importance of the commercial metropolis. It is computed that, including financial operations, seven-eighths of the foreign commerce of the country is transacted through New York. The entire circulation of capital, currency, and exchange has its vortex in Wall street. It is the money market of the whole country, determining all values and movements, and holding all other financial systems in a provincial and subordinate relation. Here, and not in mere material or numerical bulk, we come upon the true and indivisible metropolitan character. The continental heart is here visibly struggling into shape from formless mass, clearing its monstrous mouths and arteries, and pouring

* [These figures are brought down to 1877,—the first draft of the article having been prepared in 1878.—ED.]



MAP OF NEW YORK CITY AND VICINITY.

back and forth deeper and richer tides of active wealth from day to day. Nor is the cerebral development on a less gigantic scale. The magnetic sensorium, the New York telegraph office, radiates 250,000 miles of intelligential nerves to ten thousand minor centers in America and to every city of the civilized world. It is probably safe to put the postal and telegraphic correspondence of New York City at three or four times the aggregate of all the other ports of the United States.

Restricted space permits but such close selection and brief statement of cardinal points, in the argument on the main question, as have now been presented. Discussion and elaboration must be left for others or for a broader opportunity. A like apology should preface our cursory survey of the internal features of the future cosmopolis.

The city thus established and firmly assured in its metropolitan character will continue to grow in every practicable direction, as water will find its level in any number of connected vessels. A circle of about fifteen miles radius

from the center of Manhattan Island will reach as far as will be convenient for average business purposes under such conditions as we can now anticipate. This will make an area of about seven hundred square miles, large enough to give the city free choice in the direction and character of its growth, which will, of course, be more or less irregular and capricious. A site so spacious, even if one-half be neglected and one-seventh be water, will still have an occupied area double that of London, and sufficient by reason of its singular adaptations for many times the business of that city.

The foregoing map is divided by the Hudson River into two parts, east and west, each exhibiting a marked character of its own. Looking at the obvious physical aspects, we observe that the foreground of the western division is profusely channeled with navigable waters and water-power courses, and overlaid with a congeries of terminating railroads. Within this semicircle there is a mile of railroad per square mile of territory. A strip of its eastern water-front, three

miles long, is the actual meridian line where the wheels of continental railway traffic meet the keels of ocean steam-ships. Of the one hundred thousand miles of North American railway lines, but a small fraction fails to connect with the steam-ship fleets at this wharf line.

A vast defect seems to condemn some ten thousand acres in the foreground as an impracticable morass. But "this effect defective comes by cause," and for good cause, equally with the waste of waters, to which so inordinate space seems to be surrendered. The extensive tide-water flats, redeemed from overflow, are destined to play an important part in the future of the cosmopolis. They will furnish the cheap and level ground needed for railway sidings, for long wharves on deep-water frontage, and for the yards and buildings required for the storage and handling of bulky commodities and raw materials. Back of these marshes lie two of the most important manufacturing centers of America, Newark and Paterson, so closely joined to New York by business relations and swift railway communications as to be virtually workshops of the great city. Finally, in the rear of all this apparatus of commerce and manufactures, in the west and north of the semicircle, there rises a romantic region, cleft by deep rivers and ravines, and terraced with magnificent heights, tier above tier, overlooking the central city and all its white brood of suburban towns as far as the ocean horizon.

Turning now to the other division of our map, east of the Hudson, we find it unbroken by the arduous heights or broad water-ways of the western section. There is not a sign of water-power. There are no wide spaces of cheap and vacant land like the marshy flats between Bergen Heights and the Passaic. Everything is adapted by nature to the brisk circulation of air, drainage, and traffic,—for continuous streets and close building. Not a circumstance is wanting for the model site of a compact city, the densest massing of life and business with the closest economy of time and strength. The narrow water-way of the East River, which intersects the eastern semicircle, has in fact assisted to widen rather than contract the city's growth. New York and Brooklyn and adjacent Long Island, and the Westchester peninsula, as united by bridges and steam transit, form one city site as much as the two banks of the Seine at Paris or of the Thames at London, and are certain to become municipally united.

The two divisions thus topographically contrasted are also geographically separated by a river over a mile wide, while politically they are as far apart as two States, of opposite

temper and traditions, can fix them. Yet their inseparability as one interwoven commercial growth is plainly manifest at this early stage. Each division, with its subdivisions, is complementary and harmonious with the others.

The pivot of the whole development is on the eastern side, at the lower end of Manhattan Island. Here is the permanent financial center. It will not move, for all the world seeks it where it is. Wall street will preserve its character as long as the cosmopolis endures. Banking, exchange, stocks, insurance, capital and merchandise brokerage, speculation, and financial and commercial agencies from all parts of the world, will circle around Trinity Church until its walls crumble. Offices of railroad and mining companies, of steam and other shipping, of telegraphs, of staple imports and exports (stores and warehouses crowded into the distance and for the greater part on the Jersey flats) next center closest around the financial hub, attended by manufacturing and miscellaneous corporations, lawyers without number, brokers, courts, newspapers, and, farther up, the importers of foreign and agents of domestic manufactures. The physiognomy of this part of the city is fixed, and will only become more pronounced in time by the crowding out of small manufacturing concerns and warehouses for the storage of heavy products. The jobbing trade will continue its march up town, and perhaps halt around the Hudson River Tunnel Depot to be opened near Washington Square. The retail dry-goods trade, following the tide of fashionable life, will go northward until stopped or turned by the corner of Central Park.

After finance and foreign commerce, fashionable trade and society will eventually be the chief features of the central city. The centralization of true metropolitan commerce, which is to make lower New York the London of the future, will make upper New York its Paris. Exclusive society in New York can scarcely be said to have any fixed and distinct habitat at present. It is in transitional lodgings, looking about, as it were; ready poised to take wing for some choice new quarter, well walled from vulgar intrusion. Where that quarter is to be, however, can hardly be a question. One suitable spot remains, and that is at once so beautiful, so isolated, and so admirably adapted, that one is almost constrained to believe that the susceptibilities of sublimated snobbery are not beneath the Providence that cares for the sparrow. Four or five square miles have been laid out by Nature on the peninsular upper extremity of the island, between the Hudson and the Harlem, at an elevation of from

fifty to a hundred feet above plebeian street grades, expressly for the "court" quarter of New York's future aristocracy. It is a ridge about a mile wide, with abrupt sides and a broad top; overlooking at once, on either hand, the magnificence of the Hudson beneath the Palisades, and the romantic nooks of the Harlem and Spuyten Duyvil, with the glittering reaches of Long Island Sound; swept by the purest airs from land and sea; almost self-drained, and drained again of drainage at its base; inaccessible, in short, to the odors of the common world, to the heavy wheels of commerce, and to the enterprise of speculative builders.

As if all this were not enough, the opposite shores on every hand are all of the same sort, and waiting to be united in one by suspension bridges from height to height, anchored in the ready-built rocks. In fact, the city has already one of the most magnificent bridges in the world, spanning the Harlem from bluff to bluff—the famous "High Bridge" of the Croton Aqueduct. Whenever wanted, an upper story can be built at small expense on this massive structure, and roofed with a fine level road-way from Washington Heights to the villa-crowned hills of the Twenty-fourth Ward. The earliest wholly new bridge to be called for in this quarter will perhaps be the already chartered suspension bridge across the Hudson from Washington Heights to the Palisades. This will—not soon, but surely—connect the magnificent boulevards now building on each of the opposite heights in a continuous drive of fifteen miles, which, for eminence of prospect, luxurious convenience, and picturesque variety, can never be matched in the neighborhood of any other great city on the globe. The elevated railways through the north-western quarter of the island bring this region at once into practicability, and some coming wave of prosperity will sweep an overflowing wealth into splendid piles and rows along the sightly heights.

The plainly marked locality of fashionable life as plainly determines that of fashionable trade. Retailing will retain its present base on the central avenues leading up to the Park, preëminently the Fifth, and will culminate either about the lower end at Fifty-ninth street, or possibly on the western (Eighth-avenue) side of so agreeable a drive as that by way of St. Nicholas avenue and the Park from the upper ten thousand homes to the shopping quarter.

For the great middle class, of reasonable tastes and aspirations, whom choice or convenience will retain in the close city, broad provision is made on all sides of the Central Park; but it is derogatory to the prospects

of the city to suppose that any of the insular space will long remain cheap. As a brake on the progressive expensiveness of the center, however, the continued distribution of population on both sides of the East River throughout its whole length is plainly secured by the admirable counterpoise of the new steam transits north and east respectively. Brooklyn has long been simply the habitable quarter of New York nearest to business and cheapest for residence. The New York elevated railways, which would have thrown that quarter into the distance, are opportunely balanced by prospective Brooklyn steam transit over the great suspension bridge, recently completed, at James's slip, and the prospective Blackwell's Island bridge. This will put progressively cheaper city homes and lighter taxation within five, ten, fifteen, and twenty minutes from business, and secure the continued preference of a large population, of moderate city tastes. Brooklyn has already more than half a million inhabitants. It has ample room for unlimited growth over the level fields of Long Island stretching out eastward, and can spread southward ten miles to the sea if need be.

A cluster of cities with an aggregate population of nearly a third of a million has already grown up on the New Jersey arms and affluents of our metropolitan harbor. More foreign goods are now landed in Jersey City and Hoboken than in any other place in the United States, except New York. Paterson is one of the greatest silk factories of the world. It makes nearly all the sewing silks and two-thirds of the colored silk dress goods and ribbons sold in this country, and is besides eminent in the building of locomotives and machinery. Newark is a swarming hive of industry, with 135,000 inhabitants. It is the special seat of gold jewelry, leather, small hardware, and thread manufacture. Of the whole west side congeries of cities, it is the natural and actual nucleus,—stretching its gas-lighted streets in every direction, to Elizabeth, to Orange, to Bloomfield and Montclair, and seven miles along the Passaic on both sides. Newark is a city of a special character, quite the antipodes of Paterson or any other mill city. Instead of machine tenders, it is full of skilled artisans, and hence it is and always will be the home of the finer mechanical arts. At Elizabethport, sewing machines for half the world are made. The anthracite coal of eastern Pennsylvania is the best fuel, ton for ton, in the world. It naturally seeks tide-water at this point, coming down from the mountains to the sea by easy descending grades, in long trains, with great economy of motive power.

The cost of this coal at Paterson or Newark is only about half its cost in the New England manufacturing towns.

The west side of our future cosmopolis is provided not only with unlimited waterfronts for commerce, and immense level spaces for factories, warehouses, and railway tracks and yards, but it has lofty plateaus and ridges overlooking all the busy haunts of labor and commerce, and admirably adapted for residence quarters. Between the Hudson and Hackensack rivers rise the Palisades—precipitous walls on the east, steep slopes on the west, and on the top a broad table-land. Mountain-high at its northern extremity, this singular formation descends gradually as you follow its crest until it meets tide-water opposite Staten Island. Its lower end is covered with a village-like growth, belonging partly to Jersey City, partly to Hoboken, and partly to petty municipalities. Forty thousand people now live upon this lofty ridge. The number will increase to two hundred thousand, perhaps to half a million, with the growth of the metropolis and the now assured construction of the Palisades railroad, running from Jersey City the whole length of the ridge. At the upper end of the Palisades, the country is still nearly all forest. The Palisades railway, connecting with the new ferry of the West Shore Company, will reach the heights by an easy grade through Opdyke's Gorge, and run northerly along the summit to Alpine (opposite Yonkers), at such a distance west from the cliffs as not to disturb their seclusion and repose. The few villa residents established here are the pioneers of thousands who will soon convert the whole plateau into a park and a garden. Like an island in the atmosphere, hung in all its sylvan wildness over the crowded roofs and ways of men, the scenery of this outlook is simply amazing. Not that it is vaster in extent than may be seen from other summits, but that it groups features of grandeur so diverse and opposite, such a range of the boldest contrasts, from the largest scale of man and civilization back to the monstrous forms of chaos, all right under an eye poised in mid-air. You toss a pebble out and watch it fall, down, down, until it approaches the topmast of some gallant ship in the busy but here noiseless port below. There is the ocean far out on one hand, and the measureless magnificence of scenery stretching westward to the Ramapo mountains on the other, and between are the great rivers converging into the wonderful harbor of New York, with their countless fleets and shining sails and bustling steam flotilla,—all down, almost plumb down, it seems, beneath your eyrie crag. And still around you, in this weird altitude, is a world

above a world, of green groves, lawns, and the homes of happy people.

Between the meadows of the Hackensack and the valley of the Passaic is another ridge less lofty, already dotted with villages. Still further west rises the Orange Mountain. On the approaching slopes gleam the pretty towns of Orange and Bloomfield, where thirty thousand people find pleasant homes, with flowers, gardens, lawns, and shaded streets, and city comforts of water, gas, and street railroads. On its spreading base sits Montclair. The terraced ascent from tide-water at Newark to the green crest of Montclair, faces the sunrise with a land-rise of six hundred feet in six miles. To a spectator on the heights, the emerald sea comes up in a succession of long rollers crested with foam of cities and flecked with gleams from a hundred thousand roofs. The luxuriant verdure rolls half up the vertical rock face of its western wall, the "Wat-Chung," or First Mountain,—aboriginally and historically so called, although we fancy the ultimate designation of its commanding brow will naturally be that we have assumed for it—Montclair Heights.

From this grand gallery of the metropolitan amphitheater, at any point in its eight miles' length, the level eye strikes through the clear upper air far over the towered heights of the Hudson and Brooklyn shores to the clouds that blend with the ocean horizon. The lowered glance falls through crystal depths far down to a bottom overspread with great and minor cities; with populous villages; with the homes and works of over two millions of people; with a maze of broad rivers, harbors, and fleets; with smoke-traced lines of transportation converging from all the continent; and with a world of luxuriant scenery besides, in which all this commercial magnificence looks scattered and obscure.

Space is wanting here to complete the circuit of the great city's beautiful suburbs—to speak of more distant New Jersey towns like Plainfield, Westfield, Rahway, and many others, essential parts, all of them, of the life of the metropolis, and bound to it by the daily passage to and from New York of half their populations. Space also is wanting to speak of Staten Island, that picturesque combination of highlands, forests, and sea, rimmed round with villages and destined to be covered with suburban homes; or to describe the summer towns by the ocean, which make almost a continuous line of hotels and cottages for forty miles out of the city on the Atlantic coasts and the shores of the Sound.

We have barely sketched the ground plan of the future cosmopolis and its suburbs.

Two millions of people now live within its natural limits. It is not rash to predict that, long before another century passes, its population will surpass that of London, and that it will be the unrivaled center of finance and commerce, of luxury and fashion, of art and literature — the heart and brain, in a word — of the civilized world.

William C. Conant.

AT CASTLE HILL, NEWPORT, R. I.

An isle that swims a galaxy of isles,
Like flowers afloat upon the breast of ocean,
O'er whose horizon many an island piles
Its rocks of fleece, and cape by cape beguiles
The view with lands in soft, continuous motion.

An island whence are isles and isles descried,
Green, brown as moorland, fringed with sea-weed yellow
Whereto there flame by night across the tide
The eyes of islands that must lonely bide
Till darkness falls before they greet their fellow.

And into isles a charm the land divides
Whenso the white scales of that serpent quiver
The sun abhors; coil upon coil it slides
Up from the sea, and through the hollow glides,
And moats the hill-tops with a ghostly river.

An isle whose fiords are islanded again,
Whose lakes, where cardinals flash and lilies cluster,
Have isles the fragrant iris loves to stain
With purple eyes wherein the eye is fain
To note small islands black and gold of luster.

The very moon along the eastern wave
Glows like an island of clear brass, and wonder
Falls with the twilight to behold her pave
The bay with islets bright as tides that lave
The sun when he with all his pomp goes under.

Foregather still to isles the wind-worn trees,
Their verdures differing from swamp and dry land;
The flocks of sheep that crop the perfumed leas
Bunch into isles, and, hark! upon the breeze—
The clang of wild geese from their feathery island!

And there be hours when unseen crystal hands
Pour from on high upon the isles an ichor,
Balm for dull eyes; when, as at stroke of wands,
Specters will start, faces of lonesome strands
Leap to the view athwart the salty liquor.

Ah, every man and woman of the maze
Is but an island, ringed by waves abysmal;
And though they yearn, and though they go their ways,
And woo and wed, seldom the chosen gaze
True-eyed, by night, across the waters dismal.

Charles de Kay.

INDIAN WAR IN THE COLONIES.*

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.



FALLING CREEK, VA. SITE OF THE FIRST
IRON-WORKS, DESTROYED IN THE
MASSACRE OF 1622.

I.

THE EARLIER INDIAN WARS.

THE Virginia colony, in its early struggle with want, was saved from complete overthrow at the hands of the savages by the address of Captain John Smith, by the imperviousness of English armor to arrow-shots, and by the frightful detonations of match-lock guns and small cannon. After the marriage of Pocahontas there ensued an era of good feeling in which the confederated tribes of the Virginia peninsulas found it better to trade with white men than to fight them. Meantime, English religionists cultivated a sentimental enthusiasm about the Indians, founding a school and devising other things for the wild men as laudable in aim as they were impossible of execution. The eager pioneers, feeling secure and intent on opening ground

for growing tobacco, planted their cabins farther and farther apart along the inviting river-banks. They traded with the savages for corn, and hired them to shoot with English fowling-pieces the great bronze-breasted wild turkeys, the innumerable pigeons,—whose flight by millions sometimes obscured the sky and was thought an omen of evil,—and the water-fowl that gathered in countless flocks upon the bays and tributaries of the James River. These Indian hunters lived in the houses of their employers, penetrated the mystery of European habits, and became expert

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with fire-arms, so that the dread of the white man's magic charms and deadly thunderbolts wore away. Even the implacable old Opechancanough, who had come to the leadership on the death of Powhatan, seemed to be friendly. He accepted a house from the manager of the college lands, and found no end of delight in locking and unlocking the door. The savages entered freely the isolated and unfortified cabins of the settlers without so much as knocking; they ate from the planters' supplies, and slept wrapped in skins or blankets before the wide-open fire-places. The former hardships of the colonists were fast sinking into that happy oblivion which peace and prosperity bring.

But in 1622, on the 22d of March (Old Style), in the middle of the day, while the men were afield, the Indians fell upon the women and children in the houses and the men who worked unarmed abroad, killing the settlers with their own axes, hatchets, hoes, and knives, hacking and disfiguring their dead bodies, and then, fortunately, pausing to pillage and burn the dwellings. The unutterable outrages on living and dead, so familiar in the history of Indian massacres from that time to this, appeared in this first onslaught. The plan had been well laid to exterminate or drive away every Englishman from the coast. One Indian of those dwelling among white men and under missionary influence was touched with compassion. As he lay upon the floor the night before the massacre, he received from a companion the authoritative command of his tribe to kill the master of the house in which he lived; but he rose and whispered a warning to his benefactor, who carried the tidings across the water into Jamestown, so that the authorities were able to check the Indians after three hundred and forty-seven Europeans had been slain. The savages had not quite lost their fear of the English; they turned back from every show of force, even from an empty gun in the hand of a woman.

One-twelfth of the whole colony had fallen, almost within a single hour. The Virginia planters had no countrymen on this side of the sea except the remote handful of famine-stricken pilgrims beyond Cape Cod; and this destructive blow appalled the colonists, and there was talk of fleeing to the eastern shore of the Chesapeake for security. But, under prudent leadership, the settlers were drawn together into the stronger places and made to present a compact and undaunted front. They built palisaded houses and carried their arms in the field and to church. A savage ferocity, born of resentment and terror, showed itself, and the white men did not scruple to treat a perfidious foe with shameless

bad faith. How else could English soldiers, in cumbrous armor, ever come up with bowmen so fleet of foot and so light of baggage? Affecting to make peace, the English appointed the 23d of July, 1623, as a day on which to fall simultaneously upon the unsuspecting Indian villages, slaughtering the people, burning the wigwams, and cutting up the growing maize, so as to leave the savages to a winter of misery and starvation. Another attack was made in 1624, when eight hundred Pamunkeys and other Indians made a brave stand for two days, but were at length beaten by the odds of fire-arms and defensive armor.

In 1644, twenty-two years after this first massacre, when Opechancanough was shriveled and palsied with age, unable to stand on his feet or to open his eyelids without help, he was borne on a litter to command in a new attack. The Indians, hearing that there was civil strife in England, and having seen a battle between a king's ship and a parliament ship in the James River, thought it a good opportunity to make a clean sweep of the English. Five hundred were killed in two days, but the arrival of the governor with an armed force put the savages to flight. Opechancanough was afterward taken and carried into Jamestown, where a soldier appointed to guard him shot the unmollified centenarian, to whom were attributed so many woes.

Very different in origin and outcome from the Virginia war was the beginning of sorrows in New England. The Dutch purchased the Connecticut River country from the powerful Pequots, who had recently expelled the tribes formerly seated on its banks. Thereupon English settlers brought back the former owners, gave them the protection of an English fort, and from them acquired a rival title. This inflamed the jealousy of the Pequots, some of whom made themselves amends by killing the unarmed crew of a trading boat from Virginia. The allies of the Pequots on Block Island also slew John Oldham, trading thither from Massachusetts.

Captain Endecott, afterward governor of Massachusetts, commanded the force sent out in 1636, with orders to bring these Indians to reason by putting to death all their able-bodied men. Endecott was very brave in chopping down May-poles, banishing churchmen, and hanging Quakers, but he was not so well suited to contend with Indians. On Block Island, he burned the combustible wigwams and cut to pieces seven canoes, but the nimble savages retreated to hiding-places according to their wont. Flushed with triumph, Captain Endecott then sailed to "Pequot Harbor"—now known as the mouth of the Thames River—in Connecticut. Here the

Pequots outwitted him by keeping negotiations open until they could remove their families and household stuff. The English at length "beat up the drums" as a challenge to battle, giving fair warning to the fleet savages to get out of the way before the guns were discharged. The Pequots shot off some arrows and then ran away under fire. Endecott returned to Boston without losing a man or impairing the enemy's strength. The handful of settlers on the Connecticut, and the little garrison under Lieutenant Lion Gardiner at the mouth of that river, were left to endure as best they might the fury which this expedition had provoked. The insolence of the emboldened and enraged Pequots now passed all bounds. They made raids on the Connecticut settlers, killed and captured straggling soldiers from the fort at Saybrook, torturing every hapless white man that fell into their hands, and repeating within hearing of the garrison the cries, groans, prayers, and distressful ejaculations uttered by those whom they had tormented, mimicking and deriding their agonies, and wearing head-bands made of the fingers and toes of their victims.

In May, 1637, John Mason, who had won the favor of Fairfax in the war in the Netherlands, was given command of a little company drawn from the yet feeble Connecticut settlements, with the addition of twenty Massachusetts men under Captain Underhill. Mason was ordered to attack the Indians at Pequot Harbor, and his officers, impatient to return to their imperiled families, voted to obey the orders. But Mason, seeing the futility of this, appealed to higher authority by asking the chaplain to inquire the mind of the Lord. After a prayerful vigil, Chaplain Stone decided that Captain Mason was right, and the expedition sailed eastward. The deluded Pequots thereupon gave themselves over to feasting and to making preparations for a raid on the settlements, while Mason came about and assailed them on an unexpected side.

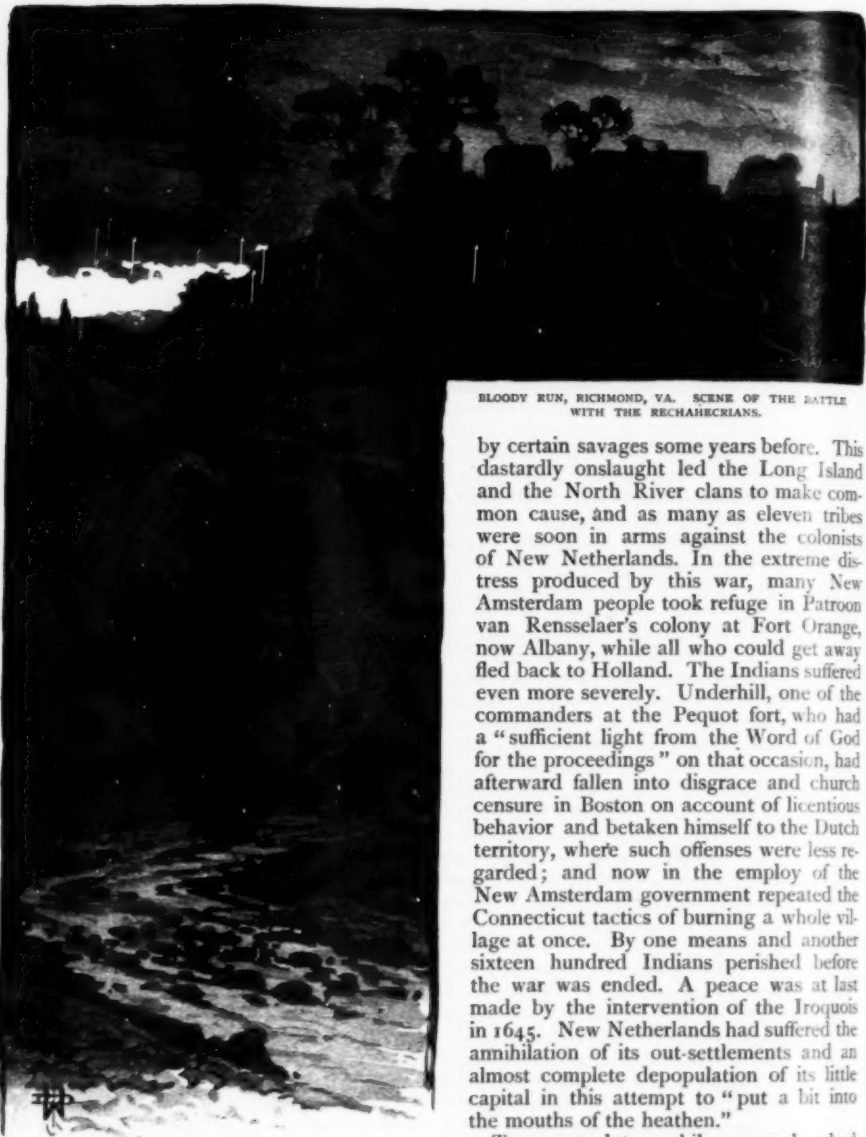
No more daring and brilliant surprise was seen in early colonial warfare than that accomplished by this forlorn hope of seventy-five. The Indian allies of the English fell back with terror as the troops approached in the night the strongholds of the dreaded chief, Sassacus. After an exhausting march, the Connecticut men slept a few hours at what is now called Porter's Rocks, and then at day-break surrounded the palisaded village at Mystic, where the barbarians, wearied with their revelry, were all asleep. In the first onset Mason hit upon the dreadful expedient of setting the wigwams afire. In less than two hours, five or six hundred men, women, and children had perished. They were shot down

off the palisades, whither they climbed to escape the heat; those who essayed to break through the lines were put to the sword; those who succeeded in passing the English fell by the tomahawks of the Indian allies in the rear; and many, in mad desperation, threw themselves into the flames. A whole community was destroyed at a blow. So heart-rending were the cries of victims in the fire, so ghastly the aspect of the dead and dying about the fort, that the younger soldiers, unhardened by cruel scenes, were touched with compassion and horror; and it was necessary afterward to cite the massacre of the Canaanites, and David's "saws and harrows of iron," to justify this slaughter.

In the war which followed, the powerful Pequot tribe was obliterated. Fugitives were pursued toward the confines of New Netherland, and numbers of the doomed tribe were slain not only by the troops of Connecticut and Massachusetts, but by the neighboring savages, who were always ready to engage on the winning side and had many reasons for hating the Pequots. Trophies of heads and hands were sent to Boston, Hartford, and Windsor, as good-will offerings from the neighboring tribes to the English. Those of the enemy who obtained mercy when the sword was weary with the disgusting slaughter were either sold away to the consuming slavery of the West Indies, reduced to servitude in the colonies, or divided between the Narragansetts and Mohegans, and New England had peace for nearly forty years.

In Maryland, a conflict with the tribes broke out about the time of the close of the Pequot war in Connecticut. The first contest with the Susquehannas seems to have dragged its indecisive course through thirteen years, and when peace was made with this tribe there was still trouble from some of the bands on the eastern peninsula. The records are so defective that we are only able to see occurrences in a sort of historic twilight; the Indian wars appear to be without beginning or end. We catch a dim vision of the gallant figure of Colonel Cornwayleys, "the guardian genius of the colony," as, at a later period, we hear of the exploits of Colonel Ninian Beale. We are able to conjecture something of the distresses of the infant colony during a prolonged Indian war, to which were superadded religious dissensions, insubordination, and more than one revolution. Meanwhile, Virginia was never free for many years at a time from the scourge, and in 1656 her troops suffered a bitter defeat near the present site of Richmond, at a brook which still bears the name of Bloody Run.

During the prevalence of these wars in the



BLOODY RUN, RICHMOND, VA. SCENE OF THE BATTLE
WITH THE RECHAHECKIANS.

by certain savages some years before. This dastardly onslaught led the Long Island and the North River clans to make common cause, and as many as eleven tribes were soon in arms against the colonists of New Netherlands. In the extreme distress produced by this war, many New Amsterdam people took refuge in Patroon van Rensselaer's colony at Fort Orange, now Albany, while all who could get away fled back to Holland. The Indians suffered even more severely. Underhill, one of the commanders at the Pequot fort, who had a "sufficient light from the Word of God for the proceedings" on that occasion, had afterward fallen into disgrace and church censure in Boston on account of licentious behavior and betaken himself to the Dutch territory, where such offenses were less regarded; and now in the employ of the New Amsterdam government repeated the Connecticut tactics of burning a whole village at once. By one means and another sixteen hundred Indians perished before the war was ended. A peace was at last made by the intervention of the Iroquois in 1645. New Netherlands had suffered the annihilation of its out-settlements and an almost complete depopulation of its little capital in this attempt to "put a bit into the mouths of the heathen."

Chesapeake country, the heedless and unscrupulous Kieft, who bore rule over the Dutch colony, provoked a conflict with the Raritans in 1640. Three years later, he took advantage of the distressed state of some Indians who were huddled near a brewery at Pavonia in mortal terror of the Mohawks, to fall upon their camp in cold blood, in order to avenge the death of two Dutchmen murdered

Ten years later, while seven hundred men from the Hudson were waging bloodless war for the subjugation of the Swedes on the Delaware, the Indians entered the very streets of New Amsterdam and committed outrages in retaliation for the killing of a squaw who had been shot while stealing peaches. The Staten Island and New Jersey settlements were ravaged. Again, in 1658, after many irritations on both sides, the rashness of some



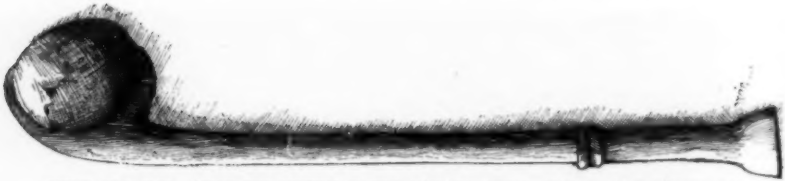
PORTER'S ROCKS, MYSTIC, CONN.

settlers at Esopus on the Hudson brought on a conflict, in which many colonists were killed and ten burned at the stake in plain sight of the fort.

In 1675, there came upon the thriving New England colonies that struggle between Indian ferocity and English endurance known as King Philip's war. Philip's father was Massasoit, the ally of the Pilgrims. His son and successor, Alexander—so called by the English—had been rudely put under arrest by the Plymouth authorities on suspicion of hostile intentions. Soon after his release he died, some thought of grief and humiliation. Philip, who succeeded his brother, was a typical Indian chief, arrogant and cringing by turns. It pleased his inordinate vanity to plot against the English, though he shrank from the actual collision, which appears to have been brought about at last, as so many Indian massacres have been, by the impetuous

valor of the young warriors,—members of that fierce democracy known in the western tribes at the present time as "the soldiers' lodge,"—a body which often carries the day against wiser counsel when war is in the making. But Philip's arrogance, matched by that of the General Court at Plymouth, rendered the collision inevitable sooner or later.

Had those in authority at Plymouth and Boston appreciated the immense advance in power which the Indians had made in acquiring the use of the white man's weapons, they might have found means to avoid a conflict which presently brought upon them, in addition to Philip's Wampanoags, the Nipmucks of the Massachusetts middle country, the populous clans of the Connecticut valley, the powerful Narragansetts of the coast south of Cape Cod, and after awhile the Tarranteens of the East. Little acquainted



INDIAN WAR-CLUB. (FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY'S CABINET.)

with Indian warfare, the white men fell into one ambush after another and suffered surprise after surprise. Marching in close order, the strength of a party was easily reckoned and its ranks readily cut to pieces by the skulking foe. "Our men," says Gookins, "could see no enemy to shoot at, but yet felt their bullets out of the thick bushes." For a long time there was little but disasters of sudden massacre and overwhelming defeat, of families slain, hamlets in flames, and women and children carried into captivity. The Puritans sought to placate an angry deity by fasting and humiliations, and by laws against such abominations as the wearing of long hair by men and the wearing of short hair and too many ribbons by women. Young people were forbidden to drive together, and God was to be pleased by a renewed persecution of the Quakers. But, in spite of these reforms, Captain Hutchinson and sixteen men were cut off by an ambush near Brookfield; Captain Beers was slain with twenty of his men while on his way to Hadley; Captain Lathrop, attempting to reach Hadley a week later, was cut off with almost his whole troop of about a hundred men. Northfield and Deerfield were abandoned to be burned by the savages, and a considerable part of Springfield was destroyed. What seems now to have been a rather impolitic attack on the Narragansett stronghold resulted in a victory, purchased by a loss so great that the slender military force of the colonies was staggered by it. The scattering far and near of the enraged warriors of this powerful tribe, homeless and famine-stricken in a bitter winter, only aggravated the sorrows of New England. In midwinter, Lancaster was destroyed and forty of its people slain and captured. The daring enemy penetrated to within twenty miles of Boston, and assailed Medfield and Weymouth. Almost the whole of the old colony of Plymouth was laid waste, Warwick in Rhode Island was destroyed, and Providence was partly burned. Pierce and his whole party of fifty fell by an ambuscade, Wadsworth and a like number were cut off in the same way; and so numerous and disheartening were the disasters, that the total depopulation of Massachusetts colony began to be feared.

But, however inferior the colonists might be to the Indians in the skill needed for a forest war, it was soon shown in New England, as elsewhere, that civilization has superior staying quality. The infuriated savages at length exhausted themselves by the very energy of their attacks. Having no stores or resources, and no efficient organization, they could not hold together. As spring advanced, the Indians scattered in small hunting and fishing parties to avoid perishing. The Connecticut River tribes grew weary of wandering from place to place in hunger and continual terror of the persevering colonists, and Philip became unpopular as the author of their wretchedness; the Mohawks showed hostility to Philip, and the Nipmucks were overawed by the now successful white men. Philip and his immediate band doggedly returned eastward to their old haunt at Mount Hope. Here the first real frontier warrior of New England, Benjamin Church, at the head of a motley troop, was beating the savages at their own game of skulking, ambuscade, and surprise. The war was virtually ended in August, 1676, when Philip, seeking to make a timely escape from a swamp, as he had often done before, was killed by one of his own Indians who had deserted to Church's party. Vengeance was wreaked upon his dead body, which was quartered and hung upon trees. One of his hands was delivered to the man who killed him, to be carried round for a penny peep-show, and his head was taken into Plymouth on a public thanksgiving day, and stuck upon a gibbet after the barbarous fashion of that time. "God sent them the head of a leviathan for a thanksgiving feast," brags Cotton Mather, who, some years afterward, robbed the head of its jaw-bone, which he carried to Boston as a relic.

Never were thanksgivings more sincere than those offered in Plymouth and Massachusetts. Upward of two thousand Indians had been slain, the greater part of those who remained alive had been sold into West Indian slavery, and the danger to the colony had passed away. But never were public rejoicings more deeply tinged with regrets. The out-settlements were ruined; six hundred dwellings were in ashes; the accumula-

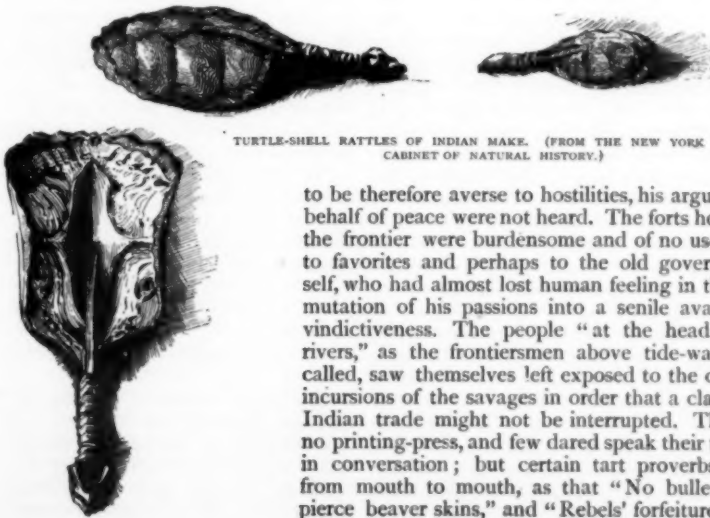


KING PHILIP'S SAMP-BOWL AND LOCK OF GUN WITH WHICH HE WAS KILLED. (FROM THE CABINET OF THE MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY, BY PERMISSION.)

tions of years had been wasted; and worst of all, the flower of Massachusetts' manhood — one-eleventh of all her able-bodied men — had been cut off untimely. Every family in the colony was in mourning.

The disasters of the war with Philip alarmed the more southern colonies and perhaps aggravated the severities of the Marylanders and Virginians in the difficulties on their own frontiers in 1676. The fierce Susquehannas, who had often and for long years together troubled the exposed settlements, were again at war with Maryland and with the Five Nations at the same time. The Virginians of the "northern neck" naturally sympathized with their neighbors across the Potomac, and aided

them against the Susquehannas by a party under Colonel John Washington, ancestor of him who commanded the forces of the United Colonies a hundred years later. The English colonists, under the rash lead of John Washington and others, perfidiously put to death chiefs who were sent out of a beleaguered Indian fort to sue for peace, and thus brought upon the Virginia frontiers the Susquehannas, in addition to their other enemies, the Doegs. Sir William Berkeley justly rebuked the commanders for this foolish perfidy; but the corruptions of Berkeley's despotic administration had lost him his early popularity, and since he was known to have a profitable interest in the Indian trade, and



TURTLE-SHELL RATTLES OF INDIAN MAKE. (FROM THE NEW YORK STATE CABINET OF NATURAL HISTORY.)

to be therefore averse to hostilities, his arguments in behalf of peace were not heard. The forts he built on the frontier were burdensome and of no use, except to favorites and perhaps to the old governor himself, who had almost lost human feeling in the transmutation of his passions into a senile avarice and vindictiveness. The people "at the heads of the rivers," as the frontiersmen above tide-water were called, saw themselves left exposed to the continual incursions of the savages in order that a clandestine Indian trade might not be interrupted. There was no printing-press, and few dared speak their thoughts in conversation; but certain tart proverbs passed from mouth to mouth, as that "No bullets could pierce beaver skins," and "Rebels' forfeitures would



OUTACITE, A CHIEF OF THE CHEROKEES. (FROM AN OLD PRINT.)

be loyal inheritances." For the old governor, intent only on heaping up wealth from the Indian trade, and ready to make profit by the forfeiture of the estates of those who should be stung by accumulated grievances to break into rebellion, refused even to allow the frontiersmen to go against the Indians at their own charge. But three hundred of these put themselves under a gifted young orator and captain, one Nathaniel Bacon, the most romantic figure of his time, who wrung a commission from Berkeley by threats, and then attacked and defeated the savages, utterly destroying one fortified Indian village. On his return, he found himself outlawed by a proclamation of the governor; but he drove Berkeley to the eastern shore of the Chesapeake, and made himself famous as a premature patriot who sought to throw off the abuses of colonial government a hundred years before the time. "Bacon's Rebellion," as it was afterward called, was cut short by the sickness and death of the young leader; but the severe punishment he inflicted on the Indians was followed by a long peace to the Virginia border.

In 1680, the southern settlements of Carolina, yet in their infancy, were almost ruined by a war with the Westoes. In 1711, the Tuscaroras, encouraged by factious dissensions and intrigues among the North Carolina settlers, ravaged the borders of that colony, seizing and torturing to death Lawson, the accomplished surveyor-general of the province, and committing ingenious outrages and hideous practical jokes on those who fell victims to their fury. Through the intervention of Governor Spotswood of Virginia, peace

was made with a fragment of the tribe led by the chief, Tom Blunt. The main body of the Tuscaroras, assisted by some volunteers from the Five Nations, maintained the war for two seasons; but they were finally beaten by the North Carolinians, with the help of militia from South Carolina and Virginia and of some South Carolina Indians. Such as survived the war and escaped capture retreated through the back country of Virginia and Pennsylvania to New York, joining the kindred Iroquois Five Nations, which thenceforward took the name of the Six Nations.

But having once tasted victory, Indians do not easily stay their hands. The Yamassees, who helped to subdue the Tuscaroras in this war of 1713, and who made a pretty penny out of it by the sale, in Charleston, of hundreds of captives to be carried as slaves to the West Indies, were soon afterward seduced by the Spanish in Florida to attack the settlements in South Carolina. Indeed, every Indian tribe from Florida to Cape Fear River was drawn into this destructive conspiracy. In no Indian war had the odds against the European settlers been so fearful. Six or seven thousand warlike savages were under arms against a province whose enrolled militia counted but twelve hundred men. Even Charleston was in danger from an enemy so formidable, and each citizen was obliged to do guard duty every third night. Governor Craven gathered an army that included every man who could be of service; even trusty negroes were in its ranks. Appreciating the desperate extremity of risk, he marched with the utmost caution until, at length, he brought the Indians to a stand at a place called Saltcatchers, where, with the fate of the colony staked on a single cast, he fought and defeated the Indians, and delivered South Carolina from obliteration. But wandering scalping parties still inflicted outrages on the border until the Yamassees were finally beaten and driven off in 1718.

The history of the other Indian wars belongs to the story of that intercolonial struggle that drove France out of North America. Of this long conflict, the later Indian wars were but incidents.

II.

OCCASIONS OF INDIAN WAR.

NOTHING can be more erroneous than the popular notion that a neglect on the part of the colonists to purchase the lands on which they settled lay at the root of the ever recurring difficulty with the Indians. It was not always easy to acquire a sound and per-

petual land title from tribes who knew no such thing as ownership in severalty, nor any definite national boundaries, who rather occupied than appropriated land, and whose occupation was rarely of very ancient date. The only limit of savage migration or occasional wanderings was the fear of enemies. Until white men had educated the Indians to more definite notions, the payments for land probably seemed to them a kind of peace-offering, such as one migrating tribe might send to a powerful next neighbor, rather than an equivalent for that which they had never thought themselves to possess as a vendible article. Much has been said of Penn's purchases, but long before Penn's time the custom of purchasing the land prevailed, nearly all of the territory settled in Virginia, New England, New York, the Jerseys, Maryland, and Carolina having been purchased by treaty from the Indians. In many cases, at first, individual settlers paid the Indians a gun, a few yards of duffel cloth, a Stroud-water blanket, or some other trifles, for what land they could occupy; so that many good land titles in the older settlements have no other starting-point than "Indian rights." To prevent fraud upon the Indians, the minimum price was fixed by a Delaware court, in 1681, at one match-coat (a sort of blanket to be thrown over the shoulders) for six hundred acres of land, and above that at two match-coats; and, in the same year, we find one Brimble paying for six hundred acres three match-coats, twelve bottles of drink, and four double-handfuls of powder and shot. The low prices are not surprising, if we consider that there was yet nearly half a planet of virtually unoccupied land. The twenty-two thousand acres of New York City, included in Manhattan Island, only brought the Indian proprietors about twenty-four dollars in the year 1626; a township in Maine was purchased for a hogshhead of corn and thirty pumpkins; and an extensive tract in Woodbury, Connecticut, was long called Kettletown, from the fact that it was bought for a brass kettle.

The land having no great value, boundaries were not accurately marked. The first land bought by the Swedes on the Delaware was described as "included between six trees." A tract on the Hudson river is defined as running back "two days' travel into the country," and a certain body of land in Connecticut was to extend "about a musket-shot" beyond a certain stream; while the land between two creeks was sold to Penn "backward as far as a man can ride in two days with a horse." Such doubtful and ambiguous grants were often sources of irritation between

the Indians and the colonists. In the case of the famous "walking purchase," the unscrupulous sons of William Penn defrauded the Delaware tribe out of about four hundred thousand acres by hiring the fastest walkers in the province to make the longest possible pedestrian journey, on a prepared path, in the day and a half stipulated by the treaty, and then running a cross-line at a false angle.

It is not surprising that the Indians, having parted with their hunting-ground, perhaps for an anker of brandy and a few Stroud-water blankets or match-coats, with some hoes and hatchets, to which may have been added a number of handfuls of powder and shot, a few little looking-glasses and perhaps a hundred jew's-harps, should rue the sale as the years went on. The perishable articles were worn out and forgotten, and even the jew's-harp lost its charm when the Indian saw the white men growing rich on land that he had thrown away. The instability of the "Indian giver" is a proverb in America to this day. Notions of property were confused among the half-communistic tribesmen; whatever one could get and keep was his own until it had to be yielded to a stronger claimant or to some ancient and inflexible custom. If the purchased land was not at once occupied by settlers, the Indians who still hunted on it thought that it should be bought over again, and did not like the bringing forth of treaties and deeds signed with the totems of their chiefs and forefathers. Writing, complained one chief, had done the Indians much harm. King Philip was wont to claim and receive fresh payments for land ceded by his father on the ground that the boundaries had not been rightly understood.

Differences in modes of living caused many annoyances on both sides. The hogs which roamed at large ate up the clams on which the sea-coast Indians depended, and the indignant squaws pleased themselves by calling a pig a "dirty cut-throat." The cattle of the white men easily found their way into the unfenced fields of the Indians, and the latter sometimes revenged themselves by killing a trespassing cow or horse. To prevent such losses and consequent quarrels, laws were made in several colonies, obliging the town or neighborhood to help the Indian to fence his corn or to pay for the damages done. Sometimes neighboring Indians were conciliated by plowing their land for them. The sale of rum was a great grievance to the savages, who were rarely able to resist the seductions of the keg, but who always repented with bitterness when the debauch was ended and the winter's hoard of furs was foolishly expended. At such times, they

laid up a store of hatred against the trader who had fattened off their folly. Still more deadly was the hostility awakened by the dealers in Indian slaves, who bought the captives taken from one tribe by another or kidnapped in cold blood by white men, and sold them into slavery in the sugar islands. Laws were enacted against this traffic in Virginia, and Archdale, the humane Quaker governor, gave a temporary check to the trade in Carolina in 1695, but the large sales of Indians at the close of the Tuscarora war, in 1713, showed that the market was still open.

English notions of law and justice were often incomprehensible to savages. The colonists brought with them that hearty contempt for all aliens and pagans that belonged to their island ancestors, and they were quite unable to understand the Indian view of judicial and international concerns. The colonial authorities were wont to persuade the tribes to subject themselves to the English sovereign as became heathens. Unaccustomed to obey their own chiefs, the savages did not for a moment understand this ceremony in the English sense. The Massachusetts authorities perceived this in Philip's case, and represented to Plymouth that Philip had not meant to subject himself to the old colony in reality. Philip, who was proud and arrogant when he was not mean and cringing, seems to have been quite puffed up by the royal titles and functions which the first English colonists, in their inability to understand the real nature of a head sachem's office, were accustomed to attribute to him. His father had been extremely poor, as most of the sachems were; but the sale of lands probably increased Philip's revenues, and he adorned his coat and buskins lavishly with wampum wrought "in pleasant wild works and a broad belt of the same," and his whole accoutrement was accounted worth at least twenty pounds, a large amount in that time. He came to adopt the pompous notions of his own dignity which the settlers had conferred upon him. After he secured a secretary from among the backslidden mission pupils, he subscribed himself "King Philip, His Majesty P: P," the last P, "writ large," being his mark; and as his irritation against white men increased, he called himself the brother of King Charles, refusing haughtily to treat with anybody less royal than himself.

But Plymouth harshly exacted submission; and, throughout the war, the Indians were accounted rebels guilty of high treason. So the Yamassees in South Carolina were said to have "thrown off their allegiance,"—an allegiance no more real than that of a tribe of Carolina beavers might have been. Cere-

monies were cheap and were always pleasing to savages. The Cherokees, in 1730, at the suggestion of Sir Alexander Cumming, sent a deputation of seven chiefs to London with a crown, four scalps of their enemies, and five painted eagles' tails, all of which they solemnly laid at the feet of George II., in the presence of his "beloved men," as they styled the king's councillors. To them, this was a ceremony which meant no more than the transferring of their friendship from France to England.

The colonial courts assumed to hold jurisdiction over the Indians in some cases, and they often stretched their authority very imprudently. Their administration of justice to the Indians was usually fair, though the methods were inexplicable and contemptible to a savage. One Plaistowe was condemned in Massachusetts, in 1631, to repay double for corn he had taken from the Indians, to pay £5, and to lose his right to the title "Mr.," while his accomplices of lower rank were sentenced to be whipped. Two Indians, having assaulted some persons in Dorchester, in 1632, were sentenced to be put in the bilboes, and their own sachem was required to beat them. The Narragansetts were highly pleased with the severity of English justice when three white men who had killed and robbed an Indian, in 1638, were executed at Plymouth. But many of the criminal proceedings in the colonies were beyond the comprehension of an Indian. For example: Five Indians who seized a little vessel at Newfoundland, in 1726, were tried in Boston and hanged,—the court not finding a way to acquit them or to administer a lighter punishment, because the offense was technically piracy under English law. The savages probably never had the consolation of knowing that they were victims to the nicety of the Anglo-Saxon mind, which made a wide difference between the capturing of a cart in the road and the making prize of a boat on the water.

Among the Indians, there was a merciful provision for the prevention of endless vendettas by the payment of a ransom for the life of a homicide. It might have saved a destructive war in New Netherland if the Dutch had accepted a sufficiently heavy fine for such an offense, or had paid one in the case of the murder of an Indian by men who could not be detected. In Massachusetts, the son of a chief, Mattoonas, was accused and convicted of the murder of a white man. He was not only hanged, but his head was cut off and stuck upon a pole, where it remained for years, the colonists probably not suspecting the effect of such an exhibition on the Indians.

Naturally enough, the father of the young man thus used for a solemn example is said in Philip's war to have been "an old, malicious villain, who was the first that did any mischief within Massachusetts colony." The lust for inflicting justice upon offenders was the weakness of the Puritans, and, in a less degree, of the other English colonists. The trial at Plymouth of the men accused of the murder of Sassamon was a direct interference with Indian jurisdiction. Sassamon, an educated Indian, had betrayed Philip's plans for an attack on the settlement, and had, perhaps, made his information as important as he could. He was afterward found slain, no doubt by command of the chief and his council, in the secret and sudden Indian fashion. Three Indians were hanged for this crime, and the principal must have been guilty, for the body of Sassamon, who had been long dead, bled afresh when the accused murderer touched it, as such corpses had a way of doing at that day. Since Sassamon's death was no doubt a judicial execution, Philip had a show of reason when he declared that the English "had nothing to do with hanging Indians." It was an impolitic affront at a critical moment.

There were also forces at work among the Indians which have been rarely understood by white men, and least of all by officials. Rivalry with another chief will often force a head chief into hostile actions that he may retain his leadership. War of some sort is indispensable to the happiness of a young Indian, who is not a man until he has won reputation with his tomahawk. The savage nature pines for the excitement of slaughter; the Indian is held in contempt by the tribe until he is a warrior, and the very maidens often repel the advances of a man who has taken no scalps.

The Indian suffered much from unscrupulous fur-buyers. The cunning of Jacob, though low enough, was a step higher on the ladder of ascending civilization than the violence of Esau, but Esau could not easily restrain a disposition to repay the over-reaching craft of the trading brother with a knock on the head. It was in the very nature of a trader to defraud a savage, and equally in the very nature of a savage to settle the account in his own surprising way. When Major Waldron, at an outbreak of Indians in Maine, fell into the hands of his infuriated customers, they reminded him of a trader's easy mode of thrusting one hand into the scales for a pound weight. Having cut off the poor old major's fingers, they demanded: "Waldo! does your hand weigh a pound now?" Traders were often the earliest victims of Indian wars; ninety of them were cut off at the outbreak of the Yamassees in Carolina.

The rule of tribal retaliation, by which any man in a colony or tribe was liable to be slain for what a fellow-tribesman had done, seemed one of perfect equity to the Indian. A Susquehanna chief expressed the principle by an easy formula: "One pays for another." In 1626, an Indian was robbed of his peltries and killed by some Dutch farm-servants, who had waylaid him near a lonely pond of water, the site of which is now among the great warehouses of New York. His little nephew, who saw the deed, was bound by ancient custom and family duty to avenge upon some other Dutchman a crime of which the actual perpetrators could not be found. Fifteen years later, an honest old wheelwright, one Claes Smits, built himself a house and shop on the lonely, wooded road that skirted the shores of the East River, where now the wharves are crowded with ships. The grown-up nephew of the Indian long ago slain, with an Indian's inability to forget, settled the ancient score by one day killing with his hatchet the harmless and unsuspecting Claes and pillaging his house. The young man then returned to the bosom of his tribe with the approval of his own conscience and the applause of all good and brave Indians.

This incident was one of the chain of events that brought on Kieft's war, and in it we see the root of the whole difficulty: the standards of right and wrong, and the methods of righting a wrong, were so widely different and yet so tenaciously held on each side that collisions were unavoidable. Some jolly tars, ashore in Maine, as the easiest way of finding out whether the oft-told story were true that Indians can swim from their birth, tossed a chief's baby into the water. The mother saved the child by diving for it, but the baby died soon after, and the tribe wiped away the affront by tomahawking settlers all up and down the coast. This principle of vicarious atonement was the source of many wars. Since all white men were not saints, there would necessarily be provocations which could be revenged on honest people. The women and children of Carolina in their frontier cabins were made to pay with their lives for rash shots fired by Virginia rangers, and for the wantonness of young English officers at Fort George, who violated the wives of absent Cherokee hunters. When six Susquehanna chiefs had been treacherously killed by Virginians, the tribe proceeded to slay just sixty white men—ten for one, in view of the difference of rank; then they explained that the account was mathematically square, and demanded peace from the governor of Virginia.

To other occasions for hostility the thought-



ARMS IN THE FIRST HALF OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. (FROM "HEWITT'S ARMOR," BY PERMISSION.)
 1. Musketeer and caliver-man. 2. Musketeer, caliver, and bandoliers. 3. Pikeman. 4. Wheel-lock pistol and matchlock of a musquet.
 Sixteenth Century, from examples in the Tower of London. 5. Musketeer.

ful student of history will feel obliged to add the disinterested efforts of white men to Christianize and civilize the savages. Old superstition, however slumberous and passive, quickens into fanaticism when it is attacked. In the case of the Indians, the jealousy of the powwows and chiefs, who saw their influence melting away, was added to the natural religious antagonism. The outrageous treatment of the dead body of the kindly philanthropist, Thorpe, in Virginia, goes to show that Opechancanough and his men felt the Indian aversion to a new religion. Massasoit tried to stipulate with the Pilgrims that no effort should ever be made to change the religion of the Wampanoags; and his son

Philip saw with chagrin the towns of "praying Indians" quite drawn away from their allegiance to the sachems, and in his interview with Rhode Islanders, a week before the outbreak, he made the proselyting of his men a matter of complaint.

It is not more natural for acid to react upon alkali than for civilization—especially a half-civilization—to fall out with savagery. In the case of the long peace between Penn's colony and the Delawares, the circumstances were exceptional. The Delawares had been subjected by the all-conquering Iroquois and compelled to "put on the petticoat." Gallatin has well said that, since the Quaker and the Delaware were both forbidden to take

up arms, they alike had motives to avoid a collision. Penn was not more just in buying land than others had been before him; but he was as sagacious in his plans for winning the favor of the Indians as he was adroit in insinuating himself at the royal court. He advised his agent to treat the savages with gravity: "They like not to be smiled upon." On the other hand, the grave proprietary made the Indians happy by sitting on the ground with them, eating their roasted corn, and showing his agility in one of their jumping matches.

III.

INDIAN MODES OF WARFARE.

LION GARDINER, to prove the force of Indian projectiles, sent to Boston a rib of one of his men, who had been transfixed and killed by an arrow which broke the bone on the side opposite to that at which it had entered. But in a fight in the open ground, the Indian arrows were of little avail against men in corselets and head-pieces; the soldiers even dodged the approaching missiles and then calmly picked them up. The Indians, however, began very early to secure fire-arms, and they were always ready to pay a high price for the best guns. Every effort was made by the English colonial authorities to restrict the supply of arms and ammunition sold to the Indians. The French, sure of their ascendancy, pursued a bolder course, and even sent gunsmiths to keep the pieces of their savage allies in repair.

Fire-arms added greatly to the effectiveness of Indian warfare, but the Indian's strategy did not change its essential character. To win by crafty device, by sudden surprise, and by unlooked-for perfidy, and to strike terror by ferocious cruelty, were principles of war grained in the very nature of the American savage. For the most part, Indian war was an ingenious system of assassination. A company of braves painted, as the first Dutch parson at Albany expressed it, to "look like the devil himself," and carrying no rations but a slender supply of meal of parched maize, would creep for days through swamps and thickets, stepping each in the track of his predecessor, to surprise and put to fire and hatchet some unsuspecting hamlet of peaceful settlers. If compelled to fight with armed troops, it was not in pitched battle, but rather by ambushade and perhaps with feigned retreat. The more ingenious the trick, the greater the glory. Piskaret, the Algonkin, whose very name was a terror to the Five Nations, approached alone a village of the Iroquois, with his snow-shoes reversed, and

then, hiding in a wood-pile, entered the cabins night after night, and killed some of the enemy, returning each time to his place of concealment in the midst of enraged foes, who sent runners out to find him. The Catawbas planted, point upward, arrow-tips poisoned with rattlesnake's venom in the path down which their barefoot foes were sure to come in pursuit of them. Innumerable devices were resorted to for firing the garrison houses into which the settlers fled for defense, and even more ingenious tricks were played to decoy the defenders into the open field. In a Virginia fort, a young man eagerly loaded his gun to shoot a wild turkey, whose note he heard not far away; but the famous frontiersman, Hughes, promised him the turkey and went out himself, coming back with the scalp of an Indian who had imitated the note of the bird to decoy some one from the fort.

To analyze Indian warfare too closely would make these pages intolerable. Not only men, but sometimes women, and in rarer instances even children, were subjected to long-drawn deviltries of torment that cause the wildest imaginings of mediæval theologians and poets to seem tame. The Indian warrior deemed cruelty a virtue, and sometimes trained himself in boyhood for a warrior's career by exercising his inhumanity on the animals captured in the chase. On his own part, the brave was prepared to suffer the most extreme torments with the sublimest fortitude, provoking his enemies and inflicting on himself additional torture by way of ostentation. The women evinced as much fortitude in suffering and as much ferocity in inflicting pain as the men. This superfluous diabolism of savage nature vented itself on the dead by ghastly and grotesque mutilations. The frequent cannibalism in the northern tribes arose, no doubt, from a fondness for punishing an enemy after death, though it had a religious significance in some tribes, and was often a resort to satisfy hunger in war time. A Mohegan is said to have broiled and eaten a piece of Philip's body, probably with some notion of increasing his own strength. Acts of cruelty to the living and outrages on the dead were meant, like the painting of the warrior's face, to excite the enemy's fear, and consequently may be said to have had a legitimate place in Indian warfare.

IV.

THE COLONISTS' METHODS OF WAR.

For forest warfare, the Indian way of fighting, by ambushade and surprise and with much individual independence, was certainly

more effective than a more orderly method would have been. The savages had an advantage, at the outset of a war, in the mobility of their villages and the smallness of their property stake. They always knew where to find the white man; but the latter could not always strike an enemy whose village might take flight in a night, leaving little behind but bare poles and the embers of yesterday's fires. It was only when the stubborn self-conceit of the English settlers had been overcome by many disasters, and when lessons in forest strategy had been learned from the enemy, that the settlers became equal to their foes. By the time of the outbreak of Philip's war, in 1675, the colonists had begun to see the folly of poking Indians out of a thicket with a pike, and the pikemen in the train-bands were required to be otherwise armed. But even so late as this some of the colonial troops were encumbered with the matchlock gun and the required "two fathoms of match," though the Indians all had the newer and better flint-lock or "snapshance." The cumbrous defensive armor of the English survived its usefulness. While the Indians shot only arrows, men in armor were tolerably safe, though for the most part rather harmless. The sixty coats of mail sent to Virginia by Lord St. John, in 1622, were probably of more service than the "old cast arms, unfit for modern use," which King James sent from the Tower. In the first year of the Pequot war, men "completely armed" with corselets, muskets, bandoliers for powder, portable rests from which to shoot, and swords, "did much daunt" the Indians, if we may believe the boastful Underhill; but, in fact, the nimble savages got out of the way, and laughed at the clumsy English methods. "We could not come at them in our armor," says Winthrop.

But out of the exigency comes the man. In the first rude onset of Philip's war, while yet social standing and even opinions about infant baptism went for much in the appointment of officers, and while the Massachusetts men were following orthodox leaders into fatal ambushes and ineffective engagements, there appeared in Plymouth colony the first born Indian fighter of New England, of a type so often seen upon the frontiers since that time. Benjamin Church was not of any great figure in religious or civil affairs, and he was often treated with shabby neglect by the magnates of the Massachusetts General Court, but he could penetrate the device of an Indian before it was executed. With a keen relish for personal adventure and a hearty love of brave men, he drew around him a motley company of devoted followers, who could enter a thicket as nimbly and silently as the most

agile barbarian. Notwithstanding his inconspicuous rank, he was the most striking figure in Philip's war, and he afterward became the terror of the savages and the chief protector of the settlements in the tedious and sanguinary conflicts with the Indians of Maine and New Hampshire. He was always vigilant and never for a moment timid or irresolute. When he had entered a swamp, he took care to come out by another road, for fear of being waylaid. He marched with scattered ranks as the Indians did, that his strength might not be easily discovered, and that his whole force might not be cut off in an ambush. In his excursions against the savages of the coast of Maine, he first used in war the swift whale-boat, providing five good oars and fifteen or twenty paddles to each boat, and five bars that might be quickly inserted in leathern staples on the gunwales, so that the boat could be lifted over the rocks at a bad landing. "The want of small things prevents the completing of great actions," he said, with the admirable terseness of a man of deeds. He rested by day and rowed by night, and, in order not to give alarm, his rule was never to attack an Indian with a gun who could be reached with a tomahawk. Very careful of his soldiers, and possessing the qualities of a natural leader of men, he never lacked recruits for a new foray against the enemy. Having captured a party of Indians, he would perhaps select a young prisoner, promise him life and liberty and adopt him into his corps. Such captives soon became attached to him, and readily conducted him to their old friends, whom they treacherously entrapped by giving preconcerted signals, such as the wolf's bark, the owl's hoot, and those other well-known sounds of the forest which were the Indian pass-words. Though never actually cruel, he was not above tying prisoners to the stake and getting a small fire ready in order to extort secrets. Like many others of his class, he showed a grotesque humor. When seventeen malingers, wishing to escape a hard expedition, complained of incipient small-pox, he secured a house already infected, and ordered them into it; but a sudden recovery saved them. One of the boldest of all his hazardous undertakings was the adventuring of himself alone, and against all warning, in the hostile camp of Awashonks, a squaw sachem and an ally of Philip, whose band he persuaded to surrender to the authorities of Plymouth, in spite of certain warriors who wished to kill him out of hand. When, after innumerable perils, this man with a charmed life made a hasty visit to his wife, near the close of Philip's war, the poor woman fainted for joy at

seeing him alive; and before she had time to recover breath, Church received intelligence of Philip's hiding-place, and was away on that hurried expedition which closed the great sachem's career. The capture of the chief, Annawon, soon after, in its antique single-handed daring, reminds one of a passage from the Book of Judges, or a Homeric story; and the picturesqueness of Church's figure is enhanced by his standing against the background of old New England primness and rigidity.

The disaster of Philip's war made the authorities willing to accept such help as offered. Piratical privateers threw themselves into the congenial fray, one of them agreeing to take his pay in captives and plunder. This is he of whom it is told that in battle he took off his wig and hung it on a tree in order to fight with more enjoyment; whereupon the Indians, seeing a scalp handled in this inconsiderate way, detected witchcraft and fled. Some of these pirates had a dog trained in their ways which would fetch them five or six pigs a day from Philip's own herds.

The mounted troops in this war with Philip wore back, breast, and head pieces, and buff-coats; but defensive armor seems to have disappeared soon afterward; one does not hear of it in the Eastern wars. The success of the Indians in ravaging the frontiers in the winter, when the white men were helpless from the snow, led to the purchase of snow-shoes for the troops in 1704. It had taken nearly a century to evolve the light-armed scout, with flint-lock gun, moccasins, and show-shoes, from his ancestor with pike and corselet, matchlock and gun-rest.

V.

PERSONAL ADVENTURES.

THE crafty ingenuity and bold decision that come of desperate perils lend a curious flavor of romance to the history of people in primitive conditions. The hanging of a hat on a stick to draw the fire of a hidden foe was so common in the Indian wars as to become trite. One "friend Indian" in New England, hiding behind the roots of a fallen tree, bored a port-hole in the earth that clung to the roots, and so saved himself by picking off the foe. If the old narratives of the Indian wars were not so dry, one could fancy himself reading Cooper when he comes upon the scout clad in vest and cap of green leaves that he might observe the savages from the bushes without detection. In 1694, when Oyster River suffered so severely, Thomas Bickford sent his

family out in a boat from the rear of his fortified house, he alone remaining. By frequently changing his hat and coat, and by appearing sometimes without a hat, and then without a coat, and then without either, putting himself through all possible permutations of costume, giving orders in a loud voice to imaginary soldiers here and there, and rejecting with scorn all propositions for surrender, he convinced the enemy that his house was too strongly garrisoned to be attacked with any hope of success.

The strenuous persistency of the savage warrior got into the white men after years of conflict. "Let me kill one more before I die," cried a young fellow wounded in a battle between Indians in canoes and the crew of a shallop on the coast of Maine; but death came on too swiftly for him to take another aim. So, after Lovewell's famous fight in Maine, one of the mortally wounded that had to be left behind asked that his gun might be charged, so that when the Indians should come to scalp him he might have the satisfaction of killing one more before he could be dispatched.

The women of those times developed a readiness and courage as remarkable as that of the men. The Swedish women near the site of Philadelphia, while boiling soap, were warned that the Indians were coming. They took refuge, soap and all, in the fortified church, blew the conch-shell horns to alarm the men, and when the Indians tried to undermine the building ladled the scalding soap upon them, and so saved themselves from destruction until their husbands arrived. The renowned Hannah Bradley, of Haverhill, in Massachusetts, who had more than her share of captivities and adventures, killed an Indian who was rushing into the open gate of her husband's garrison, by throwing boiling soap upon him; and when the savages came to capture her a third time, she saved herself by shooting the foremost one dead. In 1676, the battle which Talcott was fighting in defense of Hadley was decided by the promptness of the women, who loaded with small shot and nails a cannon that had just arrived from Boston and conveyed it to the defenders; these discharged it, to the dismay and rout of the savages. A story is told of a maid-servant in Dorchester who defeated an Indian single-handed by the use of a musket and a shovel-ful of live coals. A young girl in Maine shut a door and held it, and thirteen women and children had time to reach a block-house while the Indians were chopping down the door and knocking down, though they did not kill, its defender. Twelve years after Bickford's ingenious defense of his house at Oyster River,

some women at the same place imitated it. There being no men in the garrison, they fired an alarm, loosened their hair to appear like men, and used their guns so briskly that the savages fled. In 1712, Esther Jones saved Heard's garrison, in the township of Dover, in New Hampshire, by mounting guard and calling so loudly and confidently as to make the Indians believe that help was at hand. The stalwart Experience Bogarth, of Dunkard's Creek, in Pennsylvania, in a hand-to-hand fight in a door-way, in which two white men were killed, slew three Indians with an ax.

VI.

DEFENSE OF THE FRONTIER.

FORTIFICATIONS more or less elaborate were built in all the earlier and all the frontier settlements. The Pilgrims, with six cannon on the roof of their church, were not the only ones that made the house of worship a sanctuary from the savage. Fortified churches stood convenient to the water in some places in the middle colonies, that the cedar canoes of the settlers might reach them quickly in case of danger; and in all the colonies it was the custom to have a part or all of the men come to church on Sunday with arms in their hands. In many neighborhoods, houses were palisaded or inclosed with a wall of heavy, well-fitted logs, as a garrison for neighborhood resort in time of danger. Some of these houses were of stone or of brick, and we hear of one roof in Pennsylvania covered with lead. It was once proposed to inclose twenty towns of Massachusetts by a stockade, eight feet high, from the Charles to the Concord River. One of the early settlements on the James River and that part of Manhattan Island below Wall street were thus protected. The people of Milford, in Connecticut, inclosed with palisades their whole town plot in 1645, and the foiled Indians taunted them by shouting: "White men all same as pigs!" Among curious devices for defense was that of Lion Gardiner at Saybrook. He drove long nails "as sharp as awl-blades" through some old doors, and then placed these on the ground, so that the Pequots seeking to set fire to the redoubt trod on the nail-points in the dark.

During Bacon's war in Virginia, the widely scattered backwoodsmen above tide-water were compelled to bring the smaller families into the houses of those who were stronger, where palisades and redoubts were built; while strong companies of armed laborers, moving from place to place, did the work on

the farms in succession, with sentinels always on the lookout. No man stirred out of doors unarmed. In Maryland, three guns in succession were to be fired in case of alarm. On hearing the three guns, each plantation fired a new alarm, and help was dispatched in the direction of the first signal heard. The custom of firing three guns was apparently brought from England, as it was used in several of the colonies. In all the Southern colonies, the freemen were enrolled and trained and required to carry arms on going abroad. As late as the middle of the eighteenth century, arms were carried to church in South Carolina, and it was during this period of peril that the habit of carrying fire-arms became a fixed one. Among the isolated planters of the South, companies of half-savage woodsmen were employed as "rangers" to protect the frontiers.

Among the devices for defense, the keeping of fierce dogs was a common one; these dogs were sometimes used to track the foe, a custom suggested, no doubt, by the use of blood-hounds in England, in the seventeenth century, to follow the trail of moss-troopers, and on the Scottish border to pursue cattle thieves. The Indians had a horror of mastiffs; some of these were killed at their request just before the first Virginia massacre. At the destruction of the early Dutch settlement on the Delaware, the savages did not feel safe until they had shot the solitary mastiff with twenty-five arrows, though the dog was securely chained. In Massachusetts, dogs for the pursuit of Indians were regularly kept and used with the sanction of the authorities. A South Carolina planter, named Donovan, provided himself with a kennel of mastiffs, which he trained to seek, kill, and devour the savages, like veritable beasts of prey.

Here and there, settlers maintained themselves by courage and good fortune in remote and isolated situations, though the settlements were usually made so that a combination of several families for defense was possible. The terror suffered by households in the more exposed places was often extreme and continual. Men might have been seen creeping along the trails with guns on the make-ready, expecting a war-whoop from behind every clump of bushes; women scanned even the dark corners of their own cabins for a skulking foe. Sometimes in the dead of night a courier would tap at a back window and whisper "Indians," whereupon old and young would rise swiftly, and, gathering in the dark a few needful articles, hurry away in dead silence to the fort. In the Appalachian region of Pennsylvania and Maryland, the dogs were trained never to bark without a command.



INDIAN WARRIOR OF FLORIDA IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.
(FROM LE MOYNE'S ORIGINAL DRAWING IN THE
BRITISH MUSEUM.)

The colonists often acquired a fortunate insensibility to imminent peril; the people of one exposed settlement in New Hampshire are found making merry together over "watermelons and flip" on the eve of an assault from the Indians.

VII.

CAPTIVITY IN THE WILDERNESS.

BUT the deepest tragedy of colonial life lay in captivity. For the last hundred years of the colonial period, in particular, the captivity of men and especially of women and little children became a household theme; there were few who had not some friend or acquaintance who had been lost in the impenetrable mystery of the wilderness, tomahawked by the way-side, tortured to death, adopted into a savage tribe, ransomed by friends, or sold into slavery in Canada. Every father on the long frontier looked upon his children with insecurity. Melancholy tales of captivity were the favorite fireside stories, and books of captivity came to be preferred even in New England to the weightiest sermons, and to take a place on the shelf beside the esteemed

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almanac. Mrs. Rowlandson, the wife of a minister at Lancaster, was carried away in the sacking of that place during Philip's war, and her narrative passed through many editions, as did that of the Rev. John Williams, the "Redeemed Captive," of Deerfield, who was carried off in 1704, and formed one of that long procession of captives sold into Canada, of whom I shall have occasion to speak in a future paper. The chapter of Indian captivities is too long and too harrowing to be entered upon here, except in so far as it throws light on human character and development in the colonial era. The pen falters at the outset of any attempt to mass and generalize sufferings, the recital of which served to harden the resentment of the colonists into implacable hatred. These sorrows fell most heavily upon women, who were obliged to travel half starved and with little clothing, under heavy burdens, through a wintry wilderness, until death seemed better than life. In many cases they saw their exhausted children dashed against trees or rocks. The women taken by northern and middle tribes were generally, though not always, saved from those worst forms of outrage, common enough now on the Western frontier, by a notion the Indians had that such offenses would render them unlucky. If pursued, the captives were generally slain, and every attempt at escape was visited, in case of recapture, by a linger-



INDIAN WARRIOR OF NORTH CAROLINA IN 1585. (FROM JOHN WHITE'S ORIGINAL IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.)



INDIAN VILLAGE INCLOSED WITH PALISADES. (FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWING IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM MADE BY JOHN WHITE IN 1585.)

ing and horrible death. Occasional torments of a milder type were the lot of many prisoners. The Indians were fond of dancing, and nothing made a dance so exhilarating as to have a prisoner in the midst. The dancers would kick him, or throw him into the air and let him fall flat on his back on the ground; or some shriveled hag would shovel hot embers into his bosom, while the rest would cry: "What a brave thing our old grandmother has done!" John Gyles, during his six years' captivity, learned to fly to a swamp whenever a dance was in preparation. Peter Williamson, a Pennsylvanian, was tortured every now and then for the diversion of his captors, with threats that if he cried out he would be put to death. In one case, where a child was just about to be roasted alive to satisfy the hunger of a party of captors, some Catholic Mohawks bought it for a gun.

Nothing can be more pathetic than the farewells of the wife of the Deerfield minister, Williams. She confessed to her husband that she must soon faint from exhaustion, and of course be dispatched by the tomahawk. Her words "justified God," says the stern Puritan husband in his account. A little while later she fell in wading through an icy river, and the fatal blow of the hatchet was given. One morning, during this march, another Deerfield matron came to bid her minister good-bye; she was sick, and knew that her strength would fail that day. She calmly quoted Scripture like a true disciple of such an iron-

side pastor, and was soon after lying dead in the path.

Now and then there were refreshing instances of compassion for captives on the part of squaws and even of warriors. Some of the prisoners taken in later wars experienced a good deal of kindness; it seems probable that the Jesuits had softened the character of Indian captivity among their converts. Running the gauntlet at St. Francis appears to have become a mere ceremony of tapping on the shoulder, a faint shadow of the old barbarity. It is a curious instance of kindness mingled with cruelty, that the inhuman band which laid Deerfield waste brought letters from captives already domesticated in the tribe, which they took pains to hang up in a bag by the road-side so that the settlers should get them. In one notable instance gratitude was shown. Church having released two Indian women and some children at Androscoggin, in Maine, the Indians afterward set free two old white women and five children at York. And let the Indian woman be remembered who brought back the lad Timothy Abbot to Andover, because she pitied his mother.

VIII.

ESCAPE, RESCUE, AND RETURN OF CAPTIVES.

STORIES of marvelous and ingenious escapes were the romance of the colonies, and such

adventures date back to the earliest Indian war in Virginia, where a man and his wife, who had been spared in the wholesale slaughter, found their opportunity while the Indians were dancing for joy over the acquisition of a white man's boat that had drifted ashore. These captives got into a canoe, and soon afterward surprised their friends in the settlements, who had believed them to be dead. Very like this was the escape of Anthony Bracket and his wife in Maine. They were left to follow on after their captors, who were eager to reach a plundering party in time to share in the spoil. Bracket's wife found a broken bark canoe, which she mended with a needle and thread; the whole family then put to sea in this rickety craft, and at length reached Black Point, where they got on board a vessel. A little lad of eleven years named Eames, taken in Philip's war, made his way thirty miles or more to the settlements. Two sons of the famous Hannah Bradley, previously mentioned, effected an ingenious escape, lying all the first day in a hollow log and using their provisions to make friends with the dogs that had tracked them. They journeyed in extreme peril and suffering for nine days, and one of them fell down with exhaustion just as they were entering a white settlement. A young girl in Massachusetts, after three weeks of captivity, made a bridle of bark, and catching a horse, rode all night through the woods to Concord. Mrs. Dean, taken at Oyster River in 1694, was left, with her daughter, in charge of an old Indian while the rest finished their work of destruction. The old fellow asked his prisoner what would cure a pain in his head. She recommended him to drink some rum taken from her house. This put him to sleep, and the woman and child got away. Another down-east captive with the fitting name of Toogood, while his captor during an attack on a settlement was disentangling a piece of string with which to tie him, jerked the Indian's gun from under his arm, and leveling it at his head got safely away.

Escaping captives endured extreme hardships. One Bard, taken in Pennsylvania, lived nine days on a few buds and four snakes. Mrs. Inglis, captured in the valley of Virginia, escaped in company with a German woman from a place far down the Ohio River. After narrowly avoiding discovery and recapture, they succeeded in ascending the south bank of the Ohio for some hundreds of miles. When within a few days' travel of settlements, they were so reduced by famine that the German woman, enraged that she had been persuaded to desert the Indian flesh-pots, and

crazed with hunger, made an unsuccessful attack on her companion with cannibal intentions.

The most famous of all the escapes of New England captives was that of Hannah Duston, Mary Neff, and a boy, Samuel Leonardson. These three were carried off with many others, in 1697, in the attack on Haverhill, Mrs. Duston's infant child having been killed by the Indians. When the captors had separated, the party to whom the two women and the boy were assigned encamped on an island in the Merrimac River. At midnight, the captives secured hatchets and killed ten Indians—two men, two women, and six children—one favorite boy, whom they meant to spare, and one badly wounded woman, escaping. After they had left the camp, the fugitives remembered that nobody in the settlements would believe, without evidence, that they had performed so redoubtable an action; they therefore returned and scalped the Indians, after which they scuttled all the canoes on the island but one, and in this escaped down the Merrimac, and finally reached Haverhill. This was such an exploit as made the actors immediately famous in that bloody time. The Massachusetts General Court gave Mrs. Duston twenty-five pounds and granted half that amount to each of her companions. The story of their daring deed was carried far to the southward, and Governor Nicholson, of Maryland, sent a valuable present to the escaped prisoners.

Many captives never returned. Besides those who were put to death, and those who died of famine, fatigue, and disease, a large number of the younger ones adopted Indian habits, intermarried with the savages, and remained in the tribes. These were spoken of with bitterness in New England as contributing to increase the enemies of their country. A lad, Timothy Rice, captured in Massachusetts during Philip's war, became one of the six chiefs of the Catholic Mohawks in Canada; and Eunice Williams, daughter of the Deerfield minister, married and remained in the tribe from which her family had suffered so much. She visited Deerfield in after years, wearing a blanket and a crucifix. Children were now and then recovered who had forgotten their mother-tongue and who had become savages in habit. When Mrs. Johnson, of New Hampshire, after a tedious captivity, got her children together again, one son was an accomplished savage, handling the bow and speaking only the Mohawk, and one daughter knew nothing but the language, religion, and culture of a Montreal convent. A lad from the mountains of Pennsylvania, when released, refused to return home; his father

Boston february 28-1675
 Reader thou art desired not to suppress this paper, but to promote
 its designe, which is to testify those transgressions to their King and
 Country, Guggins and Danforth had some generous spirits
 who desired their destruction, as Christians are warned from
 to prepare for death, for though they will not be
 yet we wish generally of their souls.

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ONE OF THE PLACARDS POSTED IN BOSTON DURING PHILIP'S WAR, THREATENING COOKINS ("GUGGINS") AND DANFORTH.
 (FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE MASSACHUSETTS ARCHIVES.)

visited him among the Indians of Ohio, and won his affection, and so brought him back, but he spent his life as a pioneer, and was to the last an Indian in habit and feeling.

Formal rites of adoption, not unlike those in use in some ancient communities, were sometimes performed in the case of adults who were taken to replace some dead tribesman. Colonel James Smith, who was captured while a young man in Pennsylvania and beaten to insensibility in running the gauntlet, was at length formally adopted to replace a chief. He was taken into the water, immersed, and roughly scrubbed by some young squaws to get all the white blood out of his veins. After living six years among the Indians, he returned home to find that his betrothed had married a few days before his arrival. The Indians usually insisted that adopted captives should marry. One Pennsylvania woman only accepted a husband after she had been tied to a stake and threatened with fire; and a Mrs. Bard, among the same Indians, avoided taking a husband by refusing to learn the language. Hugh Gibson, another Pennsylvania captive, was whipped for refusing the advances of a squaw, after which he contrived to escape, in company with two captive girls who had also been notified that they must marry in the tribe.

Curious complications arose from long captivities. A Pennsylvanian, taken in Chester County, reached home just as the administrator of his estate had finished selling off at auction all of his goods, which he proceeded to reclaim from his surprised neighbors before they had removed them. Tedious litigation in one instance resulted from doubt of the identity of a girl returned from captivity; and Mary Jamieson, who was taken from Penn-

sylvania in childhood and was twice married to Indians, spent her old age among white people in New York.

IX.

TREATMENT OF THE SAVAGES.

ONE of the worst results of Indian atrocities was their barbarizing effect on white men. During the greater part of the colonial period, the people were stirred to vindictive hatred by the ever-recurring cruelties of the savages, and it is strange that any philanthropic movements for the benefit of the Indians could outlive this irritation. Often, in an access of fury, the lower order of colonists did things unworthy of any but savages. One of the worst of the Pequots, captured by the Mohegans near Saybrook fort, was given over to them for torture, at their request, in retaliation for Pequot enormities. But the white men could not endure to see his sufferings, and Captain Underhill delivered the victim by shooting him. A captive Indian in Philip's war who would not tell secrets had them extorted by "woolding of his head with a cord,"—a nautical torture in use a few years previous to this among the buccaneers of the West Indies, and it is fair to suppose that the "pirates" in the Massachusetts troops had a hand in it. Toward the close of the war, one of Philip's men begged, with savage vanity, that he might be given over to the torture of the Mohegans, and so have the honor of dying like a brave. The soldiers, willing to gratify their savage allies, acceded to his request, and he endured infernal torments with unflinching firmness and exultant defiance to the end, though the white

men wept with horror and pity at sight of his prolonged sufferings. The most monstrous case recorded of cruelty on the part of white men is, perhaps, the sentencing of an old squaw at Hatfield, in Massachusetts, in 1675, to be "baited by dogs," after the manner of treating wild beasts in that time.

It is to be remembered that the seventeenth was not a humane century in Europe or America; nor was the first half of the eighteenth much better. And even in our own time, sudden massacres and scenes of savage cruelty have a tendency to extinguish pity in the bosoms of people on an exposed frontier. The slaughter at the Pequot fort had some extenuation in the dangerous situation of the feeble settlements and the horrible outrages of the Pequot tribe. It is more difficult to excuse the destruction by fire of the innocent and helpless in the Narragansett stronghold. Policy as well as humanity should have suggested a more lenient course in this case. The apologetic tone of the narratives of the Pequot affair shows that there was an adverse public opinion which even the citation of Joshua's destruction of the Canaanites could not allay; and some of the soldiers of the Narragansett fight "were in much doubt then, and afterwards seriously inquired, whether burning their enemies alive could be consistent with humanity and the benevolent principles of the Gospel." But the "elders," whose voice had so much weight, spoke no word against these cruelties; and for the most part, the old New England histories of the affair, though written by clergymen, are perfectly ruthless. We learn that, after the Narragansett breastwork was carried, the Indians, "in most abject terms, begged for quarter," which the English refused. The troops had nothing to do but to load and fire upon a despairing mass of human beings of all ages, the enemy being penned up and huddled together in such a manner that scarcely a shot was lost, says Dr. Trumbull. Hubbard tells the story of the burning women and children without a qualm. "We have heard of two and seventy Indian captains slain and brought down to hell, all of them, in one day," exults Dr. Increase Mather in a sermon on the prevalence of prayer. The horrors of continued war had infuriated New England against the whole red race. The Christian Indians were in imminent danger, and Gookins and Danforth, their friends, were threatened by placards in public places. Those in authority were borne upon the same current of angry passion. The serious formality of Massachusetts laws was broken by the hot lava of wrath against the "barbarous crew," and week after week captive Indians were executed, the hanging tak-

ing place at the time of the weekly lecture, in order to augment the solemnity of the occasion, perhaps. The historian, Hubbard, calls Canonchet "a damned wretch"; but as the young sachem was already dead, this is to be taken in a pulpit, rather than in a profane, sense. Because Henchman did not favor a massacre of friendly Indians, the Boston soldiers refused to march under him, and demanded the bloody-minded Thomas Oliver for their leader. A suspected Christian Indian was rather sacrificed to the fury of a Boston mob than executed; and the circumstances of his execution were most revolting, but they were surpassed in a similar cruel execution that occurred in New Amsterdam at an earlier period. In the rough, sea-faring town of Marblehead, the people were yet more uncontrollable than in Boston. The women coming out of meeting on Sunday, seeing two Indian prisoners led through the streets, fell upon them and beat them to death.

Fortunately for their fair fame, the records of the Southern colonies in the seventeenth century have not been so well preserved as those of New England; but it is easy to see that their retaliation on the Indians was not less sanguinary and cruel. Bacon put a whole Indian village to fire and sword upon suspicion of treachery. The South Carolinians suffered repeatedly from the horrible perfidy of the savages, and the whites became so incensed that they wrought many acts of positive barbarity. I shall have occasion, in speaking of the French wars, to show how remorselessly sanguinary the Pennsylvania borderer became under many provocations, and how Indian methods came to be adopted in all the colonies.

In the Northern and in the Southern colonies, the hopeless doom of most of the Indian prisoners—women and children as well as men—was to be sold away to slavery in the sugar islands. The prostrate colonies recovered a part of the cost of the wars by this measure, which at the same time cleared the forests of revengeful enemies. Only now and then a brave, but solitary and unheeded, voice, like that of the apostle Eliot, was lifted up against the monstrous inhumanity of this practice.

The Indian wars threw a shadow over all colonial life. Popular sympathy is deeply awakened now for parents whose child has wandered or has been abducted. But there were always many families in the colonies whose children were gone, no man knew whither,—lost in the obscurity and horror of hostile savagery. A certain melancholy came into the thought and feeling of the colonists,

through the ever-recurring bereavement and the bitterness of the never-ending strife. The somber features of the popular religious beliefs seem to have been intensified by the cruel assaults of the savages, which were sometimes regarded as visitations of divine wrath; and the gross notions of witches, tormenting fiends, and a material perdition of everlasting tortures, which filled so large a place in the thought of that time, were no doubt reënforced by the impressions which captivity and its accompanying barbarities had made upon the imaginations of men and by the vindictive feeling that is born of a chronic and cruel war. The military virtues of courage and fortitude and a daring spirit of enterprise were

fortified by such a strife. Rude and strenuous energy is inconsistent with elevation of feeling and refinement of manners; but it is a quality very necessary in nation-builders and the subduers of a savage continent, and this, by the Indian wars and other tempestuous buffetings, was developed in our forefathers and remains yet a characteristic trait of the planters of new states on the Western border and of many who carry forward great schemes of material improvement. In that hard time the perseverance, alertness, and hardihood persistent to-day in American national character were brought to maturity; learning and refinement were, for the most part, pushed to the wall.

ORNAMENTAL FORMS IN NATURE.

A RIVULET runs past the door of the log-house that has stood for seventy years upon the edge of the road, squeezed between that and the nearly perpendicular wall of rock behind. The miserable little mountain farm through which it flows produces nothing salable but a stack or two of hay mixed with thistles. Its owners have to go off its bounds to earn their bread; but people who want to fill their eyes, not their mouths, might stay on it all the year round. It bears splendid crops of weeds. It is part wooded and rocky, part swampy; and in its patchy meadows, its stony and briery woods, a taste for what is beautiful may be gratified, one's interest may be excited over new objects, and his knowledge of art as well as of nature improved by the observation of countless forms, such as have furnished the types from which most of our stock of ornament has been derived.

The stream rises about a stone's throw from the house in an angle between a projecting rock and the shoulder of the mountain. It is formed by a great many films that trickle down and varnish the face of the cliff, flowing from springs in the wood far above. These collect in a gravelly trench at the foot of the rock and make a runnel which, in rainy seasons, is from two to four inches deep and from one to two feet across. Led through a dark channel of flat stones and a mossy wooden pipe, it soon finds its single place of usefulness in an old tub which is placed before the door. On the way, much of it escapes in dribbles that convert the old orchard at the side of the



THE STREAM.



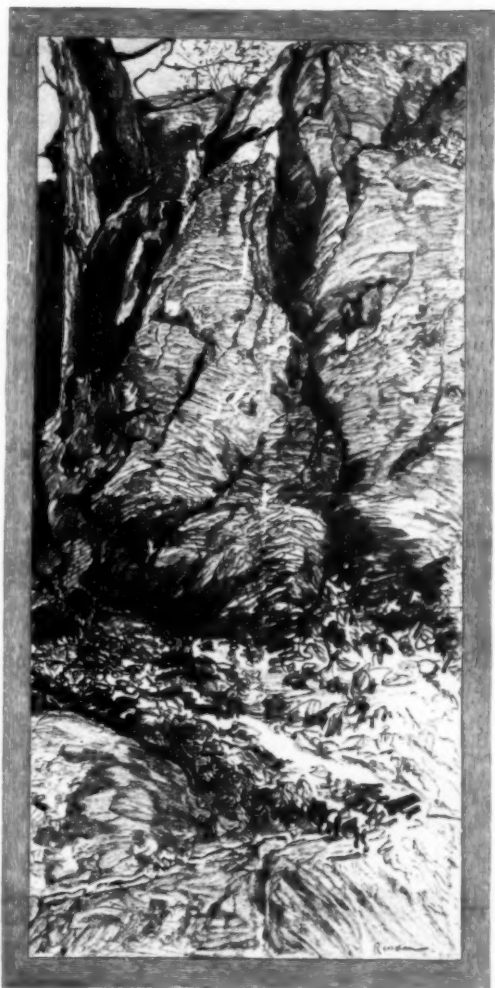
house into a marsh overgrown with a semi-aquatic vegetation of water-cress and horse-tails. The greater part after overflow-

ing the tub (of many uses) burrows under the road-bed and makes off across some sloping meadows to the bottom of the valley, where it finds an outlet to the lowlands through a miniature

ravine. There can be no finer study of crystalline effect than is afforded by the ripples and eddies of the stream. It coils around small obstacles and dashes over foot-high precipices, flashing and shining, mixing up in a most charming manner reflections of clouds and sky and perspective of weeds and pebbles. The chimeras and the dragons that the Chinese carve in rock crystal, with their glittering spines and horns, their undulations and their gleaming wave-like scales, are not half so well managed for the play of transparencies and sudden lights. The art of diamond cutting is vulgar in comparison. The little stream has the fiber and the flow of old Venetian glass in places where a mere thread of water, drawn out to the utmost fineness, flashes to a sheet over the smooth roundness of a nodule of granite.

When satiated with color, nothing is so restful to the eye as a clear substance such as this; and nothing so readily leads one back to the enjoyment of color as the constantly bright and fresh mosses, the shining quartz and vari-colored pebbles over which it flows. And then, the matters that, being a mountain streamlet, it bears along submerged or dissolved in it,—rootlets, scales of mica, cloudings of earthy substance, ochreous, milky from white marl, tawny yellow from soaking beds of dead leaves,—for a colorist, what a feast is all this!

About twenty feet from the house, and the same distance above the ground, there is a recess in the face of the cliff. It is partially hidden from view by branches and hanging vines. It has been made easy of access by steps, some of them built of flat slabs of stone, and some cut in the rock. It is commodious and sheltered enough to be used as a sort of out-of-doors sitting room; and it is furnished with a table, a couple of chairs, a settee of squared stone cushioned with moss, a few books shoved away on one of the ledges, and some odds and ends belonging to the young ladies who generally occupy it. Its walls and its shelving roof are tufted with ferns and brambles and wisps of delicate long grass. The dark rock is veined with white quartz and colored with metallic oxides and scintillates with mica. The whole place is dotted with lichens and gray mold and seamed with iridescent tracks of snails.



A NATURAL WALL-COVERING.

This "cave" is in the most advanced part of the projecting rock before mentioned. Its roof is a big boulder which has fallen into its present position, two-thirds of it resting on a ledge of the solid rock, the other third overhanging the lower platform that makes the floor. On the outside, the mass is as richly tapestried as within, and, in addition, trees rooted in its larger clefts and flowers springing from every crevice make a rich covering of wall-space that no art can parallel.

Most of these flowers and plants recall, with endless variety, the beautiful ornamental forms of ancient art. There is a clump of

willows where the stream reaches the bottom of the valley whose growing twigs, seen against the sky, repeat the form of the well-known anthemion design common on Greek temples and Yankee table-cloths. Each shoot is tipped by a few close-curved leaves, which stand straight up together with incurved points almost meeting. Those next lower straighten out slowly from the stem, their curled margins becoming at first wavy and finally plain. At last, they curve downward, so that the tips of the leaves are much farther apart than their stalks. It is the general form (in elevation) of all growing plants; and, as such, it was copied by the Chaldeans, from whom the Greeks had it. Across the stream, a thicket of sassafras has every spray adorned with a more elegant variety of "anthemion," most of the spreading shoots enriched with small greenish-white flower-clusters which help to push apart the folded leaves. Blackberry-vines, wild cherries, young shoots of the oak put forth different versions.

The horse-tail, which grows all through the orchard and makes deceitful patches of bright green in wet, sandy places in the woods, offers a very ornamental variety of the pattern. It may usually be compared to a miniature model of a basalt column, or to a pile of fairy thimbles. It is composed of small, hollow joints, each finished at the rim with an upright, toothed fringe, and at

the top it bears a flower-spike, that resembles in shape an Egyptian capital. Several of these little pillars appear in a sort of Druidic ring; and then, in the center, another with longer joints, branched, and apparently flowerless, springs up and dominates the group. The proportions of these joints and branches, the regular radiation of the latter and the gradual change of the angle at which they leave the stem, and the repetition throughout of the little toothed cup, which is, as it were, the unit of construction of the plant, make it almost solemn in its strict adherence to decorative laws.

The bed-straw is another plant which is almost as simple in plan as the horse-tail, and which offers particularly beautiful variations on the usual theme. Its jointed stem is ringed with circles of lance-shaped leaves, from the base of some of which start angular branches bearing small white flower-clusters. The stem is weaker than the horse-tail's and the joints much longer in proportion. Stem and leaves are covered with asperities, which help, very often, to bind the plants together in tangled masses of a disorderly appearance, belying their true character. The leaves and branches of these two plants being set like the spokes of a wheel, and not, as in most plants, spirally, produce a very definite anthemion, really comparable to a flower, and very like the ornament which we have derived from Chaldean plant-worshippers through the Greeks. The thousands of architects and others who, every year, weary their own souls and those of their neighbors with clumsy imitations of antique styles which were themselves based on an intelligent observation of nature, might draw a needed fresh inspiration from the study of these common plant-forms.



BED-STRAW.



HORSE-TAILS.

The type of the growing plant has furnished us, from the most ancient times, with another extremely popular ornament, the rosette. It is the plan of a plant, as the anthemion is the elevation. With the ancients, though at first a

line; the rosette was good to fill out a circle; the vine was a rich and beautified waved line or scroll. With conceptions so general as these, it was no trouble to an inventive people to vary their patterns to any extent, and, in



1. Wild geranium or crane's-bill.
2. Currant.
3. Shepherd's-purse.
4. Moss.
5. Willow.
6. Cherry.
7. Sassafras.

8. Plum.
9. Water-cress.
10. Ground leaves of the shepherd's-purse.
11. Cinquefoil.
12. Anthemion designs from the Erechtheum.
13. Rosette from temple of Nike Apteros.
14. Oak leaves.

ANTHEMIONS AND ROSETTES.

symbol of plant life, and though it always preserved somewhat of its original signification, it was used in the best periods of art simply as a beautiful radiant figure, exactly as if it were a geometrical form, but with a clear perception that it was much handsomer than any geometrical figure. Simple as were the ideas of the growth of plants conveyed by antique ornaments, the most important ideas connected with them in the designers' minds were simpler yet. The upright growing plant-form was useful to suggest or carry out a perpendicular

fact, good Greek and Roman art is varied enough in its ornamental portions as well as in its figures, and that without showing much direct reference to nature. The hint once got from nature of some graceful arrangement of leaves or petals, or some notching of their edges, or modeling of their surfaces, was carried out with an eye single to the production of something elegant, rich, refined, and fitting to fill a space which, without it, would be a painful blank. There is, judged by modern standards, little nature in the anthemions

and rosettes from the buildings on the Athenian acropolis, and as little in the vine-scrolls on Greek vases, which might be intended for ivy, or for grape-vines, or for any other plant of vine-like habit. But the little that there is is put to the very best use. The Greek designer took only what he needed; the modern, when he works after nature, grabs at everything and can get no good of anything.

If we would or could work in the proper way, there is no reason why the splendid Greek system of ornament, which, through all its variations, is one of the heir-looms of our race, might not be kept always fresh and living. If we would change only on occasion, and with strict reference to the occasion, we would always find in nature what we wanted of more pliant or more sturdy, of broader or longer, of sparser or more close. But our designer goes to nature or to the past, not as a man might go to a store-house that belongs to him, to select what he wants, but, like a thief, to take whatever he can lay hands upon.

Our modern designer after nature goes to work in one of three ways. He makes a copy, a picture of his chosen object (which may bear some remote likeness to a proper ornamental form, as in the opposite sketches the branches laden with crab-apples do to the festoon from the antique); or he makes a botanical diagram of the parts of the plant or its flower and uses it as a "repeat"; or, worst of all, he takes anything that seems to him curious or striking and forces it, by hook or by crook, into some symmetrical arrangement. These two latter processes he calls conventionalizing. The picture-maker may "conventionalize" also; for he may drop his work at some preparatory stage, or may put a heavy black outline around it, or he may use a gold background: these and a number of other dodges being supposed to make a thing more ornamental. It is sorry ornament that is thus turned out. It belongs nowhere. It is fitted for no position. It is a fraud and a sham, for it is not even intended to ornament anything in particular. If painted on a plate to-day, it may be sprawled on a ceiling to-morrow.

Among some designs after nature recently published is a clover design for a plate. The artist plucked his flowers and leaves and stuck them around loosely in a circle; then copied them bit by bit, as well as he could, without any further attempt at order. They fill the rim of the platter badly. They would look worse when colored, for the pink blossoms and the green leaves are disposed at hazard and would not balance. The arrangement at first suggests that it was intended to convey the idea that the flowers and leaves

grow from the center out, in a ring, a way in which clover does not grow; and then one perceives that, even if the broken stems were produced, there never would be anything like organic connection between them. There is no more design about the thing than there is about a child's nosegay, after it has been flung away by the roadside, and its "naturalism" consists in merely copying a number of unrelated objects without understanding them. Nature is travestied in such work, not represented, and the requirements of art are ignored.



PAINTED DECORATION. HISPANO-MORESQUE.

Compare the Spanish-Moorish design here given. It repeats itself, with constant variations, around the rim of the plate. The circular form has been considered and has been made the basis of the pattern. All the lines flow out of the bounding circles and flow on with them. It is divided pretty regularly into segments, by the straight side of the large recurring leaf, and those panels, one of which is always opposite the eye, are filled up less evenly with the flowers and their curling pistils and stamens. This being all that was wanted from nature that time, it is all that was taken. The general idea of some flowering plant with long curving stamens and deeply cut leaves is given with great freshness and vigor, but it would be difficult to guess just what the plant was. The rim of the platter, however, has been filled by its aid with appropriate and graceful ornament, and that was the main point with the designer, who evidently did not care three straws for what all the botanists and florists on earth might think of his work.

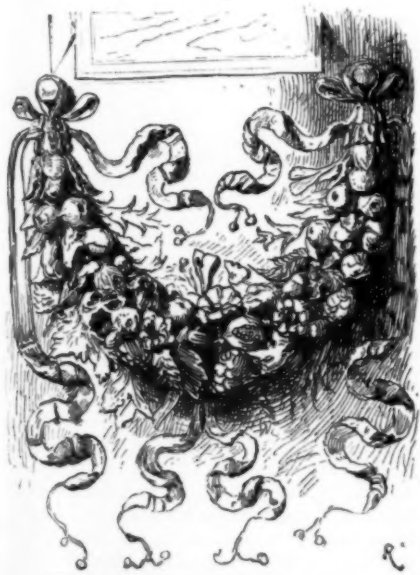
There is a specimen of modern "conventionalizing" by a trained designer and a very learned man, Dr. Dresser. There is no mistaking the plant intended this time, though it is to be recognized by ear-marks, so to speak, rather than by any important feature. It is that victim of modern decorators, the alisma. Its stems are tortured into ugly predetermined curves; its leaves are slit in half and provided with æsthetical curly-wurlies. With machine-like regularity the first half of the first division is reversed for symmetry, and then the "motive" is repeated without a change all along the wretched band, as if that were to be chopped off wherever it might happen to be conven-



FESTOON IN NATURE (CRAB-APPLES).

ient and stuck on to anything—a cupboard-door or the dado of a room.

It is plain enough that the clover "design" is better and prettier than this, though it is, strictly speaking, no design at all. So would the picture of the hanging apple-boughs be a better decoration than most modern designs of festoonery drawn by people who have never seen fruits and leaves put together in



FESTOON IN MARBLE. (FROM THE ANTIQUE.)

a festoon, but who have copied from copies of the antique until all meaning, pictorial or decorative, has gone out of their work.

Bad ornamenters as the naturalists are, the copyists are worse. In fact, if it were not for the badness and the baldness of their copies, no branch of the naturalistic school would ever have arisen. If people had continued on the old lines, exercising judgment, taste, discretion, invention, eked out when necessary by a reference to nature, no one would have thought of painting pictures of solidagos on plush for a portière, or of making pin-wheels with milk-weed pods for a frieze. It is the copyists, in fact, that are responsible for all that is wrong in our arts of design. They are the people who have pandered to the vulgar desire for all sorts of ornament at once, and as much of it as possible for the money. They have debauched all known styles by running them together without rhyme or reason, and they have lacked the imagination to create out of them a new style. They have applied their invention to contriving processes by which



THE VINE IN NATURE.

work which ought to be costly might be cheaply travestied, and to "adapting" to machinery the old patterns, all the beauty of which was due to their being wrought by hand.

All this is to be changed, and indeed is being changed under our eyes. The man who last year was satisfied with bad copies of fine things, only was not satisfied with any reasonable number of them, must now have originals. It has begun to be understood that machine work is poor and uninteresting; and, most important, our social life is taking form and demanding to find expression in those arts that have so long helped to obfuscate and disorganize it. A new spirit is creeping into the arts of design (beginning, as is right, with architecture) which must end in completely revolutionizing them. Opinions differ about it, from that of the Georgia man who writes to the "American Architect" to say that the American mind requires "sky-scrapers," cheap elaboration, and Fourth-of-July sentiments expressed in stone and metal; who thinks that the art of the future will include wonderful combinations of dome and steeple, zinc roosters and spread eagles, and stars and

If we can assume that the architectural style of the near future will embody our ideas of wholesomeness, active strength, vitality, and our common sense, unmythic views, the demand will soon be made on the decorator that he also give form and expression in his work to the same conceptions. We shall want more action than has been put into European ornament for a long period; a high vitality will demand pure and splendid coloring; a sound intelligence will see to it that the entire arrangement is understandable, governed by exact relations and definite canons of proportion. Neither Romanesque, nor Gothic, nor Renaissance ornament answers all of these demands. The first two systems contain too much of religious symbolism; the last, with all its beauty, is too flat, tame, and meaningless for our uses. In all the fine work of the Italian Renaissance there is visible a self-satisfied smirk, a look of greasy contentment which does not suit a sharp-set generation; and the livelier French styles were but the beginning of that wonderful artistic spree which the French people have been keeping up ever since the fifteenth century, but which they have not succeeded in getting other nations to participate in. We shall have to return to ornaments such as are common to all styles, based upon necessary structure and the capacities of materials, and are given beauty and character by the adaptation of proper natural forms. There are precedents enough to guide designers and others in making such a change. In many ways the present art movement is similar to that which brought Byzantine architecture to life, and remod-



THE VINE IN ART. (FROM CEILING AT RAVENNA.)

stripes everywhere in red, white, and blue paint—from this gentleman's notions to the judgments of good architects who have endeavored, with some modification of the Romanesque or the early French Renaissance, to meet the requirements of our time and circumstances. The choice of these styles is suggestive, as they agree in using active rather than passive support.

eled all classic ornamentation at the beginning of our era. Then, as at present, among a great commingling of races, a new and freer life had begun which had its say in a fresh and logical architecture, in the splendid coloring of mosaics, and in exuberant and fanciful ornament. Variations of the old designs were made necessary by the new shapes of arch and dome and pendentive, but not less by the



PLANT-FORMS ADAPTED TO DECORATIVE TREATMENT FOR PILASTER AND CAPITAL: FERN, DICENTRA, SKUNK-CABBAGE.

quickened feeling for a truth and power and grace that all could understand, and which, as much as any religious need, had produced the new forms of building themselves. The novel designs of the Byzantines show a closer and keener observation of nature than that of the ancient Greeks or Romans. The acanthus foliage of the capitals, from the soft and graceful ornament of the Greeks, became crisp and sharp, like the stronger variety of the plant. The rolling scrolls, borrowed from the Romans, were given life, growth, and variety. The vine especially (its significance in Christian symbolism made it specially important) became more like the natural vine than it has ever been before or since in decorative work. In a sketch of a portion of a ceiling at Ravenna, the grape-vine, with its large leaves and bunches of fruit, is not, it is true, so thoroughly naturalistic as modern French drawings from nature of sprays of the same plant, with leaves and their shadows, which admirably suggest an ornament but do not furnish one. But it states, nevertheless, a clearer and more virile conception of the nature of a vine. The top of the big boulder that overhangs the cave before described is clambered over by a Virginia creeper. It has this barren spot all to itself, and is at perfect liberty to run straight ahead over it, or to indulge in caprices and zig-zags to any extent. It does both. It stops and gathers itself up occasionally to fling some budding sprays in the air; but, for the most part, it

proceeds by the shortest road in search of nourishment. This double propensity of all vines struck the Byzantine workman as a useful thing to note about them. The grapes and the large leaves of the grape-vine he was interested in, both for their symbolic meaning and their decorative appearance; but the long bare coils of brown stem, and the sudden bursting out into leaves and tendrils which are characteristic of vines in general, — these were still more to his purpose, and he was more earnestly bent upon reproducing them in his work than upon giving exact representations of foliage or of fruit. His barren lengths of stem he needed to frame in the lanky figures of his saints; the luxuriance of grape cluster and leaf and tendril served to fill the blanks between them. The resulting ornament is more like nature than the soft and regularly foliaged vine-forms that preceded it. And it was the attention which the designers of early Christian times gave to the development of their own



PILASTER AND CAPITAL, ITALIAN RENAISSANCE.

superior principles of elasticity and strength in construction that opened their minds to the perception of the same qualities in nature and enabled them to make such excellent use of natural forms in their decorations.

The new needs and ideas of life which have produced so many constructive problems

ingraft upon them a new expression of force or grace, and to fit them for positions and purposes not, in all respects, like the old. He may get on such points plenty of useful hints from the nature that surrounds him. Every twig and ground plant will furnish him with crests and rosettes, every vine and creeper



NATURAL FORMS SHOWING DISTRIBUTION OF COLOR: FEATHERS OF GOLDEN-WINGED WOODPECKER; WING OF CECROPIA MOTH; PETALS OF FLOWERS, LEAVES, ETC.

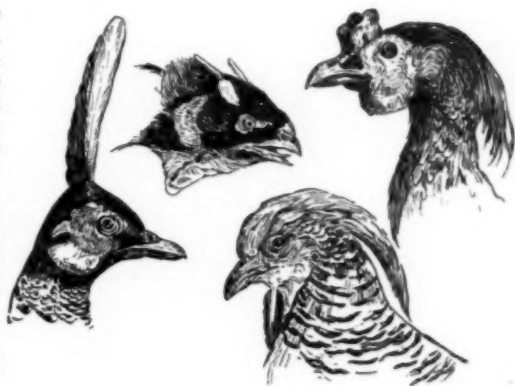
which architects and engineers have found means to solve must soon begin to exercise an important influence on ornamental design. The artist in this way will have to put into his work some of the feeling for constructive truth, for economy of materials and of work, and for practical usefulness that is beginning to distinguish our architecture. He will be expected to enliven and beautify whatever he touches, without taking from its apparent strength and effectiveness; to add an elegance, a magnificence, a wealth of real meaning that without him the work would lack. In doing this he will doubtless have constant opportunities to base his endeavors upon the traditional forms whose uses and general significance are well known; but he will have to

with new scrolls. He will find that at times it may be better to follow the leaf of the crow-foot or of the columbine than that of the acanthus, which he has never seen. The beautifully divided leaves of the dicentra and its pretty drooping racemes of two-horned white flowers might readily suggest the leafage and the flower ornament between the volutes of a capital, as in the cut of the Renaissance capital here shown. Curled ferns might answer for the volutes themselves, and the channelings of the shaft might be copied from those of the skunk-cabbage as it pushes up through the black mud in early spring.

In the meantime, and in the absence of a sound and living art, the student may find in nature exemplifications without end of the

laws which should always govern the creation and application of ornament. In nature, most things owe whatever beauty of form they possess to perfect adaptation to their use and circumstances. An animal or plant which is only partly adapted to its conditions of existence is ugly in exact proportion to its lack of viability. In nature, any excess of force beyond what is needed for structural or functional purposes is immediately applied to the production of ornamental excrescences or fine colors. Ornament is turned again to use: the bright colors of flowers serve to attract insects; the markings of animals are for disguise or recognition, or to create fear or inspire affection.

The strictest utilitarian cannot find fault with the way in which the crane's-bill and the meadow-violet expend their surplus revenue in adding to their attractiveness. In their case, as in that of the dark chevrons of the chick-weed leaf and the white crescents of the clover, the distribution of the color is guided both by the radiating or branching structure of leaf or petal and by the distances from the source of supply. The leaves of the dog-tooth violet, which have a frame-work of parallel veins bound together by cross veins, are spotted with dark color in the centers of the rectangular spaces between them. These ornamental markings represent a remnant of force left over from the construction of the leaf, and not sufficient to flush it all with color. They occupy the exact place where a good decorator would put them, close to the important points and lines, but seldom upon



PHEASANTS' HEADS.

them. This relation of color to vitality in its intensity and power, and to structure in its distribution, is very obvious in birds. The head, the gorge, breast, back, wings, and tail — the most important parts of the superficies — get the most of it. In the neighborhood of these parts, at least in vigorous species, there is sure to be some accumulation of force, which shows itself in ornamental appendages like crests and gorgets and wing covers, or in striking colors, or both. The heads and necks of several varieties of pheasants show this very plainly, but it is easily observable even in our smaller and more plain colored birds, in the tessellated wings of the hairy woodpecker, and in the painted eyebrows and quill-feathers of the wood warbler (in the same picture with dicentra, etc.). The color is seldom applied upon the working parts. It is vague and diffuse on the larger, unimportant spaces. In feathers, it is at some distance from the shaft and between it and the edge that the darkest color shows itself. In butterfly wings, the bands and spots show the same dependence on the general form and on the veining.

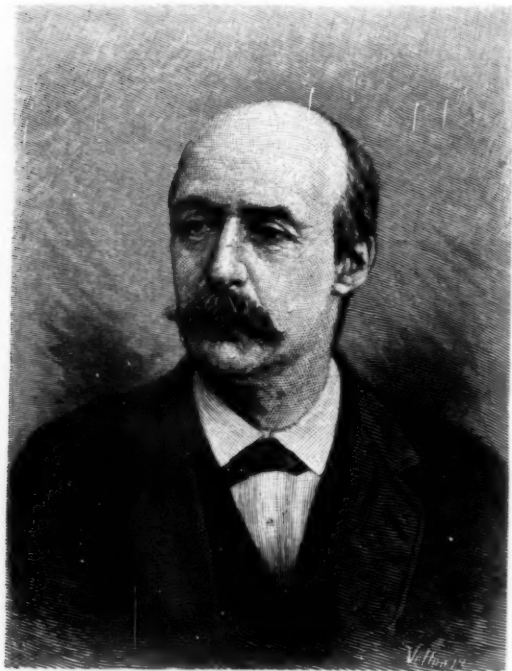
There is a strict analogy between all this and the way in which the work of decoration should always be carried on. In amount and intensity it should bear a relation to the importance of the work. Its distribution should be as if the builders or manufacturers, after the completion of the necessary portions of their work, would not rest at that, but proceeded to cover the contiguous spaces with decorations. Some such feeling has always regulated the distribution of ornament in every good period of art; and the corresponding notion that it is true economy, for either nation or individual, to hold surplus wealth in the form of splendid decorations seems to have been general in all former periods of great social activity and power.

Roger Riordan.



THE HAIRY WOODPECKER.

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ'S LABORATORY.



ALEXANDER AGASSIZ. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.)

STUDENTS of the geographical distribution of animals find that the key-word to their department of science is *temperature*. That is to say, the most important of all those combined circumstances of food, altitude, soil, etc., which affect the localization of a species, or cause a fauna to be made up as we find it in any particular district, is the matter of average heat and cold. This is particularly true of marine organisms, which, in a general way, are not only less active in winter than in summer, but far more abundant near the surface,—both in variety of kinds and in number of individuals,—than at chilly depths, and in warm waters than in northern and colder seas. The Gulf Stream, therefore, forms a very important factor in estimating the distribution of the animal life of the ocean, since its warm current permits many a southern form to wander far to the northward in its genial track; just as, conversely, a range of high mountains, such as the Rockies, enables many a snow-loving ani-

mal to creep almost to tropical limits along the lofty ridges, defying by the aid of cold altitudes the arbitrary limits which latitude used to set to the "zones" of organic life that were supposed to encircle the globe.

There is thus found to be a startling difference in the oceanic fauna north and south of Cape Cod; the bather who has tried the surf at Nahant and then at Newport needs no thermometer to understand the immense contrast of temperature between the two coasts. The reason is plain: into Massachusetts Bay pours the icy flood from Labrador and the berg-haunted banks of Newfoundland, while the south shore is washed by the great tepid current from the tropics, which the Cape swerves off until it strikes straight out to sea to warm the Irish coast. North of Cape Cod, one picks up on the beaches, and dredges from the bottom of the bay, few sea-animals (at least of invertebrates) except those of arctic habit, and these grow more abundant as he proceeds northward;

while he misses dozens and dozens of species that he knows may be collected merely by crossing the narrow peninsula which has stood for ages in some shape, a barrier to the southward extension of northern forms and to the northward travel of those animals whose home is in the southern seas.

The naturalist, then, who would study to greatest advantage the pelagic life of our part of the Atlantic must go south of Cape Cod; and if he proposes to remain in New England, he is practically restricted to the mouths of Buzzard's and Narragansett bays, since the coast of Long Island affords few advantages for his pursuit, and the Sound is too land-locked. It was with an appreciation of these facts that the late Professor Louis Agassiz settled upon Penikese Island, below New Bedford, Massachusetts, as the site of his Summer School of Natural History; and the profusion of species of marine animals and plants procured there proved his wisdom, so far as the question of locality was concerned. When Professor Agassiz died, however, and his son and successor at the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy in Cambridge, Mr. Alexander Agassiz, undertook to continue the enterprise and pursue his own investigations at the same locality, he met with difficulties.

It was discovered that, owing to inaccessibility and other circumstances, the expense of continuing the school would be too great to make it profitable in any sense, and that the oversight of so large a class involved a greater tax upon his time than Mr. Agassiz could afford. The school was therefore closed, and a position was sought which should be equally rich in material for study, but more convenient for the erection of such a laboratory as is about to be described,—a laboratory which should not attempt to carry out the widely educational idea of the elder professor, but should simply be the best desirable workshop for Mr. Agassiz and such of his assistants and advanced special students at the Cambridge Museum as he could find accommodation for. These facts are plainly stated in order to dispel a current error that the present institution is only a weak perpetuation of Professor Louis Agassiz's school at Penikese in 1873.

After very careful examination, the terminus of The Neck, at Newport, R. I., was fixed upon by Mr. Agassiz as the most suitable location. Here a promontory of solid rock, well clothed with turf, stands out boldly from the coast line. With the open ocean westward and in front as you look toward the south, and the entrance to the harbor, divided by Conanicut and other islands from the

shining breadth of Narragansett Bay, beside you on the right, few points on our coast or any other give a more inspiring outlook. In 1812, some defensive earth-works crowned the bluff, giving the name Castle Hill to the promontory, the crest of which is now occupied by Mr. Agassiz's summer home. On the harbor side, at the bottom of the hill, a little winding cove "makes in,"—a mere rift in the rocks, so deep that no unsightly mud-banks are left exposed, and where boats can easily make a landing at low tide. Here stands the laboratory, sheltered from the ocean's winds, but overlooking the beautiful harbor.

No one would suspect its purpose from the appearance of the building; all the prettiness of tasteful sea-side architecture—many-gabled roof, outer stair-ways, external beams and braces, latticed porticoes, and slate-brown paint, overgrown with masses of ivy—feign romance rather than the realism to which it is devoted. A few rods away, nearer the shore, stands a windmill—not such an old-fashioned, shingle-sided relic as those which used to flap their massive arms in the face of frightened horses all around the ancient town, but a new and ingenious contrivance of iron, which, if it adds nothing to the fair picture, at least does not disfigure it. This refinement of a windmill, moving readily under the touch of a zephyr that the nerves of the old Hollandish structures never would have recognized, supplies to the laboratory the pure water and steady currents of air that preserve its vitality. The soft clucking of its musical motion is rarely silent, for day after day the south-west summer breeze comes lazily but steadily in, as though Newport lay under the track of a trade-wind.

Out from the windmill, some twenty-five yards into the harbor channel, runs a pipe which is bent up vertically at the end, and capped with a pair of Ts, through the screened, hanging tips of which the clean sea-water is sucked in in such a way that no sea-weed can enter and clog the pipe. Through this pipe the windmill will draw ten gallons a minute, at a moderate speed, pumping it into a cistern in the attic of the laboratory which holds about 1400 gallons. When this is full, the overflow—for the mill goes on regardless of the demand—escapes into an open sink downstairs, so that the condition of the cistern is always apparent. The water used in the laboratory, however, does not come by direct flow from the bottom of the cistern, but is drawn through a siphon. This secures the regular pressure and avoids the variation of "head" at different stages of water which would result from the other method. This water (as I have

already mentioned) is all clean sea-water, salt as the open ocean and is incessantly renewed.

The windmill also drives an air-pump, which forces the air into a drum, whence it escapes to the laboratory under an equal and steady pressure (secured by proper valves) of five pounds to the square inch. These arrangements for a constant and uniform supply of water and air under easy control are the foundation of the facilities here afforded for the continued and successful study of living marine animals.

There is a large cellar-basement, useful for dissection of great fishes and general storage, and a third story having a suite of chambers charming for an artist's or other delicate work for which a good light and the encouragement of pleasant surroundings are needed; but the "laboratory" proper is a room perhaps forty-five feet long by twenty-five wide, entered from the ground, with which its floor is level on the uphill side of the house.

The southern side of this room is occupied wholly by glass shelving, closets, etc. A part of the shelves hold the working library,—not many books, nor in fine bindings, but in all sorts of languages, full of strange diagrammatic figures and Latin names, of anatomical descriptions and tables of classification,—unentertaining volumes to the layman, not at all of the sort which form the "summer reading" of the publishers, yet costly and precious, for each one is the monument of months or years of patient labor, and lays bare a little corner of the globe's history unseen before. These plain books all are laid on their sides to prevent their warping. Among them are portfolios full of original drawings and manuscript notes that have grown out of the studies of the master and his students, which are left for years to season under the watchful experience which shall confirm or condemn their presumed truth before the test of publication is risked.

The rest of the glass shelving on the south wall is covered with glass dishes of all kinds. Room is precious, so the cupboards have doors of slate which, when shut, form a black-board (every working and teaching naturalist must of necessity be a pretty good draughtsman, both with pencil and chalk); and there are everywhere hooks and other devices for convenience.

The eastern and western ends of the room have windows so guarded by shutters as to exclude the light, but admit a cool breeze; but the north wall is full of long windows, having only space between for five tables, which (though there are two extra ones in the corners) limit the number of persons who can

work at one time. This north light is excellent, the bay reflecting it, while the grassy plat near by prevents any glare. Across each window may be placed a movable shelf, fixed at any height, on which a glass jar may be set between the observer and the light in such a way that the motions of any little creatures in this improvised aquarium can be seen with great plainness.

It would seem as though so well constructed a building as this, founded upon the granite core of the primitive globe, was solid enough; but microscopists—and the men who work here are nearly all microscopists—will tell you that their instruments are sensitive to a jar which the most acute of our nerves would fail to perceive, and that the least tremble is sufficient to disturb that precise focus upon the keeping of which the success of an observation depends. Independent of his foundations, therefore, Mr. Agassiz has built a line of massive arches, nowhere touched by the floors or walls of the building. It is upon these arches that the working tables and the little three-cornered microscope-stools stand, feeling the shock of no gale that may beat against the house, nor the tremor of any foot-fall upon the floor.

The tables are not of large size,—about like a library desk,—but are firmly constructed and serviceable. They are covered with English glazed tiles,—white, except two black rows at the end, furnishing opposite backgrounds to the glass vessel in which the often almost invisible morsel of animal life is floating. What cannot readily be seen against a white surface may become plainly apparent in front of a black one. On the long middle tables (hereafter described) Mr. Agassiz has enlarged upon this idea by covering them with spaces of variously colored tiles simulating natural sea-bottoms. The clear gray does well enough for sand; dark leaden gray for mud; a mottled castile-soap pattern in brown for pebbles; and dulse-green for sea-weed. It is a popular error, or, at any rate, prevalent thoughtlessness, that sea animals pay no attention to the sort of bottom underneath them as they move about. If this is true of any, it certainly is not of a large number of kinds. Some are confined to districts limited by one sort of bottom because it provides their only food; others because there they are safer from harm than they would be elsewhere; a third class perhaps from choice, or for some reason not readily discernible. In any case, it has been both suspected and proved that the character of the bottom has great influence, particularly in the matter of color, upon the fishes and others frequenting a district of mud or sand

or rocky or weed-grown bottom respectively. It was in order to experiment in this direction that Mr. Agassiz invented and provided these imitative surfaces, which should form an artificial bottom resembling sand, pebbles, etc., when the dish containing a fish or invertebrate to be deceived should be set upon it.

I can mention here only one of the interesting results of the experiments. The flounder, as everybody knows, is an ill-looking, dark-colored, flat fish, which creeps close along the bottom, and frequents for the most part banks of mud, from which it is almost indistinguishable. Occasionally the flounder occurs in sandy districts, in which case it is of a yellowish tinge, though not otherwise different from its black neighbor of the mud. Taking young flounders, Mr. Agassiz experimented upon their power of changing color. Placing them upon the blackish tiles, they quickly turned mud-color; moved thence to the "sand" tiles, only a few moments elapsed before their leaden skins had paled to dull yellowish white; transferred to the mimic "sea-weed," in less than five minutes a greenish hue overspread their skins, which would have served well in their native element to keep them unobserved against a mass of algae. As the flounders grew older, the rapidity and facility with which these changes were effected lessened, and perhaps they would altogether cease in aged individuals who had never practiced as turncoats; but the readiness with which the youngsters altered their complexions to suit their circumstances, as shown by experiments in this laboratory, would give them high rank in partisan politics.

Between the ends of the two tables which, as I have said, extend lengthwise of the room as far as convenience will allow, stands a sink made of soap-stone, where overflows go and where water may be drawn by the painful. This sink is covered like an old-fashioned well, with a flat canopy of glass resting at a convenient height upon four corner posts, so that jars may be set upon it and their contents examined from underneath with the important help of transmitted light.

The central tables each side of this are intended not for study,—that is to be done at the small desks near the windows,—but for the preservation of specimens; and to this end there is suspended over them an elaborate system of pipes, supplying air and water and bearing faucets every few inches. This system consists of eight sub-pipes connecting with two branches from the cistern siphon, which hangs well above the operator's head, but within easy reach of the hand. Each sub-pipe may be closed or opened by a stop-cock so as to

admit either air or sea-water at will,—the air being brought to them by a special connection with the air-main from the windmill. Besides this, a portion of the branches can be cut off and used to supply rain-water also, which is stored in a small cistern of its own near by. Sea-water, fresh water, and air may therefore be supplied all at once and continuously, and the arrangement for each may be changed and interchanged to suit the student's convenience, while no anxiety is felt, either lest the supply may cease or lest any irregularities may occur, since automatic contrivances guard against accident to the machinery. Even if water should fly loose, or overflow somewhat, no harm would be done, for copper gutters carry away all drippings, and the cement floor, covered only with neat oil-cloth, defies injury from wetting. In case of a failure of the windmill, the cistern could be filled daily by a hand force-pump.

I have explained that this particular locality is highly favorable to the study of marine zoölogy, because the jutting headlands on each side of the harbor make a funnel into which, twice a day, the entrapped tide drives the pure ocean waters fresh from the warm path of the Gulf Stream, bringing a harvest of living things that elsewhere along the coast remain far outside. Mr. Agassiz is therefore able to get, at the very door of his laboratory, a large series of thoroughly pelagic animals which other naturalists (at least, everywhere north of Hatteras) must go far afloat for, and would regard as wholly extra littoral.

One may see anchored in the little cove behind Castle Hill a small steam-launch (it can outspeed anything of its size at Newport!), a trim sloop or two, and various dories and punts; these constitute the fleet with which materials for investigation are gathered. Two methods are practiced, according to the sort of animals desired or hoped for. If mollusks, sea-urchins, star-fishes, annelids, or mature non-swimming animals generally, or some kinds of bottom-feeding fishes, are wanted, then the launch is sent out to trawl.

The trawl used by Mr. Agassiz is a miniature of the improved apparatus designed by him and employed in his deep-sea dredging in the West Indies on board the Coast Survey steamer *Blake*. It consists of a pair of *Us* set on edge and fastened in that position by horizontal connecting bars of iron. Behind this frame so constructed is fastened a sack of chain-netting or canvas, or both, and in front a sort of bail-handle to which the drag-rope is attached. It is of no consequence upon which side the trawl falls when thrown overboard, since the round ends of the "*Us*" give equal runners on both sides; and, as it is pulled along,

the weight, position, and blade-like form of the lower bar cause the machine to hold to the bottom, and scrape every easily movable thing into the strong bag which trails, open-mouthed, behind. The "feel" of the rope tells the dredger when it is full; it is then hauled up hand over hand or by means of a windlass, and its contents are emptied out and sorted before the next load arrives. Dredging in Newport harbor, or, as we used to do it, back and forth through Vineyard Sound (to the great perturbation of weak stomachs), is a very simple matter; but when it comes to dropping the great deep-sea dredge two miles or more, and taking all day to the experiment, with the help of a donkey-engine, it becomes an art. In the two cases the apparatus differs little, except as to size and strength.

The laboratory I am describing, however, mainly is connected, thus far, with inquiries into the embryology and youthful life of fishes, and the embryology of radiates, crustacea, and worms. Materials for this, in the shape of eggs and larvæ, are almost wholly to be got just under the surface of the sea, where the wandering, playful children of all sorts of sea life—fishes, mollusks univalve and bivalve, crabs and shrimps, jelly-fishes, sea-stars, urchins, worms, etc., etc.—swarm and drift in happy aimlessness until their ranks are thinned by countless enemies, and the survivors sink to safer depths or settle on some public and preëmpted homestead among the surf-showered rocks. When the glare of the sun has left the water, and the tide stands high off the torpedo station or is just beginning to settle seaward at Beaver Tail, the professor and his students slowly cruise in search of such tiny prey. Behind them is towed a gauze net, which skims the surface and ingulfs every unlucky midget in its path, while all hands continually dip up at random gauze dipperfuls of water and carefully rinse their nets in the small tubs, on the chance of getting something worth having. It is by this sort of pleasant sea-prospecting that we have learned how rich are the tidal currents setting into Narragansett Bay in representatives of all the crowding pelagic life of the Gulf Stream; and if Mr. Agassiz neglects to drag his nets on the incoming tide, it is a small matter, for the outgoing rush leaves a thousand sea-born youngsters captives in the pocket-like cove just under his windows, where they have been entrapped and may be scooped up at leisure.

Returning from such an excursion, the buckets and tubs containing the net result are brought to the laboratory and sorted out. The visitor then would find the long central tables covered with glassware—jars and pans and bowls, white and clear as crystal, capa-

cious as if to hold punch for the Chaplain of the Fleet, every one with a mouth as big as its body, or even bigger. Some of these high, straight-sided, flashing jars will hold several gallons; some of the shallow ones are like six-quart milk-pans, and the sizes of the others lessen to the minimum of a watch crystal, where a single egg, or gastræa larva, or dancing animalcule may be isolated from his fellows. This glassware is all made to order for the laboratory and for the Cambridge Museum. It is altogether unequaled for the purpose, since it is capacious, clean, transparent, and not affected by sea-water as metal or wood would be, while it is cheaper, lighter, and more handsome than porcelain.

Having roughly sorted and cared for the dredgings that same night, the next morning the student examines them more carefully, and arranges for preservation the specimens which he especially desires to keep alive. The method will depend upon the age, character, and known hardihood of the object, but the two requisites in all cases are cleanness of water and constant aëration. Turning off the water from one of the pipes, a rubber tube from the air-main is led to it, and it becomes an air-pipe. The jar containing the living specimen is placed on that part of the table at which, by means of the tiles underneath, it can be seen to the best advantage; a small rubber tube attached to a faucet on one pipe is made to supply to it a steady stream of clean sea-water, and another tube brings fresh air to replace the oxygen exhausted by the animal's respiration; the overflow takes care of itself, and there is no further trouble.

But this simple proceeding can be trusted only in the case of large, mature, tough animals, such as rarely have the honor of reposing in these scientific precincts. More gentle treatment is usually required, and the methods now successful have only been learned through long and costly experience.

In the first place, isolation, entire or in part, is necessary. This is accomplished by subdividing the tubes which lead from the iron pipes overhead. An inch or two from the faucet there will be slipped in an inverted T of glass bearing two tubes; these in turn may be similarly subdivided by inverted Ts, and so on, the number of outlets supplied by the one original faucet and neck being limited only by convenience. Every terminus of a tube, whether delivering water or air, is closed by a glass tip, which not only gives exit to a safely diminished stream, but does no harm to the inhabitants of the jar, as the corrupting influence of rubber in contact with salt water might. These tips are bits of glass tubing cut off as required,

melted in a spirit-lamp, drawn to a fine point, and perforated by a hole, which allows the escape of only a thread of water or a bubble of air so small as to cause no disturbance. Each man makes these glass tips for himself, bending and twisting them to suit his needs. The rubber tubing, too, is a great convenience. It is of various sizes, can be cut into any required length, pieced out by stretching over a joint of glass tubing, fitted air-tight upon iron pipes, faucets, glass rods, and the like, and bent about in the most handy and time-saving way.

Though the water comes clear enough, it will not do to allow the air supplied by the windmill to enter at once the water in which the very delicate organisms are being kept alive. It is likely to contain some moisture gathered on the way, and this moisture is liable to have been charged with iron-rust or some other mineral ingredient. The air from the pipe, therefore, is led first through a large Woulfe bottle, such as chemists are familiar with, where it leaves its deleterious moisture and goes clean to its work. That this precaution is a judicious one, is shown by the fact that the Woulfe bottles gradually become clouded within by a deposit of iron and dirt. Sometimes ducts of rubber connect two or three jars to one or more of these Woulfe bottles and to each other, and so there is a constant circulation among a community of little aquaria, economizing apparatus. All these contrivances together, and two hundred and fifty jars and bowls, can be taken care of at once on these tables, though there are only a score or so of supplying faucets.

Reckoned by their vitality in captivity, marine animals fall into three categories:

First. Those that are large and strong enough to allow water to be introduced in a steady stream directly to their jars, and that do not require any more air than the constant current of water brings; these are the crabs, shell-fish, annelids, and common full-grown shore animals, such as are ordinarily seen in aquaria.

Second. Those that will survive simple aëration of the water in which they are placed, the water itself not being changed, usually, but only added to to make up for evaporation. To this class belong crabs and other small animals that are just about to lay their eggs, together with young of all sorts in their swimming or larval stages. In these cases, however, the "injector" is often made use of. This consists of a spindle-shaped chamber of brass, with external openings, so that, as the stream of water passes through, it sucks into its current a quantity of air which goes to the jar mingled with the stream. This little in-

jector is, in fact, a miniature Catalan blow-pipe, being constructed on exactly the same principle as that which supplies the tweers of a blast-furnace. It is a contrivance of great value in the laboratory.

Third. The morsels of almost invisible life too delicate to resist ever so feeble a current, and too volatile and minute not to escape in an overflow, however well guarded. To the receptacle of these only a very gentle though unremitting supply of air can be given, while the water must frequently be changed by cautious dipping out and pouring in by hand, a trifle at a time. No mother attends to her infant with more tender and scrupulous care than the zoölogist to these babies of the sea.

And what are they? Eggs of fishes, mollusks, crustaceans, and radiates; embryos of similar animals and of jelly-fishes—filmy, fragile, nineteen-twentieths water—which would perish under the slightest injury, and can only be kept alive by the greatest painstaking. That Mr. Agassiz has been successful beyond all precedent in preserving these excessively delicate pelagic forms in his laboratory, shows how admirable are all his methods and appliances to reproduce the most healthy conditions of nature. It was no mean triumph, for instance, to have reared those young flounders and goose-fish from eggs scooped up in the open sea, and to have kept them all summer, while he noted and sketched the various aspects of their growth. But the highest surety of the suitability of his arrangements was afforded when the vapory, translucent siphonophores, in which no one before had been able to maintain vitality for more than two or three hours, lived contentedly in their glass prison last summer during fifteen days. One highly favorable circumstance, no doubt, is that the temperature of the water in the Newport laboratory is cooler than that of the open sea. Heated by the ever-present Gulf Stream, the ocean in summer rises to a warmth of seventy-six or seventy-seven degrees Fahrenheit; by the time it has passed through the pipes and the shaded cistern, this water has been considerably cooled down, and remains at a lower temperature than that of the native element from which the subjects for study are brought. This is greatly to their advantage (the hatching of fish eggs may be checked, yet without loss of vitality, and held back indefinitely, by steady cold), and it was because of the opposite condition that sea-side students at Nahant and Salem and Gloucester have always been less successful. English laboratories have an equal difficulty, overcome only by the expensive use of ice.

But to go into all the details of laboratory

expedients employed here is beyond space, and perhaps would interest very few. Everything is intended for work and study, not for show; there is nothing in the way of an "aquarium." If it happens that the apparatus or the zoölogical specimens are pleasing, that is a happy chance, not the first intention. No living object is kept longer than there is use for it; mere curiosity must make way for original investigation into something else more obscure.

The studies at the laboratory have continued through half a dozen summers, and have been conducted by Mr. Agassiz, the late Count L. F. de Pourtalès, Professor Walter Faxon, Dr. W. K. Brooks, and Mr. T. W. Fewkes, with a few others at intervals.

Mr. Agassiz's work here has been mainly on the embryology of fishes, radiates, crustacea, annelids, and pelagic tunicates. Several contributions to the National Academy of Science and to the Proceedings of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences (Boston) have grown out of them, chiefly upon the young stages of flounders, goose-fish, and various other genera; and embryological observations on the ctenophoric jelly-fishes, on the gar-pike (*Lepidosteus*), and on *Balanoglossus*. Mr. Agassiz was also employed for a long time in working up the sea-urchins brought home by the *Challenger* deep-sea expedition, the results of which have been embodied in the special scientific reports of that famous cruise.

Count Pourtalès spent his energies chiefly on his favorite corals, *Foraminifera* and their kin, publishing his results in the memoirs of the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, of which he was the keeper. Mr. Faxon, who is assistant professor of zoölogy at Harvard, made a specialty of crustacea, and wrote several papers on their embryology from here.

Dr. Brooks, who is now assistant professor of biology at Johns Hopkins University, and who carries on a marine laboratory of his own at Beaufort, North Carolina, busied himself with the embryology of mollusks, publishing one paper. Dr. Fewkes, now Mr. Agassiz's assistant in the Zoölogical Museum at Cambridge, did the same thing with jelly-fishes. Much of the work of these and other students (among them some ladies) remains unpublished in note-books and manuscript (for "rushing into print" is frowned upon by this cautious coterie), so that future results may be expected, the chief preparation for which has already been done. As to the further progress of the laboratory, Mr. Agassiz says the chief field will naturally be the study of the youth of marine animals,—not simply of their embryology, but of the successive phases presented in the development of their infant growth, and the relations these bear to adult forms and to general questions of biology and classification.

Ernest Ingersoll.

WONDERLAND.

My heart to-day is like a summer flower
Which lifts its blooming chalice to absorb
Sweet odors from the air. For, like a flower,
My heart absorbs the fiery life that dwells
Within the blossoming matter of the world
And naked strength of nature. Here, where earth
Seems peaceful as a dreamer's paradise,
I trace the movement of the universe,
The splendor that inspires the thought of man,
And glory that outshines the fancy. Here
I learn the clear and simple speech of truth,
And feel the buoyant spirit of forest birds
That fill a whole bright summer with their song.
I look upon the old world as a child
Looks with a vague and tender trust upon
Its mother's face; and, strangely moved, I see
Beyond the beauty of familiar things,
As one may see into another's heart
With the fine sense of love.

No harsh voice falls
 Along the solemn quietude of the air.
 Yet I can hear faint voices, which are like
 Echo of unseen music: there is speech
 In the melodious breeze, and there is song
 Within the soft hush of the languorous noon,—
 Song that would roar like thunder if the ear
 Could catch its undertone. The fire and stir
 Of a dædalian impulse throb beneath
 The outward slumber of a life which is
 Sleepless and everlasting. There is not
 A leaf, a rose, a tree, nor animate thing
 Which does not add a language to the world;
 And I, that am a part of earth and sky,
 Feel that divinity and kinship born
 Of truth and noble knowledge. Oh, I love
 To watch the pageant of the world unroll,
 To search within its sorcery, and to drink
 Its wild enchantment, even as men were wont,
 In the dead days of fable, to give form
 To sprite, and gnome, and god.

Our living world
 Is a translucent fairyland, wherein
 The infinite force of nature moves alone
 To marvelous and mysterious issues. Men
 May feel the spirit and witchery of its life,
 Breathed forth like fragrance from a field of wheat
 In ripe midsummer. For a space I dream
 That I am borne through ocean spaces hence
 To some vague heaven, where souls are said to dwell
 In bodiless beauty, where existence is
 A vision without substance: brief delight,
 Less beautiful than what mine eyes have known,
 Unreal as fancy when it strives to make
 Being and love of empty nothingness.
 True nature is a joy that ministers
 To the strong, passionate heart; and here I feel
 Her kiss upon me like a chastening flame,
 And I am clothed in all her glory, one
 Drawn to her sovereignty, like some fresh fount
 Drained back to earth. Yet often have I, too, felt
 The hot blood rush into my cheeks, and fire
 Leap to my brain, when, like sweet music blown,
 Over a waste of water, I have heard
 The story of ancient fable, tender myth
 Of lands and peoples, and bewitching tales
 Of quick enchantment wrought by viewless hands
 Beneath the slumberous vigil of the moon.
 Then I imagined me a thing of air—
 A mad and protean spirit that loved to make
 Blithe havoc of men's lives; or else I seemed
 One of the race of conjuring giants, leagued
 Against the race of mortals; or, perchance,
 A magic knight in golden armor clad,
 Riding with windy speed upon the trace
 Of some phantasmal love.

But now all thought,
 All dream, and joy, and wonder are become

One with that sense which has outlived the youth
 And credulous mind of ages; which has pierced
 The obscurity of the earth, and boldly flown
 To the pale light of stars; whose rule has made
 Man more than beast and slave, and raised his soul
 To flashing heights of freedom. Here I trace
 Conceptions of the first creation, forms
 Transcending fancy, and the wands that guide
 Each drop of dew and each propulsive power
 Of our revolving planet. Here I look
 Upon the magic of material things,
 The witchcraft of the day, and that divine
 Incarnate unity of adjusted works
 Which is the body of nature. Eye, and ear,
 And mind, and heart, and the transfiguring spirit
 Here mingle like the colors of the earth
 And elements of the air; here, too, all parts
 Of truth, and wisdom, knowledge, and deep sight
 Of prophecy are the mighty wings whereon
 My life is borne and floated like a bird
 Throughout this fairyland. Ah! who could be
 Untouched and uninspired, when, face to face
 With the illimitable sense of force
 Embodied thus sublimely, common things
 Take on the hues of dream, and wonderment
 Thrills the young heart?

I am as one led forth
 From somber prison darkness to some place
 Whereon the sun beats fiercely; free to look
 Upon the life and motion which are springs
 Of deathless evolution; free to find
 The deep and subtle spell of nature through
 All colors, shapes, and natural substances.
 I trace the secret of the mutable hills,
 Of the soft meadow-grass which steals the dew,
 And delicate cobwebs of the leaves; I see
 The sponge-like mouths of savage plants that drink
 The cooling rain, and find in crumbling rocks
 Romances of the black, primeval years.
 I watch the breeze-blown currents of the air
 Which glide to distant lands, and bear their weight
 Of heat and moisture—the creative work
 Of sun-waves and the wind—the god-wise growth
 Of infinite order and design. I watch
 The water drawn invisibly from its streams,
 Or dream that I can feel the frozen breath
 Of the chilled, vapor-shaping clouds, and rise
 Into the fine, sun-bosoming ether. Thus
 I grow to loftier contemplation, mount
 And soar upon the summits of the world;
 Till, in the very strength and sweep of thought,
 I stumble, and I know that I have reached
 One mystery which dwells deeper than the sea—
 Beyond the glow of throbbing spheres, beyond
 The calm and vast eternity of skies.

George Edgar Montgomery.

THE BREAD-WINNERS.

V.

A PROFESSIONAL REFORMER.

SLEENY walked moodily down the street, engaged in that self-torture which is the chief recreation of unhappy lovers. He steeped his heart in gall by imagining Maud in love with another. His passion stimulated his slow wits into unwonted action, until his mind began to form exasperating pictures of intimacies which drove him half mad. His face grew pale, and his fists were tightly clinched as he walked. He hardly saw the familiar street before him; he had a far clearer vision of Maud and Farnham by the garden gate: her beautiful face was turned up to the young man's with the winning sweetness of a flower, and Sam's irritated fancy supplied the kisses he had watched for in the shadow of the pear-trees. "I 'most wisht he'd 'a' done it," he growled to himself. "I had my hammer in my hand, and I could 'a' finished him then and had no more bother."

He felt a hand on his shoulder, and, turning, saw a face grinning a friendly recognition. It was a face whose whole expression was oleaginous. It was surmounted by a low and shining forehead covered by reeking black hair, worn rather long, the ends being turned under by the brush. The mustache was long and drooping, dyed black and profusely oiled, the dye and the grease forming an inharmonious compound. The parted lips, which were coarse and thin, displayed an imperfect set of teeth, much discolored with tobacco. The eyes were light green, with the space which should have been white suffused with yellow and red. It was one of those gifted countenances which could change in a moment from a dog-like fawning to a snaky venomousness.

The man wore a black hat of soft felt; his clothes were black and glistening with use and grease. He was of medium height, not especially stout, but still strong and well knit; he moved too briskly for a tramp, and his eyes were too sly and furtive to belong to an honest man.

"Well, Samivel!" he began, with a jolly facetiousness, "what's your noble game this evenin'? You look like you was down on your luck. Is the fair one unkind?"

Sam turned upon him with an angry gesture.

"Hold your jaw, or I'll break it for you!"

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Ever since I was fool enough to mention that thing to you, you've been cacklin' about it. I've had enough of it."

"Go slow, Quaker!" the man rejoined. "If you can't take a joke, I'll stop jokin'—that settles it. Come along and get a glass of beer, and you'll feel better."

They soon came to a garden near the lake, and sat down by a little table at their beer. The consumers were few and silent. The garden was dimly lighted, for the spring came slowly up that way, and the air was not yet conducive to out-door idling. The greasy young man laid a dirty hand on the arm of Sleeny, and said:

"Honor bright, now, old fellow, I didn't mean to rough you when I said that. I don't want to hurt your feelings or lose your confidence. I want you to tell me how you are gettin' along. You aint got no better friend than me nowhere."

"Oh," said Sam, sulkily, "I got nothin' to say. She don't no more care for me than that there mug."

The expression that came over his friend's face at these discouraged words was not one of sympathetic sorrow. But he put some sympathy into his voice as he said:

"Jest think of that! Such a fine young fellow as you are, too. Where can her eyes be? And I seen you walking this evenin' by the lake just like two robins. And yet you don't get ahead any!"

"Not a step," said Sam.

"Anybody in your light, you think? Hullo there, Dutchy, swei glass. Any other fellow takin' your wind?" and his furtive eyes darted a keen interrogation. Sam did not answer at once, and his friend went on: "Why, she don't hardly know anybody but me and you, and, he-he! I wouldn't stand no chance at all against you—hum?"

"Of course you wouldn't," said Sam, with slow contempt, which brought the muddy blood into the sallow cheek in front of him. "She wouldn't look at you. I'm not afraid of no man, Andy Offitt,—I'm afraid of money."

He flattered his jealous heart by these words. It was too intolerable to think that any mere man should take his sweetheart away from him; and though he felt how hopeless was any comparison between himself and Farnham, he tried to soothe himself by the lie that they were equal in all but money.

His words startled his friend Offitt. He

exclaimed: "Why, who does she know that's got money?"

But Sleeney felt a momentary revolt against delivering to even his closest confidant the name of the woman he loved coupled with the degrading suspicions by which he had been tormented all day. He gruffly answered: "That's none of your business; you can't help me in this thing, and I aint agoin' to chin about it any more."

They sat for awhile in silence, drank their beer, and ordered more. Offitt at last spoke again:

"Well, I'll be hanged if you aint the best grit of any fellow I know. If you don't want to talk, a team of Morgan horses couldn't make you. I like a man that can hold his tongue."

"Then I'm your huckleberry," said Sleeney, whose vanity was soothed by the compliment.

"That's so," said Offitt, with an admiring smile. "If I wanted a secret kept, I'd know where to come." Then changing his manner and tone to an expression of profound solemnity, and glancing about to guard against surprise, he said: "My dear boy, I've wanted to talk to you a long time,—to talk serious. You're not one of the common kind of cattle that think of nothin' but their fodder and stall—*are you?*"

Now, Sam was precisely of the breed described by his friend, but what man ever lived who knew he was altogether ordinary? He grinned uneasily and answered:

"I guess not."

"Exactly!" said Offitt. "There are some of us laboring men that don't propose to go on all our lives working our fingers off to please a lot of vampires; we propose to have a little fairer divide than heretofore; and if there is any advantage to be gained, we propose to have it on the side of the men who do the work. What do you think of that?"

"That's all solid," said Sleeney, who was indifferently interested in these abstractions. "But what you goin' to do about it?"

"Do!" cried Offitt. "We are goin' to make war on capital. We are goin' to scare the blood-suckers into terms. We are goin' to get our rights—peaceably, if we can't get them any other way. We are goin' to prove that a man is better than a money-bag." He rattled off these words as a listless child says its alphabet without thinking of a letter. But he was closely watching Sam to see if any of these stereotyped phrases attracted his attention. Sleeney smoked his cigar with the air of polite fatigue with which one listens to abstract statements of moral obligations.

"What are we, anyhow?" continued the

greasy apostle of labor. "We are slaves; we are Roosian scurfs. We work as many hours as our owners like; we take what pay they choose to give us; we ask their permission to live and breathe."

"Oh, that's a lie!" Sleeney interrupted, with unbroken calmness. "Old Saul Matchin and me come to an agreement about time and pay, and both of us was suited. Ef he's got his heel onto me, I don't feel it."

Offitt darted a glance of scorn upon the ignoble soul who was content with his bondage; but the mention of Matchin reminded him that he had a final shot in reserve, and he let it off at once.

"Yes, Saul Matchin is a laborin' man himself; but look at his daughter. She would die before she would marry a workman. Why?" and his green eyes darted livid fire as they looked into the troubled ones of Sleeney.

"Well, why?" he asked, slowly.

"Because she loves money more than manhood. Because she puts up her beauty for a higher bidder than any——"

"Now, shet up, will you?" cried Sam, thoroughly aroused. "I wont set here and hear her abused by you or any other man. What business is it of yours, anyway?"

Offitt felt that his shot had gone home, and pursued his advantage.

"It's my business, Sam, because I'm your friend; because I hate to see a good fellow wronged; because I know that a man is better than a money-bag. Why, that girl would marry you in a minute if you was rich. But because you're not she will strike for one of them rose-water snobs on Algonquin Avenue." Sam writhed, and his wheedling tormentor continued, watching him like a ferret. "Perhaps she has struck for one of them already—perhaps—oh, I can't say what may have happened. I hate the world when I see such doin's. I hate the heartless shams that give labor and shame to the toilers and beauty and luxury to the drones. Who is the best man," he asked, with honest frankness, "you, or some high-steppin' snob whose daddy has left him the means to be a sucker all his days? And who would the prettiest girl in Buffland prefer, you or the sucker? And you intend to let Mr. Sucker have it all his own way?"

"No, I don't!" Sam roared, like a baited bull. "Ef any man crosses my path, he can find out which is the best man."

"There, that's more like you. But what can you do alone? That's where they get us foul. The erristocrats, the money power, all hang together. The laborin' men fight singly, and alwuz get whipped. Now, we are goin' to change that. We are goin' to organize. Look here, Sam, I am riskin' my

head in tellin' you this—but I trust you, and I like you, and I'll tell you. We *have* organized. We've got a society in this town pledged to the cause of honest labor and against capital—for life or death. We want you. We want men of sand and men of sense, and you've got both. You must join."

Sam Sleeney was by this time pretty well filled with beer and wrath. He felt himself in a certain sense bound by the weighty secret which Offitt had imparted to him and flattered by his invitation. A few touches more of adroit flattery, and the agitator's victory was complete. Sleeney felt sore and tired to the very heart. He had behaved like a brute to the girl he loved; he had been put clearly in the wrong in his quarrel with her, and yet he was certain that all was not well with either of them. The tormenting syllogism ran continually through his head: "She is the prettiest woman in the world—rich fellows like pretty women,—therefore—death and curses on him!" Or sometimes the form of it would change to this: "He is rich and handsome—girls like men who are rich and handsome,—therefore—," the same rage and imprecations, and the same sense of powerless fury. He knew and cared nothing about Offitt's Labor Reform. He could earn a good living by his trade, no matter who went to Congress, and he hated these "chinny bummers," as he called them, who talked about "State help and self-help" over their beer. But to-night he was tormented and badgered to such a point that he was ready for anything which his tempter might suggest. The words of Offitt, alternately wheedling and exhorting, had turned his foolish head. His hatred of Farnham was easily extended to the class to which he belonged, and even to the money which made him formidable.

He walked away from the garden with Offitt, and turned down a filthy alley to a squalid tenement house,—called by its proprietor Perry Place, and by the neighbors Rook's Ranch,—to the lodge room of the Brotherhood of Bread-winners, which proved to be Offitt's lodging. They found there a half dozen men lounging about the entrance, who scowled and swore at Offitt for being late, and then followed him sulkily up two flights of ill-smelling stairs to his room. He turned away their wrath by soft answers, and hastily lighting a pair of coal-oil lamps, which gave forth odor more liberally than illumination, said briskly:

"Gentlemen, I have brought you a recruit this evenin' that you will all be glad to welcome to our brotherhood."

The brothers, who had taken seats where they could find them, on a dirty bed, a wooden

trunk, and two or three chairs of doubtful integrity, grunted a questionable welcome to the new-comer. As he looked about him, he was not particularly proud of the company in which he found himself. The faces he recognized were those of the laziest and most incapable workmen in the town—men whose weekly wages were habitually docked for drunkenness, late hours, and botchy work. As the room gradually filled, it seemed like a roll-call of shirks. Among them came also a spiritual medium named Bott, as yet imperfectly developed, whose efforts at making a living by dark séances too frequently resulted in the laughter of skeptics and the confusion of his friends. His forehead and cheek were even then purple with an aniline dye, which some cold-blooded investigator had squirted in his face a few nights before while he was gliding through a twilight room impersonating the troubled shade of Pocahontas. This occurrence gave, for the moment, a peculiarly sanguinary and sinister character to his features, and filled his heart with a thirst for vengeance against an unbelieving world.

After the meeting had been called to order, and Sam had taken an oath of a hot and lurid nature, in which he renounced a good many things he had never possessed, and promised to do a lot of things of which he had no idea, Mr. Offitt asked "if any brother had anything to offer for the good of the order." This called Mr. Bott to his feet, and he made a speech, on which he had been brooding all day, against the pride of so-called science, the arrogance of unrighteous wealth, and the groveling superstition of Christianity. The light of the kerosene lamp shone full on the decorated side of his visage, and touched it to a ferocious purpose. But the brotherhood soon wearied of his oratory, in which the blasphemy of thought and phrase was strangely contrasted with the ecclesiastical whine which he had caught from the exhorters who were the terror of his youth. The brothers began to guy him without mercy. They requested him to "cheese it"; they assisted him with uncalled-for and inappropriate applause, and one of the party got behind him and went through the motion of turning a hurdy-gurdy. But he persevered. He had joined the club to practice public speaking, and he got a good half hour out of the brothers before they coughed him down.

When he had brought his speech to a close, and sat down to wipe his streaming face, a brother rose and said, in a harsh, rasping voice, "I want to ask a question."

"That's in order, Brother Bowersox," said Offitt.

The man was a powerful fellow, six feet

high. His head was not large, but it was as round as an apple, with heavy cheek-bones, little eyes, close-cut hair, and a mustache like the bristles of a blacking-brush. He had been a driver on a street-car, but had recently been dismissed for insolence to passengers and brutality to his horses.

"What I want to ask is this: I want to know if we have joined this order to listen to chin-music the rest of our lives, or to do somethin'. There is some kind of men that kin talk tell day of jedgment, lettin' Gabrel toot and then beginnin' ag'in. I aint that kind; I jined to do somethin';—what's to be done?"

He sat down with his hand on his hip, squarely facing the luckless Bott, whose face grew as purple as the illuminated side of it. But he opened not his mouth. Offitt answered the question:

"I would state," he said glibly, "the objects we propose to accomplish: the downfall of the money power, the rehabilitation of labor, the——"

"Oh, yes!" Bowersox interrupted, "I know all about that,—but what are we goin' to do?"

Offitt paled a little, but did not flinch at the savage tone of the surly brute. He began again in his smoothest manner:

"I am of the opinion that the discussion of sound principles, such as we have listened to to-night, is among the objects of our order. After that, organization for mutual profit and protection against the minions of the money power,—for makin' our influence felt in elections,—for extendin' a helpin' hand to honest toil,—for rousin' our bretheren from their lethargy, which, like a leaden pall——"

"I want to know," growled Bowersox, with sullen obstinacy, "what's to be done."

"Put your views in the form of a motion, that they may be properly considered by the meetin'," said the imperturbable president.

"Well, I motion that we stop talkin' and commence doin' ——"

"Do you suggest that a committee be appointed for that purpose?"

"Yes, anything." And the chairman appointed Bowersox, Bott, and Folgum such a committee.

All breathed more freely and felt as if something practical and energetic had been accomplished. The committee would, of course, never meet nor report, but the colloquy and the prompt action taken upon it made every one feel that the evening had been interesting and profitable. Before they broke up, Sleeney was asked for his initiation fee of two dollars, and all the brethren were dunned for their monthly dues.

"What becomes of this money?" the neophyte bluntly inquired of the hierophant.

"It pays room rent and lights," said Offitt, with unabashed front, as he returned his greasy wallet to his pocket. "The rest goes for propagatin' our ideas, and especially for influencin' the press."

Sleeney was a dull man, but he made up his mind on the way home that the question which had so long puzzled him—how Offitt made his living—was partly solved.

VI.

TWO MEN SHAKE HANDS.

SLEENY, though a Bread-winner in full standing, was not yet sufficiently impressed with the wrongs of labor to throw down his hammer and saw. He continued his work upon Farnham's conservatory, under the direction of Fergus Ferguson, the gardener, with the same instinctive fidelity which had always characterized him. He had his intervals of right feeling and common sense, when he reflected that Farnham had done him no wrong, and probably intended no wrong to Maud, and that he was not answerable for the ill luck that met him in his wooing, for Maud had refused him before she ever saw Farnham. But, once in a while, and especially when he was in company with Offitt, an access of jealous fury would come upon him, which found vent in imprecations which were none the less fervid for being slowly and haltingly uttered. The dark-skinned, unwholesome-looking Bread-winner found a singular delight in tormenting the powerful young fellow. He felt a spontaneous hatred for him, for many reasons. His shapely build, his curly blonde hair and beard, his frank blue eye, first attracted his envious notice; his steady, contented industry excited in him a desire to pervert a workman whose daily life was a practical argument against the doctrines of socialism, by which Offitt made a part of his precarious living; and after he had met Maud Matchin and had felt, as such natures will, the force of her beauty, his instinctive hate became an active, though secret, hostility. She had come one evening with Sleeney to a spiritualist conference frequented by Offitt, and he had at once inferred that Sleeney and she were either engaged to be married or on the straight road toward it. It would be a profanation of the word to say that he loved her at first sight. But his scoundrel heart was completely captivated so far as was possible to a man of his sort. He was filled and fired with a keen cupidity of desire to possess and own such beauty and grace. He railed against marriage, as he did

against religion and order, as an invention of priests and tyrants to enslave and degrade mankind; but he would gladly have gone to any altar whatever in company with Maud Matchin. He could hardly have said whether he loved or hated her the more. He loved her much as the hunter loves the fox he is chasing to its death. He wanted to destroy anything which kept her away from him: her lover, if she had one; her pride, her modesty, her honor, if she were fancy-free. Aware of Sleeney's good looks, if not of his own ugliness, he hated them both for the comeliness that seemed to make them natural mates for each other. But it was not in his methods to proceed rashly with either. He treated Maud with distant respect, and increased his intimacy with Sleeney until he found, to his delight, that he was not the prosperous lover that he feared. But he still had apprehensions that Sleeney's assiduity might at last prevail, and lost no opportunity to tighten the relations between them, to poison and pervert the man who was still a possible rival. By remaining his most intimate friend, he could best be informed of all that occurred in the Matchin family.

One evening, as Sam was about leaving his work, Fergus Ferguson said:

"You'll not come here the morn. You're wanted till the house—a bit o' work in the library. They'll be tellin' you there."

This was faithfully reported by Sam to his confessor that same night.

"Well, you are in luck. I wish I had your chance," said Offitt.

Sam opened his blue eyes in mute wonder.

"Well, what's the chance, and what would you do with it, ef you had it?"

Offitt hesitated a moment before replying.

"Oh, I was just a jokin'. I meant it was such an honor for common folks like us to git inside of the palace of a high-toned cuss like Farnham; and the fact is, Sammy," he continued, more seriously, "I *would* like to see the inside of some of these swell places. I am a student of human nature, you know, in its various forms. I consider the lab'rin' man as the normal healthy human—that is, if he don't work too hard. I consider wealth as a kind of disease; wealth and erristocracy is a kind of dropsy. Now, the true reformer is like a doctor,—he wants to know all about diseases, by sight and handlin'! I would like to study the symptoms of erristocracy in Farnham's house—right in the wards of the hospital."

"Well, that beats me," said Sam. "I've been in a lot of fine houses on Algonquin Avenue, and I never seen anything yet that favored a hospital."

This dense stupidity was almost more than Offitt could bear. But a ready lie came to his aid.

"Looky here!" he continued, "I'll tell you a secret. I'm writin' a story for the 'Irish Harp,' and I want to describe the residence of jess such a vampire as this here Farnham. Now, writin', as I do, in the cause of humanity, I naturally want to git my facts pretty near right. You kin help me in this. I'll call to-morrow to see you while you're there, and I'll get some p'int that'll make Rome howl when they come out."

Sam was hardly educated up to the point his friend imagined. His zeal for humanity and the "rehabitation" of labor was not so great as to make him think it a fine thing to be a spy and a sneak in the houses of his employers. He was embarrassed by the suggestion, and made no reply, but sat smoking his pipe in silence. He had not the diplomatist's art of putting a question by with a smile. Offitt had tact enough to forbear insisting upon a reply.

He was, in fact, possessed of very considerable natural aptitude for political life. He had a quick smile and a ready tongue; he liked to talk and shake hands; he never had an opinion he was not willing to sell; he was always prepared to sacrifice a friend, if required, and to ask favors from his worst enemies. He called himself Andrew Jackson Offitt—a name which, in the West, is an unconscious brand. It generally shows that the person bearing it is the son of illiterate parents, with no family pride or affections, but filled with a bitter and savage partisanship which found its expression in a servile worship of the most injurious personality in American history. But Offitt's real name was worse than Andrew Jackson—it was Ananias, and it was bestowed in this way: When he was about six years old, his father, a small farmer in Indiana, who had been a sodden, swearing, fighting drunkard, became converted by a combined attack of delirium tremens and camp-meeting, and resolved to join the church, he and his household. The morning they were going to the town of Salem for that purpose, he discovered that his pocket had been picked, and the money it contained was found on due perquisition in the blue jeans trowsers of his son Andrew Jackson. The boy, on being caught, was so nimble and fertile in his lies that the father, in a gust of rage, declared that he was not worthy the name of the great President, but that he should be called Ananias; and he was accordingly christened Ananias that morning in the meeting-house at Salem. As long as the old man lived, he called him by that dreadful

name; but when a final attack of the trembling madness had borne him away from earth, the widow called the boy Andrew again, whenever she felt careless about her spiritual condition and the youth behaved himself, but used the name of Sapphira's husband when the lad vexed her, or the obligations of the christening came strongly back to her superstitious mind. The two names became equally familiar to young Offitt, and always afterward he was liable to lapses of memory when called on suddenly to give his prenomens; and he frequently caused hateful merriment among his associates by signing himself Ananias.

When Sam presented himself at Captain Farnham's house the next morning, he was admitted by Budsey, who took him to the library and showed him the work he was to do. The heat of the room had shrunk the wood of the heavy doors of carved oak so that the locks were all out of position. Farnham was seated by his desk, reading and writing letters. He did not look up as Sam entered, and paid no attention to the instructions Budsey was giving him. For the first time in his life, Sleeney found that this neglect of his presence was vaguely offensive to him. A week before, he would no more have thought of speaking to Farnham, or being spoken to by him, than of entering into conversation with one of the busts on the book-cases. Even now he had no desire to talk with the proprietor of the house. He had come there to do certain work which he was capable of doing well, and he preferred to do it and not be bothered by irrelevant gossip. But, in spite of himself, he felt a rising of revolt in his heart, as he laid out his tools, against the quiet gentleman who sat with his back to him, engaged in his own work and apparently unconscious of Sleeney's presence. A week before, they had been nothing to each other, but now a woman had come between them, and there is no such powerful conductor in nature. The quiet in which Farnham sat seemed full of insolent triumph to the luckless lover, and scraps of Offitt's sounding nonsense went through his mind: "A man is more than a money-bag"; "the laborer is the true gentleman"; but they did not give him much comfort. Not until he became interested in his work did he recover the even beat of his pulse and the genuine workman-like play of his faculties. Then he forgot Farnham's presence in his turn, and enjoyed himself in a rational way with his files and chisels and screw-drivers.

He had been at work for an hour at one door, and had finished it to his satisfaction, and sat down before another, when he heard

the bell ring, and Budsey immediately afterward ushered a lady through the hall and into the drawing-room. His heart stood still at the rustle of the dress,—it sounded so like Maud's; he looked over his shoulder through the open door of the library and saw, to his great relief, that there were two female figures taking their seats in the softly lighted room beyond. One sat with her back to the light, and her features were not distinctly visible; the other was where he could see three-quarters of her face clearly relieved against the tapestry portière. There is a kind of beauty which makes glad every human heart that gazes on it, if not utterly corrupt and vile, and it was such a face as this that Sam Sleeney now looked at with a heart that grew happier as he gazed. It was a morning face, full of the calm joy of the dawn, of the sweet dreams of youth untroubled by love, the face of Aurora before she met Tithonus. From the little curls of gold on the low brow to the smile that hovered forever, half formed, on the softly curving lips and over the rounded chin, there was a light of sweetness, and goodness, and beauty, to be read of all men, and perhaps in God's good time to be worshipped by one.

Budsey announced "Mrs. Belding and Miss Halice," and Farnham hastened to greet them.

If Sam Sleeney had few happy hours to enjoy, he could at least boast himself that one was beginning now. The lovely face bore to his heart not only the blessing of its own beauty, but also a new and infinitely consoling thought. He had imagined till this moment, in all seriousness, that Maud Matchin was the prettiest woman in the world, and that therefore all men who saw her were his rivals, the chief of whom was Farnham. But now he reflected, with a joyful surprise, that in this world of rich people there were others equally beautiful, and that here, under Farnham's roof, on terms of familiar acquaintance with him, was a girl as faultless as an angel,—one of his own kind. "Why, of course," he said to himself, with a candid and happy self-contempt, "that's *his* girl—you dunderheaded fool—what are you botherin' about?"

He took a delight which he could not express in listening to the conversation of these friends and neighbors. The ladies had come over, in pursuance of an invitation of Farnham's, to see the additions which had recently arrived from Europe to his collection of bronzes and pottery, and some little pictures he had bought at the English water-color exhibition. As they walked about the rooms, expressing their admiration of the profusion of pretty things which filled the cabinets and encumbered the tables, in words equally pretty and profuse, Sleeney listened to their

voices as if it were music played to cheer him at his work. He knew nothing of the things they were talking about, but their tones were gentle and playful; the young lady's voice was especially sweet and friendly. He had never heard such voices before; they are exceptional everywhere in America, and particularly in our lake country, where the late springs develop fine high sopranos, but leave much to be desired in the talking tones of women. Alice Belding had been taught to use her fine voice as it deserved, and Cordelia's intonations could not have been more "soft, gentle, and low,—an excellent thing in woman."

After awhile, the voices came nearer, and he heard Farnham say:

"Come in here a moment, please, and see my new netsukes; I got them at a funny little shop in Ostend. It was on a Sunday afternoon, and the man of the house was keeping the shop, and I should have got a great bargain out of him, but his wife came in before we were through, and scolded him for an imbecile and sent him into the back room to tend the baby, and made me pay twice what he had asked for my little monsters."

By this time they were all in the library, and the young lady was laughing, not loudly, but musically, and Mrs. Belding was saying: "Served you right for shopping on Sunday. But they are adorable little images, for all that."

"Yes," said Farnham, "so the woman told me, and she added that they were authentic of the twelfth century. I asked her if she could not throw off a century or two in consideration of the hard times, and she laughed, and said I blagued, and honestly she didn't know how old they were, but it was *drôle, tout de même, qu'on pût adorer un petit bon Dieu d'une laideur pareille*."

"Really, I don't see how they can do it," said Mrs. Belding, solemnly; at which both the others laughed, and Miss Alice said, "Why, mamma, you have just called them adorable yourself."

They went about the room, admiring, and touching, and wondering, with the dainty grace of ladies accustomed to rare and beautiful things, until the novelties were exhausted and they turned to go. But Budsey at that moment announced luncheon, and they yielded to Farnham's eager importunity, and remained to share his repast.

They went to the dining-room, leaving Sleeney more than content. He still heard their voices, too distant to distinguish words; but he pleased himself by believing that there was a tender understanding in the tones of

Farnham and Miss Belding when they addressed each other, and that it was altogether a family party. He had no longer any feeling of slight or neglect because none of them seemed aware of his presence while they were in the room with him. There was, on the contrary, a sort of comfort in the thought that he belonged to a different world from them; that he and Maud were shut out—shut out together—from the society and the interests which claimed the Beldings and the Farnhams. "You was a dunderheaded fool," he said, cheerfully apostrophizing himself again, "to think everybody was crazy after your girl." And he did an honest and hearty day's work for Farnham that day.

He was brought down to a lower level by hearing the door open, and the voice of Offitt asking if Mr. Sleeney was in.

"No one of that name here," said Budsey.

"I was told at Matchin's he was here."

"Oh! the young man from Matchin's. He is in the library," and Offitt came in, looking more disreputable than usual, as he had greased his hair inordinately for the occasion. Budsey evidently regarded him with no favorable eye; he said to Sleeney, "This person says he comes from Matchin's; do you know him?"

"Yes, it's all right," said Sam, who could say nothing less; but when Budsey had left them, he turned to Offitt with anything but welcome in his eye.

"Well, you're come, after all."

"Yes," Offitt answered, with an uneasy laugh. "Curiosity gets us all, from Eve down. What a lay-out this is, anyhow," and his small eyes darted rapidly around the room. "Say, Sam, you know Christy Fore, that hauls for the Safe Company? He was telling me about the safe he put into this room—said nobody'd ever guess it was a safe. Where the devil is it?"

"I don't know. It's none of my business, nor yours either."

"I guess you got up wrong foot foremost, Sam, you're so cranky. Where can the thing be? Three doors and two windows and a fire-place, and all the rest book-cases. By Jinx! there it is, I'll swear." He stepped over to one of the cases where a pair of oaken doors, rich with arabesque carving, veiled a sort of cabinet. He was fingering at them when Sam seized him by the shoulder, and said:

"Look here, Andy, what is your game, anyhow? I'm here on business, and I aint no fence, and I'll just trouble you to leave."

Offitt's face turned livid. He growled:

"Of all Andylusian jacks, you're the beat. I aint agoin' to hurt you nor your friend

Farnham. I've got all the p'int I want for my story, and devilish little thanks to you, neither. And say, tell me, aint there a back way out? I don't want to go by the dinin'-room door. There's ladies there, and I aint dressed to see company. Why, yes, this fits me like my sins," and he opened the French window, and stepped lightly to the gravel walk below, and was gone.

Sleeny resumed his work, ill content with himself and his friend. "Andy is a smart fellow," he thought; "but he had no right to come snoopin' around where I was at work, jist to get points to worry Mr. Farnham with."

The little party in the drawing-room was breaking up. He heard their pleasant last words, as the ladies resumed their wraps and Farnham accompanied them to the door. Mrs. Belding asked him to dinner, "with nobody but ourselves," and he accepted with a pleased eagerness. Sleeny got one more glimpse of the beautiful face under the gray hat and feather, and blessed it as it vanished out of the door. As Farnham came back to the library, he stood for a moment by Sam, and examined what he had done.

"That's a good job. I like your work on the green-house, too. I know good work when I see it. I worked one winter as a boss carpenter myself."

It seemed to Sleeny like the voice of a brother speaking to him. He thought the presence of the young lady had made everything in the house soft and gentle.

"Where was you ever in that business?" he asked.

"In the Black Hills. I sawed a million feet of lumber and built houses for two hundred soldiers. I had no carpenters; so I had to make some. I knew more about it when I got through than when I began."

Sleeny laughed — a cordial laugh that wagged his golden beard and made his white teeth glisten.

"I'll bet you did!" he replied.

The two men talked a few minutes like old acquaintances; then Sleeny gathered up his tools and slung them over his shoulder, and as he turned to go both put out their hands at the same instant, with an impulse that surprised each of them, and said "Good-morning."

VII.

GHOSTLY COUNSEL.

A MAN whose intelligence is so limited as that of Sam Sleeny is always too rapid and rash in his inferences. Because he had seen Farnham give Maud a handful of roses, he was ready to believe things about their relations that had filled him with fury; and now,

because he had seen the same man talking with a beautiful girl and her mother, the conviction was fixed in his mind that Farnham's affections were placed in that direction, and that he was therefore no longer to be dreaded as a rival. He went home happier, in this belief, than he had been for many a day; and so prompt was his progress in the work of deceiving himself, that he at once came to the conclusion that little or nothing now stood between him and the crowning of his hopes. His happiness made him unusually loquacious, and at the supper-table he excited the admiration of Matchin and the surprise of Maud by his voluble history of the events of the day. He passed over Offitt's visit in silence, knowing that the Matchins detested him; but he spoke with energetic emphasis of the beauty of the house, the handsome face and kindly manners of Farnham, and the wonderful beauty and sweetness of Alice Belding.

"Did that bold thing go to call on him alone?" cried Miss Maud, thoroughly aroused by this supposed offense against the proprieties of life.

"Why, no, Mattie," said Sam, a little disconcerted. "Her ma was along."

"Why didn't you say so, then?" asked the unappeased beauty.

"I forgot all about the old lady, though she was more chinny than the young one. She just seemed like she was a-practicin' the mother-in-law, so as to do it without stumblin' when the time come."

"Hullo! Do you think they are strikin' a match?" cried Saul, in high glee. "That would be first-rate. Keep the money and the property all together. There's too many of our rich girls marryin' out of the State lately — keeps buildin' dull."

"I don't believe a word of it," Maud interposed. "He aint a man to be caught by a simperin' school-girl. And as to money, he's got a plenty for two. He can please himself when he marries."

"Yes, but may be he wont please you, Mattie, and that would be a pity," said the ironical Saul.

The old man laughed loudly at his own sarcasm, and pushed his chair back from the table, and Maud betook herself to her own room, where she sat down, as her custom was, by the window, looking over the glowing lake, and striving to read her destiny as she gazed into the crimson and golden skies. She did not feel at all so sure as she pretended that there was no danger of the result that Sleeny had predicted; and now that she was brought face to face with it, she was confounded at discovering how much it meant to her. She was carrying a dream in her heart which would make or

rain her, according as it should prove true or false. She had not thought of herself as the future wife of Farnham with any clearness of hope, but she found she could not endure the thought of his marrying any one else and passing forever out of her reach. She sat there, bitterly ruminating, until the evening glow had died away from the lake and the night breeze spread its viewless wings and flapped heavily in over the dark ridge and the silent shore. Her thoughts had given her no light of consolation; her chin rested on her hands, her elbows on her knees; her large eyes, growing more luminous in the darkness, stared out at the gathering night, scarcely noting that the sky she gazed at had changed from a pompous scene of red and yellow splendor to an infinite field of tender and dark violet, fretted with intense small stars.

"What shall I do?" she thought. "I am a woman. My father is poor. I have got no chance. Jurildy is happier to-day than I am, and got more sense."

She heard a timid rap at her door, and asked, sharply:

"Who's there?"

"It's me," said Sleeney's submissive voice.

"What do you want?" she asked again, without moving.

"Mr. Bott give me two tickets to his séance to-night,"—Sam called it "seeuns,"—"and I thought mebbe you'd like to go."

There was silence for a moment. Maud was thinking: "At any rate, it will be better than to sit here alone and cry all the evening." So she said: "I'll come down in a minute." She heard Sam's heavy step descending the stairs, and thought what a different tread another person had; and she wondered whether she would ever "do better" than take Sam Sleeney; but she at once dismissed the thought. "I can't do that; I can't put my hand in a hand that smells so strong of sawdust as Sam's. But he is a good soul, and I am sorry for him, every time I look in the glass."

Looking in the glass, as usual, restored her good humor, and she started off to the ghostly rendezvous with her faithful attendant. They never talked very much when they were alone together, and this evening both were thoughtful. Maud had never taken this commerce with ghosts much to heart. She had a feeling, which she could hardly have defined, that it was a common and plebeian thing to believe in it, and if she ever heard it ridiculed she joined in the cry without mercy. But it was an excitement and an interest in a life so barren of both that she could not afford to throw it away. She had not intelligence enough to be disgusted or shocked by it. If pressed to explain the amount of her faith in

the whole business, she would probably have said she thought "there was something in it," and stopped at that. In minds like hers, there is no clearly drawn line between the unusual and the supernatural. An apparent miracle pleased her as it would please a child, without setting her to find out how it was done. She would consult a wizard, taking the chances of his having occult sources of information, with the same irregular faith in the unlikely with which some ladies call in homeopathic practitioners.

All the way to the rooms of Bott, she was revolving this thought in her mind: "Perhaps he could tell me something about Mr. Farnham. I don't think much of Bott; he has too many knuckles on his hands. I never saw a man with so many knuckles. I wouldn't mention Mr. Farnham to him to save his life, but I might get something out of him without telling him anything. He is certainly a very smart man, and whether it's spirits or not, he knows lots of things."

It was in this mood that she entered the little apartment where Bott held what he called his "Intermundane Séances." The room was small and stuffy. A simulacrum of a chest of drawers in one corner was really Bott's bed, where the seer reposed at night, and which, tilted up against the wall during the day, contained the rank bedclothes, long innocent of the wash-tub. There were a dozen or so of cane-bottom chairs, a little table for a lamp, but no other furniture. At one side of the room was a small closet without a door, but with a dark and dirty curtain hung before its aperture. Around it was a wooden railing, breast high.

A boy with a high forehead, and hair combed behind ears large and flaring like those of a rabbit, sat by the door, and took the tickets of invited guests and the half-dollars of the casuals. The seer received everybody with a nerveless shake of a clammy hand, showed them to seats, and exchanged a word or two about the weather, and the "conditions," favorable or otherwise, to spiritual activity. When he saw Maud and Sam his tallowy face flushed, in spots, with delight. He took them to the best places the room afforded, and stammered his pleasure that they had come.

"Oh! the pleasure is all ours," said Maud, who was always self-possessed when she saw men stammering. "It's a great privilege to get so near to the truth as you bring us, Mr. Bott."

The prophet had no answer ready; he merely flushed again in spots, and some new arrivals called him away.

The room was now pretty well filled with

the unmistakable crowd which always attend such meetings. They were mostly artisans, of more intellectual ambition than their fellows, whose love of the marvelous was not held in control by any educated judgment. They had long, serious faces, and every man of them wore long hair and a soft hat. Their women were generally sad, broken-spirited drudges, to whom this kind of show was like an opera or a ball. There were two or three shame-faced believers of the better class, who scoffed a little but trembled in secret, and a few avowed skeptics, young clerks on a mild spree, ready for fun if any should present itself.

Bott stepped inside the railing by the closet, and placing his hands upon it, addressed the assembly. He did not know what peculiar shape the manifestations of the evening might take. They were in search of truth; all truth was good. They hoped for visitors from the unseen speers; he could promise nothing. In this very room the spirits of the departed had walked and talked with their friends; perhaps they might do it again; he knew not. How they mingled in the earth-life, he did not pretend to say; perhaps they materialized through the mejum; perhaps they dematerialized material from the audience which they rematerialized in visible forms; as to that, the opinion of another—he said with a spacious magnanimity—was as good as his. He would now request two of the audience to step up and tie him. One of the long-haired ruminant men stood up, and a young fellow, amid much nudging and giggling among the scorners, was also forced from his chair. They came forward, the believer with a business-like air, which showed practice, and the young skeptic blushing and ill at ease. Bott took a chair inside the curtain, and showed them how to tie him. They bound him hand and foot, the believer testified that the binding was solid, and the skeptic went to his seat, playfully stepping upon the toes of his scoffing friends. The curtain was lowered, and the lamp was turned down.

In a few moments, a scuffling sound was heard in the closet, and Bott's coat came flying out into the room. The believer pulled back the curtain, and Bott sat in his chair, his shirt sleeves gleaming white in the dusk. His coat was laid over his shoulders, and almost as soon as the curtain was lowered he yelled for light, and was disclosed sitting tied as before, clothed in his right coat.

Again the curtain went down, amid a sigh of satisfaction from the admiring audience, and a choking voice, which tried hard not to sound like Bott's, cried out from the closet: "Turn down the light; we want more power." The kerosene lamp was screwed

down till hardly a spark illumined the visible darkness, and suddenly a fiery hand appeared at the aperture of the closet, slowly opening and shutting its long fingers.

A half dozen voices murmured: "A spirit hand"; but Sam Sleeney whispered to Maud: "Them are Bott's knuckles, for coin." The hand was withdrawn and a horrible face took its place—a pallid corpse-like mask, with lambent fire sporting on the narrow forehead and the high cheek-bones. It staid only an instant, but Sam said, "That's the way Bott will look in —."

"Hush!" said Maud, who was growing too nervous to smile, for fear of laughing or crying.

A sound of sobbing came from a seat to the right of them. A poor woman had recognized the face as that of her husband who had died in the army, and she was drawing the most baleful inferences from its fiery adjuncts.

A moment later, Bott came out of the closet, crouching so low that his head was hardly two feet from the ground. He had a sheet around his neck, covering his whole person, and a white cap over his head, concealing most of his face. In this constrained attitude he hopped about the clear space in front of the audience with a good deal of dexterity, talking baby-talk in a shrill falsetto. "Howdy, pappa! Howdy, mamma! Itty Tудie tum adin!"

A rough man and woman, between joy and grief, were half hysterical. They talked to the toad-like mountebank in the most endearing tones, evidently believing it was their dead baby toddling before them. Two or three times the same horrible imposture was repeated. Bott never made his appearance without somebody recognizing him as a dear departed friend. The dim light, the unwholesome excitement, the servile credulity fixed by long habit, seemed to produce a sort of passing dementia upon the regular habitués.

With these performances the first part came to an end. The light was turned on again, and the tying committee was requested to come forward and examine the cords with which Bott still seemed tightly bound. The skeptic remained scornfully in his seat, and so it was left for the believer to announce that not a cord had been touched. He then untied Bott, who came out from the closet, stretching his limbs as if glad to be free, and announced that there would be a short intermission for an interchange of views.

As he came toward Maud, Sam rose and said:

"Whew! he smells like a damp match. I'll go out and smoke a minute, and come back."

Bott dropped into the seat which Sleeney had left.

To one who has never attended one of these queer *cenacula*, it would be hard to comprehend the unhealthy and even nauseous character of the feeling and the conversation there prevalent. The usual decent restraints upon social intercourse seem removed. Subjects which the common consent of civilized creatures has banished from mixed society are freely opened and discussed. To people like the ordinary run of the believers in spiritism, the opera, the ballet, and the annual Zola are unknown, and they must take their excitements where they can find them. The dim light, the unhealthy commerce of fictitious ghosts, the unreality of act and sentiment, the unwonted abandon, form an atmosphere in which these second-hand mystics float away into a sphere where the morals and the manners are altogether different from those of their working days.

Miss Matchin had not usually joined in these morbid discussions. She was of too healthy an organization to be tempted by so rank a mental feast as that, and she had a sort of fierce maidenhood about her which revolted at such exposures of her own thought. But to-night she was sorely perplexed. She had been tormented by many fancies as she looked out of her window into the deepening shadows that covered the lake. The wonders she had seen in that room, though she did not receive them with entire faith, had somewhat shaken her nerves; and now the seer sat beside her, his pale eyes shining with his own audacity, his lank hair dripping with sweat, his hands uneasily rubbing together, his whole attitude expressive of perfect subjection to her will.

"Why isn't this a good chance?" she thought. "He is certainly a smart man. Horrid as he looks, he knows lots. May be he could tell me how to find out."

She began in her airiest manner: "Oh, Mr. Bott, what a wonderful gift you have got! How you must look down on us poor mortals!"

Bott grew spotted, and stammered:

"Far from it, Miss Matchin. I couldn't look down on you."

"Oh, you're flattering. That's not right, because I believe every word you say—and that aint true."

She rushed desperately on in the same light tone.

"I'm going to ask you something very particular. I don't know who can tell me, if you can't. How can a young lady find out whether a young gentleman is in love with her or not? Now, tell me the truth this time," she said, with a nervous titter, "for it's very important."

This question from any one else would not have disconcerted Bott in the least. Queries

as absurd had frequently been put to him in perfect good faith, and answered with ready and impudent ignorance. But, at those rattling words of Maud Matchin, he turned livid and purple, and his breath came heavily. There was room for but one thought in that narrow heart and brain. He had long cherished a rather cowardly fondness for Maud, and now that this question was put to him by the agitated girl, his vanity would not suffer him to imagine that any one but himself was the subject of her dreams. There was, to him, nothing especially out of the way in this sort of indirect proposal on the part of a young woman. It was entirely in keeping with the general tone of sentiment among the people of his circle, which aimed at nothing less than the emancipation of the world from its old-fashioned decencies.

But he would not answer hastily; he had a coward's caution. He looked a moment at the girl's brilliant color, her quick, high breathing, her eager eyes, with a gloating sense of his good luck. But he wanted her thoroughly committed. So he said, with an air in which there was already something offensively protecting:

"Well, Miss Matchin, that depends on the spear. If the affection be unilateral, it is one thing; if it be reciprocal, it is another. The currents of soul works in different ways."

"But what I mean is, if a young lady likes a young gentleman pretty well, how is she going to find out for sure whether he likes her?" She went intrepidly through these words, though her cheeks were burning, and her eyes would fall in spite of her, and her head was singing.

There was no longer any doubt in Bott's mind. He was filled with an insolent triumph, and thought only of delaying as long as possible the love chase of which he imagined himself the object. He said, slowly and severely:

"The question is too imperious to be answered in haste. I will put myself in the hands of the sperruts, and answer it as they choose after the intermission."

He rose and bowed, and went to speak a word or two to his other visitors. Sam came back and took his seat by Maud, and said:

"I think the fun is about over. Less go home."

"Go home yourself, if you want to," was the petulant reply. "I am going to stay for the inspirational discourse."

"Oh, my!" said Sam. "That's a beautiful word. You don't know how pretty your mouth looks when you say that." Sam had had his beer, and was brave and good-natured.

Bott retired once more behind the railing, but took his seat in a chair outside the cur-

tain, in full view of the audience. He sat for some minutes motionless, staring at vacancy. He then slowly closed his eyes, and a convulsive shudder ran through his frame. This was repeated at rapid intervals, with more or less violence. He next passed his hands alternately over his forehead, as if he were wiping it, and throwing some invisible, sticky substance, with a vicious snap, to right and left. At last, after a final shudder, which stiffened him into the image of death for a moment, he rose to his feet and, leaning on the railing, began to intone, in a dismal whine, a speech of which we need give only the opening words.

"Dear brothers and sisters of the earth-life! On pearly wings of gossamer-down we float down from our shining speers to bring you messages of the higher life. Let your earth-soul be lifted to meet our sperrut-soul; let your earth-heart blend in sweet accord with our heaven-heart; that the beautiful and the true in this weary earth-life may receive the bammy influence of the Eden flowrets, and rise, through speers of disclosure, to the plane where all is beautiful and all is true."

He continued in this strain for some time, to the evident edification of his audience, who listened with the same conventional tolerance, the same trust that it is doing your neighbor good, with which the ordinary audience sits under an ordinary sermon. Maud, having a special reason for being alert, listened with a real interest. But during his speech proper he made no allusion to the subject on which she had asked for light. It was after he had finished his harangue, and had gone through an *entr'acte* of sighs and shudders, that he announced himself once more in the hands of the higher intelligences, and ready to answer questions. "It does not need," he whined, "the word of the mouth or the speech of the tongue to tell the sperruts what your souls desire. The burden of your soul is open to the sperrut-eye. There sits in this room a pure and lovely soul in quest of light. Its query is, How does heart meet heart in mutual knowledge?"

Maud's cheek grew pale and then red, and her heart beat violently. But no one noticed her, and the seer went on. "If a true heart longs for another, there is no rest but in knowledge, there is no knowledge but in trewth, there is no trewth but in trust. Oh, my brother, if you love a female, tell your love. Oh, my sister, if you love—hum—if you love—hum—an individual of the opposite sex—oh, tell your love! Down with the shams of a false-hearted society; down with the chains of silence that crushes your soul to the dust! If the object of your hearts' throbs is noble, he will respond. Love claims

love. Love has a right to love. If he is base, go to a worthier one. But from your brave and fiery heart a light will kindle his, and dual flames will wrap two chosen natures in high-menial melodies, when once the revealing word is spoke."

With these words he subsided into a deep trance, which lasted till the faithful grew tired of waiting and shuffled slowly out of the door. When the last guest had gone, he rose from his chair, with no pretense of spiritual dignity, and counted his money and his tickets. He stretched himself in two chairs, drew his fingers admiringly through his lank locks, while a fatuous grin of perfect content spread over his face, as he said aloud to himself, "She has got it bad. I wonder whether she will have the nerve to ask me. I'll wait awhile, anyhow. I'll lose nothing by waiting."

Meanwhile, Maud was walking rapidly home with Sam. She was excited and perplexed, and did not care to answer Sam's rather heavy pleasantries over the evening's performance. He ridiculed the spirit-lights, the voices, and the jugglery, without provoking a reply, and at last he said:

"Well, what do you think of his advising the girls to pop? This aint leap year!"

"What of that?" she answered, hastily. "I don't see why a girl hasn't as good a right to speak her mind as a man."

"Why, Mattie," said Sam, with slow surprise, "no decent girl would do that."

They had come to Matchin's gate. She slipped in, then turned and said:

"Well, don't be frightened, Mr. Sleeney; I'm not going to propose to you," and she was gone from his sight.

She went directly to her room, and walked up and down a few moments without taking off her hat, moving with the easy grace and the suppressed passion of an imprisoned panther. Then she lighted her lamp and placed it on her bureau at one side of her glass. She searched in her closet and found a candle, which she lighted and placed on the other side of the glass. She undressed with reckless haste, throwing her clothes about on the floor, and sat down before her mirror with bare arms and shoulders, and nervously loosened her hair, watching every movement with blazing eyes. The thick masses of her blue-black curls fell down her back and over her sloping shoulders, which glowed with the creamy light of old ivory. The unequal rays of the lamp and candle made singular effects of shadow on the handsome face, the floating hair, and the strong and wholesome color of her neck and arms. She gazed at herself with eager eyes and parted lips, in an anxiety too great to be assuaged by her girlish pride

in her own beauty. "This is all very well," she said, "but he will not see me this way. Oh! if I only dared to speak first. I wonder if it would be as the spirits said. 'If he is noble, he will respond!'" He *is* noble, that's sure. 'Love claims love,' they said. But I don't know as I love him. I *would*, if that would fetch him, quick enough;" and the hot blood came surging up, covering neck and brow with crimson.

VIII.

A BUD AND A BLOSSOM.

FARNHAM was sitting the next evening in his library, when Budsey entered and said Mr. Ferguson desired to see him. The gaunt Scotchman came in and said with feverish haste: "The cereus grandiflorus will be goin' to bloom the night. The buds are tremblin' and laborin' now." Farnham put on his hat and went to the conservatory, which was separated from the house by the entire extent of the garden. Arriving there, the gardener took him hurriedly to an inner room, dimly lighted, — a small square piece between the ferns and the grapes, — where the regal flower had a wall to itself. Two or three garden chairs were disposed about the room. Ferguson mounted on one of them, and turned up the gas so that its full light shone upon the plant. The bud was a very large one, perfect and symmetrical; the strong sheath, of a rich and even brown, as yet showed only a few fissures of its surface, but even now a faint odor stole from the travelling sphere, as from a cracked box of alabaster filled with perfume.

The face of the canny Fergus was lighted up with an eager joy. He had watched the growth and progress of this plant from its infancy. He had leaned above its cradle and taken pride in its size and beauty. He had trained it over the wall — from which he had banished every rival — in large and graceful curves, reaching from the door of the fernery to the door of the graperies, till it looked, in the usual half light of the dim chamber, like a well-regulated serpent maturing its designs upon the neighboring paradise; and now the time was come when he was to see the fruit of his patience and his care.

"Heaven be thankit," he murmured devoutly, "that I was to the fore when it came."

"I thank you, Fergus, for calling me," said Farnham, smiling. "I know it must have cost you an effort to divide such a sight with any one."

"It's your siller bought it," the Scotchman answered sturdily; "but there's nobody knows

it, or cares for it, as I do,—and that's the truth."

His glance was fixed upon the bud, which seemed to throb and stir as he spoke. The soft explosive force within was at work so strongly that the eye could watch its operation. The fissures of the sheath widened visibly and turned white as the two men looked at them.

"It is a shame to watch this beautiful thing happening for only us," Farnham said to the gardener. "Go and tell Mrs. Belding, with my compliments, and ask her and Miss Belding to come down." But observing his crest-fallen expression, he took compassion on him, and said: "No, you had better remain, for fear something should happen in your absence. I will go for the ladies."

"I hope ye'll not miss it," said Fergus, but his eyes and his heart were fixed upon the bud, which was slowly gaping apart, showing a faint tinge of gold in its heart.

Farnham walked rapidly up the garden, and found the Beldings at the door, starting for evening service with their prayer-books in their hands.

"Do you wish to see the prettiest thing you ever saw in your lives? of course I except your mirrors when in action," he began, without salutation. "If so, come this moment to my conservatory. My night-blooming cereus has her coming-out party to-night."

They both exclaimed with delight, and were walking with him toward the garden. Suddenly, Mrs. Belding stopped and said:

"Alice, run and get your sketch-book and pencil. It will be lovely to draw the flower."

"Why, mamma! we shall not have time for a sketch."

"There, there! do as I tell you, and do not waste time in disputing."

The young girl hesitated a moment, and then, with instinctive obedience, went off to fetch her drawing materials, while her mother said to Farnham:

"Madame de Veaudry says Alice is very clever with her pencil; but she is so modest I shall have to be severe with her to make her do anything. She takes after me. I was very clever in my lessons, but never would admit it."

Alice came down the steps. Farnham, seeing her encumbered by her books, took them from her, and they went down the walks to the conservatory. They found Ferguson sitting, with the same rapt observation, before his tropical darling. As the ladies entered, he rose to give them seats, and then retired to the most distant corner of the room, where he spent the rest of the evening entirely unaware of any one's presence, and given up to

the delight of his eyes. The bud was so far opened that the creamy white of the petals could be seen within the riven sheath, whose strong dark color exquisitely relieved the pallid beauty it had guarded so long. The silky stamens were still curled about the central style, but the splendor of color which was coming was already suggested, and a breath of intoxicating fragrance stole from the heart of the immaculate flower.

They spoke to each other in low tones, as if impressed with a sort of awe at the beautiful and mysterious development of fragrant and lovely life going forward under their sight. The dark eyes of Alice Belding were full of that vivid happiness which strange and charming things bring to intelligent girlhood. She was looking with all her soul, and her breath was quick and high, and her soft red lips were parted and tremulous. Farnham looked from her to the flower and back again, gazing on both with equal safety, for the one was as unconscious of his admiring glances as the other.

Suddenly, the sound of bells floated in from the neighboring street, and both of the ladies started. "No, don't you go," said Mrs. Belding to her daughter. "I must, because I have to see my 'Rescue the Perishing.' But you can just as well stay here and make your sketch. Mr. Farnham can take care of you, and I will be back in an hour."

"But, mamma!" cried Miss Alice, too much scandalized to speak another word.

"I won't have you lose this chance," her mother continued. "I am sure Mr. Farnham will not object to taking care of you a little while; and if he hasn't the time, Fergus will bring you home—hm, Fergus?"

"Ay, madam, with right guid will," the gardener said, his hard face softening into a smile.

"There, sit down in that chair and begin your sketch. It is lovely just as it is." She waited until Alice, whose confusion had turned her face crimson, had taken her seat, opened her sketch-book, and taken her pencils in her trembling hands, and then the brisk and hearty woman drew her shawl about her and bustled to the door.

"I will walk to the church door with you," said Farnham, to the infinite relief of Alice, who regained her composure at the instant, and began with interest to sketch the flower. She thought, while her busy fingers were at work, that she had perhaps been too prudish in objecting to her mother's plan. "He evidently thinks nothing of it, and why should I?"

By the time Farnham returned, the cereus had attained its full glory of bloom. Its vast petals were thrown back to their fullest extent, and shone with a luminous beauty in

which its very perfume seemed visible; the countless recurved stamens shot forth with the vigorous impulse and vitality of sun rays; from the glowing center to the dark fringe with which the shattered sheath still accented its radiant outline it blazed forth, fully revealed; and its sweet breath seemed the voice of a pride and consciousness of beauty like that of the goddess on Mount Ida, calmly triumphant in the certainty of perfect loveliness.

Alice had grown interested in her task, and looked up for only an instant with her frank, clear eyes as Farnham entered. "Now, where shall I sit?" he asked. "Here, behind your right elbow, where I can look over your shoulder and observe the work as it goes on?"

"By no means. My hand would lose all its little cunning in that case."

"Then I will sit in front of you and study the artistic emotions in your face."

"That would be still worse, for you would hide my subject. I am sure you are very well as you are," she added, as he seated himself in a chair beside her, a little way off.

"Yes, that is very well. I have the flower three-quarters and you in profile. I will study the one for a panel and the other for a medal."

Miss Alice laughed gently. She laughed often from sheer good humor, answering the intention of what was said to her better than by words.

"Can you sketch and talk too?" asked Farnham.

"I can sketch and listen," she said. "You will talk and keep me amused."

"Amusement with malice aforethought! The order affects my spirits like a Dead March. How do the young men amuse young ladies nowadays? Do they begin by saying, 'Have you been very gay lately?'"

Again Miss Alice laughed. "She is an easy-laughing girl," thought Farnham. "I like easy-laughing girls. When she laughs, she always blushes a very little. It is worth while talking nonsense to see a girl laugh so pleasantly and blush so prettily."

It is not worth while, however, to repeat all the nonsense Farnham uttered in the next hour. He got very much interested in it himself, and was so eager sometimes to be amusing that he grew earnest, and the gentle laugh would cease and the pretty lips would come gravely together. Whenever he saw this, he would fall back upon his trifling again. He had the soldier's fault of point-blank compliment, but with it an open sincerity of manner which relieved his flattery of any offensiveness. He had practiced it in several capitals with some success. A dozen times this even-

ing, a neat compliment came to his lips and stopped there. He could hardly understand his own reserve before this laughing young lady. Why should he not say something pretty about her hair and eyes, about her graceful attitude, about the nimble play of her white fingers over the paper? He had uttered frank flatteries to peeresses without rebuke. But he held his hand before this school-girl, with the open dark-brown eyes and a club of yellow hair at the back of her neck. He could not help feeling that, if he talked to her with any forcing of the personal accent, she would stop laughing and the clear eyes would be troubled. He desired anything rather than that, and so the conversation went rattling on as free from personalities as the talk of two light-hearted and clever school-boys.

At one moment he was describing a bill of fare in a Colorado hotel.

"With nice bread, though, one can always get on," she said.

"True," Farnham answered; "but this bread was of a ghostly pallor and flatness, as if it had been baked by moonlight on a grave-stone."

"The Indian women cook well, do they not?" she asked.

"Some are not so bad as others. One young chief boasted to me of his wife's culinary accomplishments. He had been bragging all the morning about his own exploits, of the men he had killed and the horses he had stolen, and then to establish his standing clearly in my mind, he added: 'My squaw same white squaw—savey pie.'"

"Even there, then, the trail of the pie-crust is over them all."

"No! only over the aristocracy."

"I should like so much to see that wonderful country."

"It is worth seeing," he said, with a curious sinking of the heart, "if you are not under orders."

He could not help thinking what a pleasant thing a journey through that Brobdingnagian fairy-land would be with company like the young girl before him. Nature would be twice as lovely reflected from those brown eyes. The absurdities and annoyances of travel would be made delightful by that frank, clear laugh. The thought of his poor Nellie flitted by him an instant, too gentle and feeble for reproach. Another stronger thought had occupied his mind.

"You ought to see it. Your mamma will need rest before long from her Rescue-the-Perishings, and you are overworking yourself dreadfully over that sketch-book. There is a touch of malaria about the fountain in Bluff

Park. Colorado will do you both no end of good. I feel as if I needed it myself. I haven't energy enough to read Mr. Martin's 'Life of the Prince Consort.' I shall speak to Mrs. Belding as soon as she returns."

"Do, by all means. I should like to go, but mamma would not spend three nights in a sleeping-car to see the Delectable Mount-ains themselves."

He rose and walked about the room, looking at the flower and the young artist from different points of view, and seeing new beauties in each continually. There were long lapses of conversation, in which Alice worked assiduously and Farnham lounged about the conservatory, always returning with a quick word and a keen look at the face of the girl. At last he said to himself: "Look here! She is not a baby. She is nearly twenty years old. I have been wondering why her face was so steady and wise." The thought that she was not a child filled his heart with pleasure and his face with light. But his volubility seemed to die suddenly away. He sat for a good while in silence, and started a little as she looked up and said:

"Now, if you will be very gentle, you can see my sketch and tell me what to do next."

It was a pretty and unpretentious picture that she had made. The flower was faithfully though stiffly given, and nothing especially remarkable had been attempted or achieved. Farnham looked at the sketch with eyes in which there was no criticism. He gave Alice a word or two of heartier praise for her work than she knew she deserved. It was rather more than she expected, and she was not altogether pleased to be so highly commended, though she could hardly have said why. Perhaps it was because it made her think less of his critical faculty. This was not agreeable, for her admiration of him from her childhood had been one of the greatest pleasures of her life. She had regarded him as children regard a brilliant and handsome young uncle. She did not expect from him either gallantry or equality of treatment.

"There! Do not say too much about it—you will make me ashamed of it. What does it lack?"

"Nothing, except something on the right to balance the other side. You might sketch in roughly a half-opened flower on the vine about there," indicating the place.

She took her pencils and began obediently to do what he had suggested. He leaned over her shoulder, so near her she could feel his breath on the light curls that played about her ear. She wished he would move. She grew nervous, and at last said:

"I am tired. You put in that flower."

He took the book and pencils from her, as she rose from her chair and gave him her place, and with a few strong and rapid strokes finished the sketch.

"After all," she said to herself, with hearty appreciation, "men do have the advantage of girls. He bothered me dreadfully, and I did not bother him in the least. And yet I stood as near to him as he did to me."

Mrs. Belding came in a moment later. She was in high spirits. They had had a good meeting—had converted a Jew, she thought. She admired the sketch very much; hoped

Alice had been no trouble to Farnham. He walked home with the ladies, and afterward smoked a cigar with great deliberation under the limes.

Mrs. Belding asked Alice how they had got on.

"He did not eat you, you see. You must get out of your ideas of men, especially men of Arthur Farnham's age. He never thinks of you. He is old enough to be your father."

Alice kissed her mother and went to her own room, calculating on the way the difference between her age and Captain Farnham's.

(To be continued.)

A BURNS PILGRIMAGE.

A SHINING-BEACHED crescent of country facing to the sunset, and rising higher and higher to the east till it becomes mountain, is the county of Ayrshire, fair and famous among the southern Scotch Highlands. To a sixty-mile measure by air, between its north and south promontories, it stretches a curving coast of ninety; and when Robert Burns strolled over its breezy uplands, he saw always beautiful and mysterious silver lines of land thrusting themselves out into the mists of the sea, pointing to far-off island peaks, seeming sometimes to bridge and sometimes to wall vistas ending only in sky. These lines are as beautiful, elusive, and luring now as then, and in the inalienable loyalty of nature bear testimony to-day to their lover.

This is the greatest crown of the hero and the poet. Other great men hold fame by failing records which moth and fire destroy. The places that knew them know them no more when they are dead. Marble and canvas and parchment league in vain to keep green his memory who did not love and consecrate by his life-blood, in fight or in song, the soil where he trod. But for him who has done this,—who fought well, sang well,—the morning cloud, and the wild rose, and broken blades of grass under men's feet, become immortal witnesses; so imperishable, after all, are what we are in the habit of calling the "perishable things of this earth."

More than two hundred years ago, when the followers and holders of the different baronies of Ayrshire compared respective dignities and values, they made a proverb which ran:

"Carrick for a man; Kyle for a coo;
Cunningham for butter and cheese; Galloway for woo."

Before the nineteenth century set in, the proverb should have been changed, for Kyle

is the land through which "Bonny Doon" and Irvine Water run; and there has been never a man in all Carrick of whom Carrick can be proud, as is Kyle of Robert Burns. It has been said that a copy of his poems lies on every Scotch cottager's shelf, by the side of the Bible. This is probably not very far from the truth. Certain it is, that in the villages where he dwelt there seems to be no man, no child, who does not apparently know every detail of the life he lived there, nearly a hundred years ago.

"Will ye be drivin' over to Tarbolton in the morning?" said the pretty young vicelandlady of the King's Arms at Ayr, when I wrote my name in her visitors' book late one Saturday night.

"What made you think of that?" I asked, amused.

"And did ye not come on account o' Burns?" she replied. "There's been a many from your country here by reason of him this summer. I think you love him in America a'most as well as we do oursel's. It's vary seldom the English come to see anythin' about him. They've so many poets o' their own, I suppose, is the reason o' their not thinkin' more o' Burns."

All that there was unflattering in this speech I forgave by reason of the girl's sweet low voice, pretty gray eyes, and gentle, refined hospitality. She might have been the daughter of some country gentleman, welcoming a guest to the house. And she took as much interest in making all the arrangements for my drive to Tarbolton the next morning as if it had been a pleasure excursion for herself. It is but a dull life she leads, helping her widowed mother keep the King's Arms—dull, and unprofitable too, I fear, for it takes four men-servants and seven women to keep up the house, and I saw no

symptom of any coming or going of customers in it. A stillness as of a church on week-days reigned throughout the establishment. "At the races and when the yeomanry come," she said, there was something to do; but "in the winter nothing, except at the times of the county balls. You know, ma'am, we've many county families here," she remarked with gentle pride, "and they all stop with us."

There is a compensation to the lower orders of a society where rank and castes are fixed, which does not readily occur at first sight to the democratic mind naturally rebelling against such defined distinctions. It is very much to be questioned whether, in a republic, the people who find themselves temporarily lower down in the social scale than they like to be or expect to stay, feel, in their consciousness of the possibility of rising, half so much pride or satisfying pleasure as do the lower classes in England, for instance, in their relations with those whom they serve, whose dignity they seem to share by ministering to it.

The way from Ayr to Tarbolton must be greatly changed since the day when the sorrowful Burns family trod it, going from the Mount Oliphant farm to that of Lochlea. Now it is for miles a smooth road, on which horses' hoofs ring merrily, and neat little stone houses, with pretty yards, line it on both sides for some distance. The ground rises almost immediately, so that the dwellers in these little suburban houses get fine off-looks seaward and a wholesome breeze in at their windows. The houses are built joined by twos, with a yard in common. They have three rooms besides the kitchen, and they rent for twenty-five pounds a year; so no industrious man of Ayr need be badly lodged. Where the houses leave off, hedges begin—thorn and beech, untrimmed and luxuriant, with great outbursts of white honeysuckle and sweet-brier at intervals. As far as the eye could see were waving fields of wheat, oats, and "rye-grass," which last being just ripe was of a glorious red color. The wheat-fields were rich and full, sixty bushels to the acre. Oats, which do not take so kindly to the soil and air, produce sometimes only forty-eight.

Burns was but sixteen when his father moved from Mount Oliphant to the Lochlea farm, in the parish of Tarbolton. It was in Tarbolton that he first went to dancing-school, joined the Freemasons, and organized the club which, no doubt, cost him dear, "The Bachelors of Tarbolton." In the beginning, this club consisted only of five members besides Burns and his brother; afterward it was enlarged to sixteen. Burns drew up the rules, and the last one—the tenth—is worth re-

membering, as an unconscious defining on his part of his ideal of human life:

"Every man proper for a member of this society must have a friendly, honest, open heart, above everything dirty or mean, and must be a professed lover of one or more of the sex. The proper person for this society is a cheerful, honest-hearted lad, who, if he has a friend that is true, and a mistress that is kind, and as much wealth as genteelly to make both ends meet, is just as happy as this world can make him."

Walking to-day through the narrow streets of Tarbolton, it is well-nigh impossible to conceive of such rollicking good cheer having made abiding-place there. It is a close, packed town, the houses of stone or white plaster,—many of them low, squalid, with thatched roofs and walls awry; those that are not squalid are grim. The streets are winding and tangled; the people look poor and dull. As I drove up to the "Crown Inn," the place where the Tarbolton Freemasons meet now, and where some of the relics of Burns's Freemason days are kept, the "first bells" were ringing in the belfry of the old church opposite, and the landlord of the inn replied with a look of great embarrassment to my request to see the Burns relics:

"It's the Sabbath, mem."

Then he stood still, scratching his head for a few moments, and then set off, at full run, down the street without another word.

"He's gone to the head Mason," explained the landlady. "It takes three to open the chest. I think ye'll na see it the day," and she turned on her heel with a frown and left me.

"They make much account o' the Sabbath in this country," said my driver. "Another day ye'd do better."

Thinking of Burns's lines to the "Unco Guid," I strolled over into the church-yard opposite, to await the landlord's return. The bell-ringer had come down, and followed me curiously about among the graves. One very old stone had carved upon it two high-top boots; under these, two low shoes; below these, two kneeling figures, a man and a woman, cut in high relief; no inscription of any sort.

"What can it mean?" I asked.

The bell-ringer could not tell; it was so old nobody knew anything about it. His mother, now ninety years of age, remembered seeing it when she was a child, and it looked just as old then as now.

"There's a many strange things in this grave-yard," said he; and then he led me to a corner where, inclosed by swinging chains and stone posts, was a carefully kept square of green turf, on which lay a granite slab. "Every year comes the money to pay for

keeping that grass green," he said, "and no name to it. It's been going on that way for fifty years."

The stone wall around the grave-yard was dilapidated and in parts was falling down.

"I suppose this old wall was here in Burns's time," I said.

"Ay, yes," said the bell-ringer, and pointing to a low, thatched cottage just outside it, "and yon shop—many's the time he's been in it playin' his tricks."

The landlord of the inn now came running up, with profuse apologies for the ill success of his mission. He had been to the head Mason, hoping he would come over and assist in the opening of the chest, in which were kept a Mason's apron worn by Burns, some jewels of his, and a book of minutes kept by him. But "bein' 's it's the Sabbath," and "he's sick in bed," and it was "against the rules to open the regalia chest unless three Masons were present," the kindly landlord, piling up reason after reason, irrespective of their consistency with each other, went on to explain that it would be impossible; but I might see the chair in which Burns always sat. This was a huge oaken chair, black with age, and furrowed with names cut deep in the wood. It was shaped and proportioned like a child's high chair, and had precisely such a rest for the feet as is put on children's high chairs. To this day the Grand Mason sits in it at their meetings, and will so long as the St. James Lodge exists.

"They've been offered hundreds of pounds for that chair, mem, plain as it is. You'd not think it; but there's no money'd buy it from the lodge," said the landlord.

The old club-house where the jolly "Bachelors of Tarbolton" met in Burns's day is a low, two-roomed, thatched cottage, half in ruins. The room where the bachelors smoked, drank, and sang is now little more than a cellar filled with rubbish and filth,—nothing left but the old fire-place to show that it was ever inhabited. In the other half of the cottage lives a laborer's family,—father, mother, and a young child: their one room, with its bed built into the wall, and their few delf dishes on the dresser, is probably much like the room in which Burns first opened his wondrous eyes. The man was lying on the floor playing with his baby. At the name of Burns, he sprang up with a hearty "Ay, weel," and ran out in his blue stocking feet to show me the cellar, of which, it was plainly to be seen, he was far prouder than of his more comfortable side of the house. The name by which the inn was called in Burns's day he did not know. But "He's a Mason over there: he'll know," he cried; and, before I could prevent

him, he had darted, still shoeless, across the road, and asked the question of a yet poorer laborer, who was taking his Sunday on his door-sill with two bairns between his knees. He had heard, but had "forgotten." "Feyther'll know," said the wife, coming forward with the third bairn, a baby, in her arms. "I'll rin an ask feyther." The old man tottered out and gazed with a vacant, feeble look at me, while he replied impatiently to his daughter: "Manson's Inn, 'twas called; ye've heard it times eneuch."

"I care say you always drink Burns's health at the lodge when you meet," I said to the laborer.

"Ay, ay, his health's ay dronkit," he said, with a coarse laugh, "weel dronkit."

A few rods to the east, and down the very road Burns was wont to come and go between Lochlea and Tarbolton, still stands "Willie's mill,"—cottage, and mill, and shed, and barn, all in one low, long, oddly joined (or jointed) building of irregular heights, like a telescope pulled out to its full length; a little brook and a bit of gay garden in front. In the winter the mill goes by water from a lake near by; in the summer by steam—a great change since the night when Burns went

"Todlin' down on Willie's mill,"

and though he thought he

"Was na fou, but just had plenty,"

could not for the life of him make out to count the moon's horns.

"To count her horns, wi' a' my power,

I set mysel' ;—

But whether she had three or four

I could na tell."

To go by road from Tarbolton to Lochlea farm is to go around three sides of a square, east, north, and then west again. Certain it is that Burns never took so many superfluous steps to do it; and as I drove along I found absorbing interest in looking at the little cluster of farm buildings beyond the fields, and wondering where the light-footed boy used to "cut across" for his nightly frolics. There is nothing left at Lochlea now of him or his; nothing save a worn lintel of the old barn. The buildings are all new, and there is a look of thrift and comfort about the place, quite unlike the face it must have worn in 1784. The house stands on a rising knoll, and from the windows looking westward and seaward there must be a fine horizon and headlands to be seen at sunset. Nobody was at home on this day except a barefooted servant-girl, who was keeping the house while the family were at church. She came to the

door with an expression of almost alarm, at the unwonted apparition of a carriage driving down the lane on Sunday, and a stranger coming in the name of a man dead so long ago. She evidently knew nothing of Burns except that, for some reason connected with him, the old lintel was kept and shown. She was impatient of the interruption of her Sabbath, and all the while she was speaking kept her finger in her book—"Footprints of Jesus"—at the place where she had been reading, and glanced at it continually, as if it were an amulet which could keep her from harm through the worldly interlude into which she had been forced.

"It's a pity ye came on the Sabba-day," remarked the driver again, as we drove away from Lochlea. "The country people 'ull not speak on the Sabbath." It would have been useless to try to explain to him that the spectacle of this Scottish "Sabba-day" was of itself of almost as much interest as the sight of the fields in which Robert Burns had walked and worked.

The farm of Mossiel, which was Burns's next home after Lochlea, is about three miles from Tarbolton, and only one from Mauchline. Burns and his brother Gilbert had become tenants of it a few months before their father's death in 1784. It was stocked by the joint savings of the whole family; and each member of the family was allowed fair rates of wages for all labor performed on it. The allowance to Gilbert and to Robert was seven pounds a year each, and it is said that, during the four years that Robert lived there, his expenses never exceeded this pittance.

To Mossiel he came with new resolutions. He had already reaped some bitter harvests from the wild oats sown during the seven years at Lochlea. He was no longer a boy. He says of himself at this time:

"I entered on Mossiel with a full resolution, 'Come, go; I will be wise.'"

Driving up the long straight road which leads from the highway to the hawthorn fortress in which the Mossiel farm buildings stand, one recalls these words, and fancies the brave young fellow striding up the field, full of new hope and determination. The hawthorn hedge to-day is much higher than a man's head, and completely screens from the road the farm-house and the outbuildings behind it. The present tenants have lived on the farm forty years, the first twenty in the same house which stood there when Robert and Gilbert Burns pledged themselves to pay one hundred and twenty pounds a year for the farm. When the house was rebuilt, twenty years ago, the old walls were used in part, and the windows were left in the same

places; but, instead of the low, sloping-roofed, garret-like rooms upstairs, where Burns used to sleep and write, are now comfortable chambers of modern fashion.

"Were you not sorry to have the old house pulled down?" I said to the comely, aged farm-wife.

"Deed, then, I was very prood," she replied; "it had na 'comodation, and the thatch took in the rain an' all that was vile."

In the best room of the house hung two autograph letters of Burns's plainly framed: one, his letter to the lass of —, asking her permission to print the poem he had addressed to her; the other, the original copy of the poem. These were "presented to the house by the brother of the lady," the woman said, and they had "a great value now." But when she first came to this part of the country she was "vary soorpreezed" to find the great esteem in which Burns's poetry was held. In the North, where she had lived, he was "na thocht weel of." Her father had never permitted a copy of his poems to be brought inside his doors, and had forbidden his children to read a word of them. "He thocht them too rough for us to read." It was not until she was a woman grown, and living in her husband's house, that she had ever ventured to disobey this parental command, and she did not now herself think they were "fitted for the reading of young pairsons." "There was much more discreet writin's," she said severely; an opinion which there was no gainsaying.

There is a broader horizon to be seen, looking westward from the fields of Mossiel, than from those of Lochlea; the lands are higher and nobler of contour. Superb trees, which must have been superb a century ago, stand to right and left of the house,—beeches, ashes, oaks, and planes. The fields which are in sight from the house are now all grass-grown. I have heard that, twenty years ago, it was confidently told in which field Burns, plowing late in the autumn, broke into the little nest of the

"Wee sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,"

whom every song-lover has known and pitied from that day to this, and whose misfortunes have answered ever since for a mint of re-assuring comparison to all of us, remembering that "the best-laid schemes o' mice an' men" must "gang aft aglee"; and the other field, also near by, where grew that mountain daisy,

"Wee, modest, crimson-tipp'd flower,"

whose name is immortal in our hearts as that of Burns. This farm-wife, however, knew nothing about them. The stern air of the

north country in which she had been reared still chilled somewhat her thoughts of Burns and her interest in his inalienable bond on the fields of her farm.

It is but a mile from Mossiel's gate to Mauchline, the town of "bonnie Jean" and Nansie Tinnoch and Gavin Hamilton. Surely a strange-assorted trio to be comrades of one man. Their houses are still standing: Jean's, a tumble-down, thatched cottage, looking out-of-place enough between the smart, new houses built on either side of it; Gavin Hamilton's, a dark, picturesque stone house, joined to the ruins of Mauchline Castle; and Nansie Tinnoch's, a black and dilapidated hovel, into which it takes courage to go. It stands snuggled up against the wall of the old grave-yard, part below it and part above it—a situation as unwholesome as horrible; a door at the head of the narrow stair-way opening out into the grave-yard itself, and the slanting old stones leering in at the smoky windows by crowds. In the days when all the "country side" met at the open air services in this church-yard,

"Some thinkin' on their sins, an' some on their claes,"

no doubt Nansie Tinnoch's was a lighter, whiter, cheerier place than now; else the "Jolly Beggars" would never have gone there to tipple.

It was the nooning between services when I reached Mauchline, and church-goers from a distance were taking their beer and crackers decorously in the parlor of the inn. As the intermission was only three-quarters of an hour long, this much of involuntary dissipation was plainly forced on them; but they did not abuse it, I can testify. They partook of it as of a Passover: young men and maidens as sober and silent as if they had been doing solemn penance for sins, as indeed, from one point of view, it might perhaps be truly said that they were.

By dint of some difficult advances I drew one or two of them into conversation about the Mossiel farm and the disappearance of the old relics of Burns's life in that region. It was a great pity, I said, that the Mossiel house had to be taken down.

"Deed, then, it was na such thing," spoke up an elderly man. "It was na moor than a wreck, an' I'm the mon who did it."

He was the landlord of the farm, it appeared. He seemed much amused at hearing of the farm-wife's disapproval of Burns's verses and of her father's prohibition of them.

"He was a heepocritical auld Radical, if ye knows him," he said, angrily. "I hope we'll never have any worse readin' in our

country than Robert Bur-r-r-rs." The prolongation of the "r" in the Scotch way of saying "Burns" is something that cannot be typographically represented. It is hardly a rolling of the "r," nor a multiplication of it; but it takes up a great deal more time and room than any one "r" ought to.

After the landlady had shown to me the big hall where the Freemasons meet, "the Burns' Mother Lodge," and the chest which used to hold the regalia at Tarbolton in Burns's day, and the little bedroom in which Stedman and Hawthorne had slept,—coming also to look at Burns's fields,—she told me in a mysterious whisper that there was a nephew of Burns's in the kitchen, who would like to see me, if I would like to see him. "A nephew of Burns's!" I exclaimed. "Weel, not exactly," she explained, "but he's a grand-nephew of Burns's wife; she that was Jean, ye know," with a deprecating nod and lowering of the eyelid. So fast is the clutch of a Scotch neighborhood on its traditions of offended virtue, even to-day poor Jean cannot be mentioned by a landlady in her native town without a small stone cast backward at her.

Jean's grand-nephew proved to be a middle-aged man; not "ower weel-to-do," the landlady said. He had tried his hand at doctoring both in Scotland and America,—a rolling stone evidently, with too much of the old fiery blood of his race in his veins for quiet and decorous prosperity. He, too, seemed only half willing to speak of poor "Jean"—his kinswoman; but he led me to the cottage where she had lived, and pointed out the window from which she was said to have leaned out many a night listening to the songs of her lover when he sauntered across from the Whiteford Arms, Johnny Pigeon's house, just opposite, "not fou, but having had plenty" to make him merry and affectionate. Johnny Pigeon's is a "coöperative store" now; and new buildings have altered the line of the street so that "Rob Mossiel" would lose his way there to-day.

The room in which Burns and his "bonnie Jean" were at last married in Gavin Hamilton's house, by Hamilton himself, is still shown to visitors. This room I had a greater desire to see than any other spot in Mauchline. "We can but try," said the grand-nephew; "but it's a small chance of seeing it the Sabba."

The sole tenant of this house now is the widow of a son of Gavin Hamilton's. Old, blind, and nearly helpless, she lives there alone with one family servant, nearly as old as herself, but hale, hearty, and rosy as only an old Scotch woman can be. This servant opened the door for us, her cap, calico gown,

and white apron all alike bristling with starch, religion, and pride of family. Her mistress would not allow the room to be shown on the Sabbath, she said. Imploringly it was explained to her that no other day had been possible, and that I had come "all the way from America."

"Ye did na do weel to tak the Sabbath," was her only reply, as she turned on her heel to go with the fruitless appeal to her mistress. Returning, she said curtly,

"She winna shew it on the Sabbath."

At this crisis my companion, who had kept in the background, stepped forward with:

"You don't know me, Elspie, do ye?"

"No, sir," she said stiffly, bracing herself up mentally against any further heathenish entreaties.

"What, not know — — —?" repeating his name in full.

Presto! as if changed by a magician's trick, the stiff, starched, religious, haughty family retainer disappeared, and there stood, in the same cap, gown, and apron, a limber, rollicking, well-nigh improper old woman, who poked the grand-nephew in the ribs, clapped him on the shoulder, chuckling, ejaculating, questioning, wondering, laughing, all in a breath. Reminiscence on reminiscence followed between them.

"An' do ye mind Barry, too?" she asked. (This was an old man-servant of the house.) "An' many's the quirkle, an' many's the gree we had."

Barry was dead. Dead also was the beautiful girl whom my companion remembered well—dead of a broken heart before she was eighteen years of age. Forbidden to marry her lover, she had drooped and pined. He went to India and died. It was in a December the news of his death came, just at Christmas time, and in the next September she followed him.

"Ay, but she was a bonnie lass," said Elspie, the tears rolling down her face.

"I dare say she (nodding his head toward the house)—I dare say she's shed many a salt tear over it, but naeboddy'll ever know she repentit," quoth the grand-nephew.

"Ay, ay," said Elspie. "There's a wee bit closet in every hoos."

"'Twas in that room she died," pointing up to a small ivy-shaded window. "I closed her eyes wi' my hands. She's never spoken of. She was a bonnie lass."

The picture of this desolate old woman, sitting there alone in her house, helpless, blind, waiting for death to come and take her to meet that daughter whose young heart was broken by her cruel will, seemed to shadow the very sunshine on the greensward

in the court. The broken arches and crumbling walls of the old stone abbey ruins seemed, in their ivy mantles, warmly, joyously venerable by contrast with the silent, ruined, stony old human heart still beating in the house they joined.

In spite of my protestations, the grand-nephew urged Elspie to show us the room. She evidently now longed to do it; but, casting a fearful glance over her shoulder, said:

"I daur na! I daur na! I could na open the door that she'd na hear't," and she seemed much relieved when I made haste to assure her that on no account would I go into the room without her mistress's permission. So we came away, leaving her gazing regretfully after us, with her hand shading her eyes from the sun.

Going back from Mauchline to Ayr, I took another road, farther to the south than the one leading through Tarbolton, and much more beautiful, with superb beech trees meeting overhead, and gentlemen's country seats, with great parks, on either hand.

On this road is Montgomerie Castle, walled in by grand woods, which Burns knew so well.

"Ye banks and braes and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry,
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary."

Sitting in the sun, on a bench outside the gate-house, with his little granddaughter on his lap, was the white-haired gate-keeper. As the horses' heads turned toward the gate, he arose slowly, without a change of muscle, and set down the child, who accepted her altered situation also without a change of muscle in her sober little face.

"Is it allowed to go in?" asked the driver.

"Eh—ye'll not be calling at the hoos?" asked the old man, surprised.

"No, I'm a stranger; but I like to see all the fine places in your country," I replied.

"I've no orders," looking at the driver reflectively; "I've no orders—but—a decent pairson"—looking again scrutinizingly at me,—"I think there can be no hairm," and he opened the gate.

Grand trees, rolling tracts of velvety turf, an ugly huge house of weather-beaten stone, with white pillars in front; conservatories joining the wings to the center; no attempt at decorative landscape art; grass, trees, distances,—these were all; but there were miles of these. It was at least a mile's drive to the other entrance to the estate, where the old

stone gate-way house was in ruin. I fancy that it was better kept up in the days before an Earl of Eglingstoun sold it to a plain Mr. Patterson.

At another fine estate nearer Ayr, where an old woman was gate-keeper and also had "no orders" about admitting strangers, the magic word "America" threw open the gates with a sweep, and bent the old dame's knees in a courtesy which made her look three times as broad as she was long. This estate had been "always in the Oswald family, an' is likely always to be, please God," said the loyal creature, with another courtesy at the mention, unconsciously devout as that of the Catholic when he crosses himself. "An' it's a fine country ye've yersel' in America," she added, politely. The Oswald estate has acres of beautiful curving uplands, all green and smooth and open; a lack of woods near the house, but great banks of sunshine instead, make a beauty all their own; and the Ayr Water running through the grounds, and bridged gracefully here and there, is a possession to be coveted. From all points is a clear sight of sea, and headlands north and south,—Ayr harbor lying like a crescent, now silver, now gold, afloat between blue sky and green shore, and dusky gray roof-lines of the town.

The most precious thing in all the parish of Ayr is the cottage in which Burns was born. It is about two miles south from the center of the town, on the shore of "Bonnie Doon," and near Alloway Kirk. You cannot go thither from Ayr over any road except the one Tam o' Shanter took: it has been straightened a little since his day, but many a rod of it is the same that Maggie trod; and Alloway Kirk is as ghostly a place now, even at high noon, as can be found "frae Maiden-kirk to Johnny Groat's." There is nothing left of it but the walls and the gable, in which the ancient bell still hangs, intensifying the silence by its suggestion of echoes long dead.

The Burns cottage is now a sort of inn, kept by an Englishman whose fortunes would make a tale by themselves. He fought at Balaklava and in our civil war; and side by side on the walls of his dining-room hang, framed, his two commissions in the Pennsylvania Volunteers and the menu of the Balaklava Banquet, given in London to the brave fellows that came home alive after that fight. He does not love the Scotch people.

"I would not give the Americans for all the Scotch ever born," he says, and is disposed to speak with unjust satire of their apparent love of Burns, which he ascribes to a perception of his recognition by the rest of the world and a

shamefaced desire not to seem to be behind-hand in paying tribute to him.

"Oh, they let on to think much of him," he said. "It's money in their pockets."

The room in which Burns was born is still unaltered, except in having one more window let in. Originally, it had but one small square window of four panes. The bed is like the beds in all the old Scotch cottages, built into the wall, similar to those still seen in Norway. Stifling enough the air surely must have been in the cupboard bed in which the "wa' boy" was born.

"The gossip keekit in his loof;
Quo' scho, 'Wha lives will see the proof,—
This waly boy will be nae coof;
I think we'll ca' him Robin.'"

Before he was many days old, or, as some traditions have it, on the very night he was born, a violent storm "tired" away part of the roof of the poor little "clay biggin," and mother and babe were forced to seek shelter in a neighbor's cottage. Misfortune and Robin early joined company and never parted. The little bedroom is now the show-room of the inn, and is filled with tables piled with the well-known boxes, pincushions, baskets, paper-cutters, etc., made from sycamore wood grown on the banks of Doon and Ayr. These articles are all stamped with some pictures of scenery associated with Burns or with quotations from his verses. It is impossible to see all this money-making without thinking what a delicious, rollicking bit of verse Burns would write about it himself if he came back to-day. There are those who offer for sale articles said to be made out of the old timbers of the Mossiel house; but the Balaklava Englishman scouts all that as the most barefaced imposture. "There wasn't an inch of that timber," he says,—and he was there when the house was taken down—"which wasn't worm-eaten and rotten; not enough to make a knife-handle of!"

One feels disposed to pass over in silence the "Burns Monument," which was built in 1820, at a cost of over three thousand pounds; "a circular temple supported by nine fluted Corinthian columns emblematic of the nine muses," say the guide-books. It stands in a garden overlooking the Doon, and is a painful sight. But in a room in the base of it are to be seen some relics at which no Burns lover can look unmoved: the Bibles he gave to Highland Mary, the ring with which he wedded Jean (taken off after her death), and two rings containing some of his hair.

It is but a few steps from this monument down to a spot on the "banks o' bonnie Doon," from which is a fine view of the "auld brig."

This shining, silent water, and the overhanging, silent trees, and the silent bell in the gable of Alloway Kirk, speak more eloquently of Burns than do all nine of the Corinthian muse-dedicated pillars in his monument.

So do the two brigs of Ayr, which still stand at the foot of High street, silently re-terminating each other as of old.

"I doubt na, frien', ye'll think ye'r nae sheep-shank
When ye are streakit o'er frae bank to bank,"

sneers the Auld; and

"Will your poor, narrow foot-path of a street,
Where twa wheelbarrows tremble when they meet,
Your ruined, formless bulk o' stane and lime,
Compare wi' bonny brigs o' modern time?"

retorts the New; and "the sprites that owre the brigs of Ayr preside" never interrupt the quarrel. Spite of all its boasting, however, the new bridge cracked badly two years ago, and had to be taken down and entirely rebuilt.

The dingy little inn where

"Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious,"

is still called by his name, and still preserves, as its chief claims to distinction, the big wooden mug out of which Tam drank and the chair in which he so many market nights

"gat planted unco richt."

The chair is of oak, well-nigh black as ebony, and furrowed thick with names cut upon it. The smart young landlady who now keeps the house commented severely on this desecration of it, and said that for some years the house had been "keepit" by a widow, who was "in no sense up to the beesiness," and "a' people did as they pleased in the hoos in her day." The mug has a metal rim and base, but spite of these it has needed to be clasped together again by three ribs of cane, riveted on. "Money couldn't buy it," the landlady said. It belongs to the house, is mentioned always in the terms of lease, and the house has changed hands but four times since Tam's day.

In a tiny stone cottage in the southern suburbs of Ayr live two nieces of Burns, daughters of his youngest sister Isabella. They are vivacious still, and eagerly alive to all that goes on in the world, though they must be well on in the seventies. The day I called they had "just received a newspaper from America," they said. "Perhaps I knew it. It was called 'The Democrat.'" As I was not able to identify it by that description, the younger sister made haste to fetch it. It proved to be a paper printed in Madison, Iowa. The old ladies were much interested

in the approaching American election, had read all they could find about General Garfield, and were much impressed by the wise reticence of General Grant. "He must be a very cautious man; disna say enough to please people," they said, with sagacious nods of approbation. They remembered Burns's wife very well, had visited her when she was living, a widow, at Dumfries, and told with glee a story which they said she herself used to narrate, with great relish, of a peddler lad who, often coming to the house with wares to sell in the kitchen, finally expressed to the servant his deep desire to see Mrs. Burns. She accordingly told him to wait, and her mistress would no doubt before long come into the room. Mrs. Burns came in, stood for some moments talking with the lad, bought some trifle of him, and went away. Still he sat waiting. At last the servant asked why he did not go. He replied that she had promised he should see Mrs. Burns.

"But ye have seen her. That was she," said the servant.

"Eh, eh?" said the lad. "Na! never tell me now that was 'bonnie Jean'!"

Burns's mother, too, their grandmother, they recollected well, and had often heard her tell of the time when the family lived at Lochlea, and Robert, spending his evenings at the Tarbolton merry-makings with the Bachelors' Club or the Masons, used to come home late in the night, and she used to sit up to let him in. These doings sorely displeased the father, and at last he said grimly, one night, that he would sit up to open the door for Robert. Trembling with fear, the mother went to bed and did not close her eyes, listening apprehensively for the angry meeting between father and son. She heard the door open, the old man's stern tone, Robert's gay reply, and in a twinkling more the two were sitting together over the fire, the father splitting his sides with half unwilling laughter at the boy's inimitable descriptions and mimicry of the scenes he had left. Nearly two hours they sat there in this way, the mother all the while cramming the bed-clothes into her mouth, lest her own laughter should remind her husband how poorly he was carrying out his threats. After that night "Rob" came home at what hour he pleased, and there was nothing more heard of his father's sitting up to reprove him.

They believed that Burns's intemperate habits had been greatly exaggerated. Their mother was a woman twenty-five years old and the mother of three children when he died, and she had never once seen him the "waur for liquor." "There were vary mony idle people i' the warld, an' a great deal o' talk," they said.

After his father's death, he assumed the position of the head of the house, and led in family prayers each morning, and everybody said, even the servants, that there were never such beautiful prayers heard. He was a generous soul. After he left home he never came back for a visit, however poor he might be, without bringing a present for every member of the family; always a pound of tea for his mother, "and tea was tea then," the old ladies added. To their mother he gave a copy of Thomson's "Seasons," which they still have. They have also some letters of his, two of which I read with great interest. They were to his brother and were full of good advice. In one he says:

"I intended to have given you a sheetful of counsels, but some business has prevented me. In a word, learn taciturnity. Let that be your motto. Though you had the wisdom of Newton or the wit of Swift, garrulousness would lower you in the eyes of your fellow-creatures."

In the other, after alluding to some village tragedy, in which great suffering had fallen on a woman, he says:

"Women have a kind of steady sufferance which qualifies them to endure much beyond the common run of men; but perhaps part of that fortitude is owing to their short-sightedness, as they are by no means famous for seeing remote consequences in their little importance."

The old ladies said that their mother had liked "Jean" on the whole, though "at first not so well, on account of the connection being what it was." She was kindly, cheery, "never bonny"; but had a good figure, danced well and sang well, and worshiped her husband. She was "not intellectual"; "but there's some say a poet shouldn't have an intellectual wife," one of the ingenuous old spinsters remarked, interrogatively. "At any rate, she suited him, an' it was ill speering at her after all that was said and done," the younger niece added, with real feeling in her tone. Well might she say so. If there be a touching picture in all the long list of faithful and ill-used women, it is that of "bonnie Jean"—the unwedded mother of children, the forgiving wife of a husband who betrayed others as he had betrayed her—when she took into her arms and nursed and cared for her husband's child, born of an outcast woman, and bravely answered all curious questioners with, "It's a neebor's bairn I'm bringin' up." She wrought for herself a place and an esteem of which her honest and loving humility little dreamed.

There is always something sad in seeking out the spot where a great man has died. It is like living over the days of his death and burial. The more sympathetically we have

felt the spell of the scenes in which he lived his life, the more vitalized and vitalizing that life was, the more are we chilled and depressed in the presence of places on which his wearied and suffering gaze rested last. As I drove through the dingy, confused, and ugly streets of Dumfries, my chief thought was, "How Burns must have hated this place!" Looking back on it now, I have a half regret that I ever saw it, that I can recall vividly the ghastly grave-yard of St. Michael's, with its twenty-six thousand grave-stones and monuments, crowded closer than they would be in a marble-yard, ranged in rows against the walls without any pretense of association with the dust they affect to commemorate. What a ballad Burns might have written about such a show! And what would it not have been given to him to say of the "Genius of Coila finding her favorite son at the plow, and casting her mantle over him," *i. e.*, the sculptured monument, or, as the sexton called it, "Maw-solem," under which he has had the misfortune to be buried. A great Malvern bath-woman, bringing a bathing-sheet to an unwilling patient, might have been the model for the thing. It is hideous beyond description, and in a refinement of ingenuity has been made uglier still by having the spaces between the pillars filled in with glass. The severe Scotch weather, it seems, was discoloring the marble. It is a pity that the zealous guardians of its beauty did not hold it precious enough to be boarded up altogether.

The house in which Burns spent the first eighteen months of his dreary life in Dumfries is now a common tenement-house at the lower end of a poor and narrow street. As I was reading the tablet let into the wall, bearing his name, a carpenter went by, carrying his box of tools slung on his shoulder.

"He only had three rooms there," said the man, "those three up there," pointing to the windows; "two rooms and a little kitchen at the back."

The house which is usually shown to strangers as his is now the home of the master of the industrial school, and is a comfortable little building joining the school. Here Burns lived for three years; and here, in a small chamber not more than twelve by fifteen feet in size, he died on the 21st of July, 1796, sadly harassed in his last moments by anxiety about money matters and about the approaching illness of his faithful Jean.

Opening from this room is a tiny closet lighted by one window.

"They say he used to make up his poetry in here," said the servant-girl; "but I dare say it is only a supposition; still, it 'ud be a quiet place."

"They say there was a great lot o' papers up here when he died," she added, throwing open the narrow door of a ladder-like stairway that led up into the garret, "writin's that had been sent to him from all over the world, but nobody knew what become of them. Now that he's so much thought aboot, I wonder his widow did not keep them. But, ye know, the poor thing was just comin' to be ill; that was the last thing he wrote when he knew he was dyin', for some one to come and stay with her; and I dare say she was in such a sewither she did not know about anything."

The old stone stairs were winding and narrow—painted now, and neatly carpeted, but worn into depressions here and there by the plodding of feet. Nothing in the house, above or below, spoke to me of Burns so much as did they. I stood silent and rapt on the landing, and saw him coming wearily up, that last time; after which he went no more out forever, till he was borne in the arms of men, and laid away in St. Michael's graveyard to rest.

That night, at my lonely dinner in the

King's Arms, I had the Edinburgh papers. There were in them three editorials headed with quotations from Burns's poems, and an account of the sale in Edinburgh, that week, of an autograph letter of his for ninety-four pounds!

Does he think sadly, even in heaven, how differently he might have done by himself and by Earth, if Earth had done for him then a tithe of what it does now? Does he know it? Does he care? And does he listen when, in lands he never saw, great poets sing of him in words simple and melodious as his own?

"For now he haunts his native land
As an immortal youth: his hand
Guides every plow;
He sits beside each ingle-nook,
His voice is in each rushing brook,
Each rustling bough.

"His presence haunts this room to-night,
A form of mingled mist and light
From that far coast.
Welcome beneath this roof of mine!
Welcome! this vacant chair is thine,
Dear guest and ghost!"*

* Longfellow.

H. H.

LOVE'S POWER.

If I were blind, and thou shouldst enter
E'er so softly in the room,
I should know it,
I should feel it,
Something subtle would reveal it,
And a glory round thee center
That would lighten up the gloom.
And my heart would surely guide me,
With Love's second-sight provide me,
One amid the crowd to find,
If I were blind!

If I were deaf, and thou hadst spoken
Ere thy presence I had known,
I should know it,
I should feel it,
Something subtle would reveal it,
And the seal at once be broken
By Love's liquid undertone.
Deaf to other, stranger voices,
And the world's discordant noises,—
Whisper, wheresoe'er thou art,
'Twill reach my heart!

If I were dead, and thou shouldst venture
Near the coffin where I lay,
I should know it,
I should feel it,
Something subtle would reveal it,
And no look of mildest censure
Rest upon that face of clay.
Shouldst thou kiss me, conscious flashes
Of Love's fire through Death's cold ashes
Would give back the cheek its red,
If I were dead!

Josephine Pollard.

OUR STORY.

I.

I BECAME acquainted with Miss Bessie Vancouver at a reception given by an eminent literary gentleman in New York. The circumstances were a little peculiar. Miss Vancouver and I had each written and recently published a book, and we were introduced to each other as young authors whose works had made us known to the public, and who, consequently, should know each other. The peculiarity of the situation lay in the fact that I had not read Miss Vancouver's book, nor had she read mine. Consequently, although each felt bound to speak of the work of the other, neither of us could do it except in the most general and cautious way. I was quite sure that her book was a novel, but that was all that I knew about it, except that I had heard it well spoken of; but she supposed my book was of a scientific character, whereas, in reality, it also was a novel, although its title did not indicate the fact. There was therefore an air of restraint and stiffness about our first interview which it might not have had if we had frankly acknowledged our shortcomings. But, as the general conversation led her to believe that she was the only person in the room who had not read my book, and me to believe that I was the only one who had not read hers, we were naturally loath to confess the truth to each other.

I next met Miss Vancouver in Paris, at the house of a lady whose parlors are the frequent rendezvous of Americans, especially those given to art or literature. This time we met on different ground. I had read her book and she mine; and as soon as we had shaken hands we began to talk of each other's work, not as if it had been the beginning of a new conversation, but rather as the continuation of one broken off. Each liked the book of the other extremely, and we were free to say so.

"But I am not satisfied with my novel," said Miss Vancouver. "There is too much oneness about it; by which I mean that it is not diversified enough. It is all, or nearly all, about two people, who, of course, have but one object in life, and it seems to me now that their story might have been finished a great deal sooner; though, of course, in that case it would not have been long enough to make a book."

To this I politely answered that I did not agree with her, for the story was interesting

to the very end; but, of course, if she had put more characters into it, and they had been as good in their way as those she already had, the book would have been that much the better. "As for me," I continued, "my trouble is entirely the other way. I have no oneness whatever. My tendency is much more to fifteen or twenty-ness. I carry a story a little way in one direction, and then I stop and go off in another. It is sometimes difficult to make it understood why a character should have been brought into the story at all; and I have had a good deal of trouble in making some of them do something toward the end to show that they are connected with the general plot."

She said she had noticed that there was a wideness of scope in my book; but what she would have said further I do not know, for our hostess now came down upon us and carried off Miss Vancouver to introduce her to an old lady who had successfully steered about fifty barques across that sea on which Miss Vancouver had just set out.

Our next meeting was in a town on the Mediterranean, in the south of France. I had secured board at a large *pension* there, and was delighted to find that Miss Bessie Vancouver and her mother were already inmates of the house. As soon as I had the opportunity, I broached to her an idea which had frequently possessed my mind since our conversation in Paris. I proposed that we should write a story together, something like Erckmann-Chatrian, or Mark Twain and Mr. Warner in "The Gilded Age." Since she had too much unity of purpose and traveled in too narrow a path, and I branched off too much, and had too great a tendency to variety, our styles, if properly blended, would possess all the qualities needed in a good story; and there was no reason why we should not, writing thus together, achieve a success greater, perhaps, than either of us could expect writing alone. I had thought so much on this subject that I was able to say a great deal, and to say it pretty well, too, so far as I could judge. Miss Vancouver listened with great attention, and the more I said, the more the idea pleased her. She said she would take the afternoon to consider the matter, and in the evening she told me in the parlor that she had made up her mind, if I still thought well of the plan, to assist me in writing a story,—this being the polite way in which she

chose to put it,—but that she thought it would be better for us to begin with a short story, and not with a book, for in this way we could sooner see how we would be likely to succeed. Of course I agreed to this proposition, and we arranged that we should meet the next morning in the garden and lay out a plan for our story.

The garden attached to the house in which we lived was a very quaint and pleasant one. It had been made a hundred years ago or more by an Italian nobleman, whose mansion, now greatly altered, had become our present *pension*. The garden was laid out in a series of terraces on the side of a hill, and abounded in walks shaded by orange and lemon trees, arbors, and vine-covered trellises; fountains, half concealed by overhanging ivy; and suddenly discovered stair-ways, wide and shadowy, leading up into regions of greater quaintness and seclusion. Flowers were here, and palm-trees, and great cactus-bushes, with their red fruit half hollowed out by the nibbling birds. From the upper terraces we could see the blue Mediterranean spreading far away on one side, while the snow-covered tops of the Maritime Alps stood bright against the sky. The garden was little frequented, and altogether it was a good place in which to plan a story.

We consulted together for several days before we actually began to work. At first, we sat in an arbor on one of the lower terraces, where there were a little iron table and some chairs; but now and then a person would come there for a morning stroll, and so we moved up higher to a seat under a palm-tree, and the next day to another terrace, where there was a secluded corner overshadowed by huge cacti. But the place which suited us best of all was the top of an old tower at one end of the garden. This tower had been built many, many hundred years before the garden was thought of, and its broad, flat roof was level with one of the higher terraces. Here we could work and consult in quiet, with little fear of being disturbed.

Not finding it easy to plan out the whole story at once, we determined to begin by preparing backgrounds. We concluded that as this was to be a short story, it would be sufficient to have descriptions of two natural scenes in which the two principal incidents should occur; and as we wished to do all our work from natural models, we thought it best to describe the scene which lay around us, than which nothing could be more beautiful or more suitable. One scene was to be on the sea-shore, with a mellow light upon the rippling waves, and the sails of fishing-vessels

in the distance. This Miss Vancouver was to do, while I was to take a scene among the hills and mountains at the back of the town. I walked over there one afternoon when Miss Vancouver had gone out with her mother. I got on a high point, and worked up a very satisfactory description of the frowning mountains behind me, the old monasteries on the hills, and the town stretching out below, with a little river rushing along between two rows of picturesque washerwomen to the sea.

We read our backgrounds to each other, and were both very well satisfied. Our styles were as different as the scenes we described. Hers was clear and smooth, and mine forcible and somewhat abrupt, and thus the strong points of each scene were better brought out; but, in order that our styles might be unified, so to speak, by being judiciously blended, I suggested some strong and effective points to be introduced into her description, while she toned down some of my phrases and added a word here and there which gave a color and beauty to the description which it had not possessed before.

Our backgrounds being thus satisfactory, — and it took a good deal of consultation to make them so,—our next work was to provide characters for the story. These were to be drawn from life, for it would be perfectly ridiculous to create imaginary characters when there were so many original and interesting personages around us. We soon agreed upon an individual who would serve as a model for our hero; I forget whether it was I or Miss Vancouver who first suggested him. He was a young man, but not so very young either, who lived in the house with us, and about whom there was a mystery. Nobody knew exactly who he was, or where he came from, or why he was here. It was evident he did not come for society, for he kept very much to himself; and the attractions of the town could not have brought him here, for he seemed to care very little about them. We seldom saw him except at the table and occasionally in the garden. When we met him in the latter place, he always seemed anxious to avoid observation; and as we did not wish to hurt his feelings by letting him suppose that he was an object of curiosity to us, we endeavored, as far as possible, to make it apparent that we were not looking at him or thinking of him. But still, whenever we had a good chance, we studied him. Of course we could not make out his mystery, but that was not necessary, nor did we, indeed, think it would be proper. We could draw him as we saw him, and then make the mystery what we pleased; its character depending a good deal upon the plot we devised.

Miss Vancouver undertook to draw the hero, and she went to work upon him immediately. In personal appearance, she altered the model a good deal. She darkened his hair, and took off his whiskers, leaving him only a mustache. She thought, too, that he ought to be a little taller, and asked me my height, which is five feet nine. She considered that a very good height, and brought the hero up to it. She also made him some years younger, but endeavored, as far as seemed suitable to the story, to draw him exactly as he was.

I was to do the heroine, but found it very hard to choose a model. As I said before, we determined to draw all our characters from life, but I could think of no one, in the somewhat extensive company by which we were surrounded, who would answer my purpose. Nor could I fix my mind upon any person in other parts of the world, whom I knew or had known, who resembled the idea I had formed of our heroine. After thinking this matter over a good deal, I told Miss Vancouver that I believed the best thing I could do would be to take her for my model. I was with her a good deal, and thus could study out and work up certain points as I wrote, which would be a great advantage. She objected to this, because, as she said, the author of a story should not be drawn as its heroine. But I asserted that this would not be the case. She would merely suggest the heroine to me, and I would so do my work that the heroine would not suggest her to anybody else. This, I thought, was the way in which a model ought to be used. After we had talked the subject over a good deal, she agreed to my plan, and I went to work with much satisfaction. I gave no definite description of the lady, but endeavored to indicate the impression which her person and character produced upon me. As such impressions are seldom the same in any two cases, there was no danger that my description could be referred back to her.

When I read to her the sketch I had written, she objected to parts of it as not being correct; but as I asserted that it was not intended as an exact copy of the model, she could not say it was not a true picture; and so, with some slight modifications, we let it stand. I thought myself that it was a very good piece of work. To me it seemed very life-like and piquant, and I believed that other people would think it so.

We were now ready for the incidents and the plot, but at this point we were somewhat interrupted by Mrs. Vancouver. She came to me one morning, when I was waiting to go with her daughter to our study in the garden,

and told me that she was very sorry to notice that Miss Vancouver and I had attracted attention to ourselves by being so much together; and, while she understood the nature of the literary labor on which we were engaged, she did not wish her daughter to become the object of general attention and remark in a foreign *pension*. I was very angry when I heard that people had been directing upon us their impertinent curiosity, and I discoursed warmly upon the subject.

"Where is the good," I said, "of a person or persons devoting himself or themselves, with enthusiasm and earnestness, to his or their life-work, if he or they are to be interfered with by the impertinent babble of the multitude?"

Mrs. Vancouver was not prepared to give an exact answer to this question, but she considered the babble of the multitude a very serious thing. She had been talking to her daughter on the subject, and thought it right to speak to me.

That morning we worked separately in our rooms, but we accomplished little or nothing. It was, of course, impossible to do anything of importance in a work of this kind without consultation and coöperation. The next day, however, I devised a plan which would enable us, I thought, to pursue our labors without attracting attention; and Mrs. Vancouver, who was a kind-hearted woman, and took a great interest in her daughter's literary career, told me if I could successfully carry out anything of the kind, I might do so. She did not inquire into particulars, nor did I explain them to Miss Bessie; but I told the latter that we would not go out together into the garden, but I would go first, and she should join me about ten minutes afterward on the tower; but she was not to come if she saw any one about.

Near the top of the hill, above the garden, once stood an ancient mansion, of which nothing now remained but the remnants of some massive masonry. A court-yard, however, of this old edifice was still surrounded by a high wall, which formed the upper boundary of our garden. From a point near the tower a flight of twisting stone steps, flanked by blank walls, which turned themselves in various directions to suit the angles of the stair-way, led to a green door in this wall. Through this door Miss Vancouver and myself, and doubtless many other persons, had often wished to pass; but it was locked, and, on inquiry, we found that there was no key to be had. The day previous, however, when wandering by myself, I had examined this door, and found that it was fastened merely by a snap-lock which had no handle,

but was opened by a key. I had a knife with a long, strong blade, and pushing this into the hasp, I easily forced back the bolt. I then opened the door and walked into the old court-yard.

When Miss Vancouver appeared on the tower, I was standing at the top of the stone steps just mentioned, with the green door slightly ajar. Calling to her in a low tone, she ran up the steps, and, to her amazement, I ushered her into the court-yard and closed the door behind us.

"There," I exultingly exclaimed, "is our study, where we can write our story without interruption. We will come and go away separately; the people of the *pension* will not know that we are here or have been here, and there will be no occasion for that impatient attention to which your mother so properly objects."

Miss Vancouver was delighted, and we walked about and surveyed the court-yard with much satisfaction. I had already selected the spot for our work. It was in the shade of an olive-tree, the only tree in the inclosure, beneath which there was a rude seat. I spread a rug upon the grass, and Miss Bessie sat upon the seat, and put her feet upon the rug, leaving room for me to sit thereon. We now took out our little blank-books and our stylograph pens and were ready for work. I explained that I had done nothing the day before; and Miss Vancouver said that had also been the case with her. She had not wished to do anything important without consultation; but supposing that, of course, the hero was to fall in love with the heroine, she thought she might as well make him begin, but she found she could not do it as she wished. She wanted him to indicate to the lady that he was in love with her without exactly saying so. Could I not suggest some good form for giving expression to this state of things? After a little reflection, I thought I could.

"I will speak," said I, "as if I were the hero, and then you can see how it will suit."

"Yes," said she, "but you must not forget that what you say should be very gradual."

I tried to be as gradual as I could, and to indicate by slow degrees the state of mind in which we wished our hero to be. As the indication became stronger and stronger, I thought it right to take Miss Vancouver's hand; but to this she objected, because, as she said, it was more than indication, and besides, it prevented her from writing down what I said. We argued this point a little while without altering our position, and I asserted that the hand-holding only gave point and earnestness to the hero's remarks, which otherwise would not be so natural and true to life; and if she

wanted to use her right hand, her left hand would do to hold. We made this change, and I proceeded with the hero's remarks.

There was in our *pension* a young German girl named Margarita. She was a handsome, plump maiden, and spoke English very well. There was another young lady, also a German, named Gretzel. She was a little creature and the fast friend of Margarita. These two had a companion whose name I did not know. She was a little older than the others, and was, I think, a Pole. She also understood English. As I was warming up toward the peroration of our hero's indication, I raised my eyes, and saw, on the brow of the hill, not a stone's throw from us, these three girls. They were talking earnestly and walking directly toward us. The place where they were was used as a public pleasure-ground, and was separated from the old court-yard by a palefence. Although the girls could not come to us, there was nothing to prevent their seeing us if they chose to look our way, for they were on ground which was higher than the top of the fence.

When I saw these girls, I was horror-stricken, and my knees, on which I rested, trembled beneath me. I did not dare to rise, nor to change my position, for fear the motion should attract attention; nor did I cease my remarks, for had I suddenly done so, my companion would have looked around to see what was the matter, and would certainly have jumped up, or have done something which would have brought the eyes of those girls upon us; but my voice dropped very low, and I wondered if there was any way of my gently rolling out of sight.

But at this moment our young man with a mystery suddenly appeared on the other side of the fence, walking rapidly toward the girls. There was something on the ocean, probably a ship, to which he directed their attention, and then he actually led them off, pointing, as it appeared, to a spot from which the distant object could be more plainly seen. They all walked away and disappeared behind the brow of the hill. With a great feeling of relief, I arose and recounted what had happened. Miss Vancouver sprang to her feet, shut up her blank-book, and put the stopper on her stylograph.

"This place will not do at all to work in," she said. "I will not have those girls staring at us."

I was obliged to admit that this particular spot would not do. I had not thought of any one walking in the grounds immediately above us, especially in the morning, which was our working time.

"They may return," she said, "and we must go away immediately and separately."

But I could not agree thus to give up our new-found study. The inclosure was quite extensive, with ruins at the other end, near which we might find some spot entirely protected from observation. So I went to look for such a place, leaving Miss Vancouver under the olive-tree, where, if she were seen alone, it would not matter. I found a spot which might answer, and, returning to the tree, sent her to look at it. While we were thus engaged, we heard the report of the noon cannon. This startled us both. The hour for *déjeuner à la fourchette* at the *pension* was twelve o'clock, and people were generally very prompt at that meal. It would not do for us to be late. Snatching up our effects, we hurried to the green door, but when I tried to open it as before, I found it impossible—a projecting strip of wood on the inside of the door-way preventing my reaching the bolt with my knife-blade. I tried to tear away the strip, but it was too firmly fastened. We both became very nervous and troubled. It was impossible to get out of the inclosure except through that door, for the wall was quite high and the top covered with broken glass imbedded in the mortar. The party on the hill had had time to go down and around through the town to the *pension*. Our places at the table would be the only ones empty. What could attract more attention than this? And what would Mrs. Vancouver think and say? At this moment, we heard some one working at the lock on the other side. The door opened, and there stood our hero.

"I heard some one at this door," he said, "and supposing it had been accidentally closed, I came up and opened it."

"Thank you; thank you very much!" cried Miss Vancouver.

And away she ran to the house. If only I were late, it did not matter at all. I followed with our hero, and endeavored to make some explanation of the predicament of myself and the young lady. He took it all as a matter of course, as if the old court-yard were a place of general resort.

"When persons stroll through that door," he said, "they should put a piece of stick or of stone against the jamb, so that if the door is blown shut by the wind the latch may not catch."

And then he called my attention to a beautiful plant of the aloe kind which had just begun to blossom.

Miss Vancouver reached the breakfast-table in good time, but she told me afterward she would work in the old court-yard no more. The perils were too many.

For some days after this our story made little progress, for opportunities for consulta-

tion did not occur. I was particularly sorry for this, because I wanted very much to know how Miss Vancouver liked my indicative speech and what she had made of it. Early one afternoon about this time our hero, between whom and myself a slight acquaintance had sprung up, came to me and said:

"The sea is so perfectly smooth and quiet to-day that I thought it would be pleasant to take a row, and I have hired a boat. How would you like to go with me?"

I was pleased with his friendly proposition, and I am very fond of rowing; but yet I hesitated about accepting the invitation, for I hoped that afternoon to find some opportunity for consultation in regard to the work on which I was engaged.

"The boat is rather large for two persons," he remarked. "Have you any friends you would like to ask to go with us?"

This put a different phase upon affairs. I instantly said that I thought a row would be charming that afternoon, and suggested that Mrs. Vancouver and her daughter might like to take advantage of the opportunity.

The ladies were quite willing to go, and in twenty minutes we set off, two fishermen in red liberty caps pushing us from the pebbly beach. Our hero took one oar and I another, and we pulled together very well. The ladies sat in the stern and enjoyed the smooth sea and the lovely day. We rowed across the little bay and around a high promontory, where there was a larger bay with a small town in the distance. The hero suggested that we should land here, as we could get some good views from the rocks. To this we all agreed; and when we had climbed up a little distance, Mrs. Vancouver found some wild flowers which interested her very much. She was, in a certain way, a floraphobist, and took an especial delight in finding in foreign countries blossoms which were the same as or similar to flowers she was familiar with in New England. Our hero had also a fancy for wild flowers, and it was not long before he showed Mrs. Vancouver a little blossom which she was very sure she had seen either at East Gresham or Milton Center. Leaving these two to their floral researches, Miss Vancouver and I climbed higher up the rocks, where the view would be better. We found a pleasant ledge, and, although we could not see what was going on below us, and the view was quite cut off in the direction of the town, we had an admirable outlook over the sea, on which, in the far distance, we could see the sails of a little vessel.

"This will be an admirable place to do a little work on our story," I said. "I have brought my blank-book and stylograph."

"And so have I," said she.

I then told her that I had been thinking over the matter a good deal, and that I believed in a short story two long speeches would be enough for the hero to make, and proposed that we should now go on with the second one. She thought well of that, and took a seat upon a rocky projection, while I sat upon another quite near.

"This second speech," said I, "ought to be more than indicative, and should express the definite purpose of the hero's sentiments; and I think there should be corresponding expressions from the heroine, and would be glad to have you suggest such as you think she would make." I then began to say what I thought a hero ought to say under the circumstances. I soon warmed up to my task wonderfully, and expressed with much earnestness and ardor the sentiments I thought proper for the occasion. I first held one of Miss Vancouver's hands, and then both of them, she trusting to her memory in regard to memoranda. Her remarks in the character of the heroine were, however, much briefer than mine, but they were enough. If necessary, they could be worked up and amplified. I think we had said all or nearly all there was to say when we heard a shout from below. It was our hero calling us. We could not see him, but I knew his voice. He shouted again, and then I arose from the rock on which Bessie was sitting and answered him. He now made his appearance some distance below us, and said that Mrs. Vancouver did not care to come up any higher to get the views, and that she thought it would be better to reach home before the sun should set.

That evening, in the *salon*, Bessie spoke to me apart. "Our hero," she said, "is more

than a hero; he is a guardian angel. You must fathom his mystery. I am sure that it is far better than anything we can invent for him."

I set myself to work to discover, if possible, not only the mystery which had first interested us in our hero, but also the reason and purpose of his guardian-angelship. He was an American, and now that I had come to know him better, I found him a very agreeable talker.

II.

OUR hero was the first person whom I told of my engagement to Bessie. Mrs. Vancouver was very particular that this state of affairs should be made known. "If you are engaged," she said, "of course you can be together as much as you please. It is the custom in America, and nobody need make any remarks."

In talking to our hero, I told him of a good many little things that had happened at various times, and endeavored by these friendly confidences to make him speak of his own affairs. It must not be supposed that I was actuated by prying curiosity, but certainly I had a right to know something of a person to whom I had told so much; but he always seemed a great deal more interested in us than in himself, and I took so much interest in his interest, which was very kindly expressed, that his affairs never came into our conversation.

But just as he was going away,—he left the little town a few days before we did,—he told me that he was a writer, and that for some time past he had been engaged upon a story.

Our story was never finished. His was. This is it.

Frank R. Stockton.

DEATH'S FIRST LESSON.

THREE sad, strange things already death hath shown
To me who lived but yesterday. My love,
Who loved to kiss my hands and lips above
All other joys,—whose heart upon my own
So oft has throbb'd,—fears me, now life has flown,
And shuddering turns away. The friend who strove
My trust to win, and all my faith did prove,
Sees, in my pale, still form, a bar o'erthrown
To some most dear desire. While one who spake
No fond and flattering word of love or praise,
Who only cold and stern reproof would give
To all my foolish, unconsidered ways—
This one would glad have died that I might live,
This heart alone lies broken for my sake.

Susan Marr Spalding.

LOVE IN OLD CLOATHES.

NEW YORK, y^e 1st Aprile, 1883.

Y^e worst of my ailment is this, y^t it groweth not Less with much nursinge, but is like to those fevres w^{ch} y^e leeches Starve, 'tis saide, for that y^e more Bloode there be in y^e Sicke man's Bodie, y^e more foode is there for y^e Distemper to feede upon.—And it is moste fittinge y^t I come backe to y^e my Journall (wherein I have not writt a Lyne these manye months) on y^e 1st of Aprile, beinge in some Sort myne owne foole and y^e foole of Love, and a poore Butt on whome his hearte hath play'd a Sorry trick.—

For it is surelie a strange happenninge, that I, who am ofte accompted a man of y^e Worlde, (as y^e Phrase goes,) sholde be soe Overtaken & caste downe lyke a Schoole-boy or a countrie Bumpkin, by a meere Mayde, & sholde set to Groaninge and Sighinge, & for that She will not have me Sighe to Her, to Groaninge and Sighinge on paper, w^{ch} is y^e greter Foolishnesse in Me, y^t some one maye reade it Here-after, who hath taken his dose of y^e same Physicke, and made no Wrye faces over it; in w^{ch} case I doubt I shall be much laugh'd at.—Yet soe much am I a foole, and soe enamour'd of my Foolishnesse, y^t I have a sorte of Shamefull Joye in telling, even to my Journall, y^t I am mightie deepe in Love withe y^e yonge Daughter of Mistresse French, and all maye knowe what an Angell is y^e Daughter, since I have chose M^{rs} French for my Mother in Lawe.—(Though she will have none of my choosinge.)—And I likewise take comforte in y^e Fancie, y^t this poore Sheete, wh^{an} I write, may be made of y^e Raggs of some lucklesse Lover, and, maye y^e more readilie drinke up my complaininge Inke.—

This muche I have learnt y^t Fraunce distilles not, nor y^e Indies growe not, y^e Remedy for my Aile.—For when I 1st became sensible of y^e folly of my Suite, I tooke to drynkinge & smoakinge, thinkinge to cure my minde, but all I got was a head ache, for fellow to my Hearte ache.—A sorrie Payre!—I then made Shifte, for a while, withe a Bicycle, but breakinge of Bones mendes no breakinge of Heartes, and 60 myles a Daye bringes me no nearer to a Weddinge.—This beinge Lowe Sondaye, (w^{ch} my Hearte telleth me better than y^e Allmanack,) I will goe to Church; wh. I maye chauce to see her.—Laste weeke, her Eastre bonnett vastlie pleas'd me; beinge most cunninglie devys'd in y^e mode of

oure Grandmothers, and verie lyke to a coales Scuttle, of white satine.—

2nd Aprile.

I trust I make no more moane, than is just for a man in my case, but there is small comferte in lookinge at y^e backe of a white Satine bonnett for two Houres, and I maye saye as much.—Neither any cheere in Her goinge out of y^e Church, & walkinge downe y^e Avenue, with a Puppe by y^e name of Williamson.

4th Aprile.

Because a man have a Hatt with a Brimme to it like y^e Poope-Decke of a Steam-Shippe, and breeches lyke y^e Case of an umbrella, and have loste money on Hindoo, he is not therefore in y^e beste Societie.—I made this observation, at y^e Clubbe, last night, in y^e hearinge of W^{ms}, who made a mightie Pretence, to reade y^e Sp^t of y^e Tymes.—I doubt it was scurvie of me, but it did me muche goode.

7th Aprile.

Y^e manner of my meetinge with Her and fallinge in Love with Her (for y^e two were of one date) is thus—I was made acquainte withe Her on a Wednesdaie, at y^e House of Mistresse Varick, ('twas a Reception,) but did not hear Her Name, nor She myne, by reason of y^e noise, and of M^{rs} Varick having but lately a newe sett of Teethe, of wh. she had not yet gott, as it were, y^e just Pitche and accordance.—I sayde to Her that y^e Weather was warm for that season of y^e year.—She made answer She thought I was right, for M^r Williamson had saide y^e same thinge to Her not a minute past—I tolde Her She muste not holde it originall or an Invention of W^{ms}, for y^e Speache had beene manie yeares in my Familie.—Answer was made, She wolde be muche bounden to me if I wolde maintaine y^e Rightes of my Familie, and lett all others from usinge of my propertie, when perceivinge Her to be of a livelie Witt, I went about to ingage her in converse, if onlie so I mighte looke into Her Eyes, wh. were of a coloure suche as I have never seene before, more like to a Pansie, or some such flower, than anything else I can compair with them.—Shortlie we grew most friendlie, so that She did aske me if I colde keepe a Secrett.—I answering I colde, She saide She was anhungred, having Shopp'd all y^e forenoone since Breakfast.—She pray'd me to gett Her some Foode.—What, I ask'd.—She answer'd merrilie, a Beafe-

steake.—I tolde Her y^t that *Confection* was not on y^e Side-Boarde; but I presentlie brought Her such as there was, & She beinge behinde a Screane, I stoode in y^e waie, so y^t none mighte see Her, & She did eate and drynke as followeth, to witt —

- ijj cupps of Bouillon (w^{ch} is a Tea, or Tisane, of Beafe, made verie hott & thinne)
- iv Alberte biscuit
- ij éclairs
- i cream-cake

together with divers small cates & comfeits wh^{ch} I know not y^e names.

So y^t I was grievously afeard for Her Digestion, lest it be over-tax'd. Saide this to Her, however addinge it was my Conceite, y^t by some Processe, lyke Alchemie, wh^{ch} y^e baser metals are transmuted into golde, so y^e grosse mortall foode was on Her lippes chang'd to y^e fabled Nectar & Ambrosia of y^e Gods.—She tolde me 'twas a sillie Speache, yet seam'd not ill-pleas'd withall.—She hath a verie prettie Fashion, or Tricke, of smilinge, when She hath made an end of speakinge, and layinge Her finger upon Her nether Lippe, like as She wolde bid it be stille.—After some more Talke, wh^{ch} She shew'd that Her Witt was more deepe, and Her minde more seriouslie inclin'd, than I had Thoughte from our first Jestinge, She beinge call'd to go thence, I did see Her mother, whose face I knewe, & was made sensible, y^t I had given my Hearte to y^e daughter of a House wh. with myne owne had longe been at grievous Feud, for y^e folly of oure Auncestres.—Havinge come to wh. heavie momente in my Tale, I have no Patience to write more to-nighte.

22nd Aprile.

I was mynded to write no more in y^e journal, for verie Shame's sake, y^t I shoude so complayne, lyke a Childe, whose toie is taken f^r him, butt (mayhapp for it is nowe y^e fulle Moone, & a moste greavous period for them y^t are Love-strucke) I am fayne, lyke y^e Drunkarde who maye not abstayne f^r his cupp, to set me anewe to recordinge of My Dolorous mishapp.—When I sawe Her agayn, She beinge aware of my name, & of y^e division betwixt oure Houses, wolde have none of me, butt I wolde nott be putt Off, & made bolde to question Her, why She sholde shewe me suche exceed^g Coldness.—She answer'd, 'twas wel knowne what Wronge my Grande-father had done Her G.father.—I saide, She confounded me with My G.father.—we were nott y^e same Person, he beinge muche my

Elder, & besydes Deade.—She w^d have it, 'twas no matter for jestinge.—I tolde Her, I wolde be resolv'd, what grete Wronge y^e was.—Y^e more for to make Speache th^e for mine owne advertisem^t, for I knewe wel y^e whole Knaverie, wh. She rehears'd, Howe my G. father had cheated Her G.father of Landes upp y^e River, with more, howe my G.father had impounded y^e Cattle of Hern.—I made answer, 'twas foolishnesse, in my mynde, for y^e iii^d Generation to so quarrell over a Parsel of rascallie Landes, y^t had long ago beene solde for Taxes, y^t as to y^e Cowes, I wolde make them goode, & th^e Produce & Offspringe, if it tooke y^e whole Washth. Markett.—She however tolde me y^t y^e ffrenche familie had y^e Where w^d to buye what they lack'd in Butter, Beafe & Milke, and likewise in *Veale*, wh. laste I tooke much to Hearte, wh. She seeinge, became more gracious & on my pleadinge, accorded y^t I sholde have y^e Privilege to speake with Her when we next met.—Butt neyther then, nor at anie other Tyme th^{er} wolde She suffer me to visitt Her. So I was harde putt to it to compass waies of gettinge to see Her at such Houses as She mighte be att, for Routs or Feasts, or y^e lyke.—

But though I sawe Her manie tymes, oure converse was ever of y^e Complex^t, & y^e accursed G.Father satt downe, & rose upp with us.—Yet colde I see by Her aspecte, y^t I had in some sorte Her favioure, & y^t I mislyk'd Her not so gretelie as She w^d have me thinke.—So y^t one daie, ('twas in Januarie, & verie colde,) I, beinge moste distrackt, saide to Her, I had tho't 'twolde pleasure Her more, to be frends w. a man, who had a knave for a G.father, y^e with One who had no G.father att alle, lyke W^{om} (y^e Puppe).—She made answer, I was exceedinge fresshe, or some such matter. She cloath'd her thoughte in phrase more befittinge a Gentlewoman.—Att this I colde no longer contayne myself, but tolde Her roundlie, I lov'd Her, & 'twas my Love made me soe unmannerlie.—And w. y^e speache I att y^e leaste made an End of my Uncertaintie, for She bade me speake w. Her no more.—I wolde be determin'd, whether I was Naught to Her.—She made Answer She colde not justlie say I was Naught, seeing y^t wh^{er} She mighte bee, I was One too manie.—I saide, 'twas some Comforte, I had even a Place in Her thoughtes, were it onlie in Her disfavour.—She saide, my Solace was indeede grete, if it kept pace with y^e measure of Her Disfavour, for, in plain Terms, She hated me, & on Her intreatinge of me to goe, I went.—Y^e happ'd att y^e house of M^{rs} Varicke, wh. I r^{at} met Her, who (M^{rs} Varicke) was for staying me,

yⁱ I might eate some Ic'd Cream, butt of a Truth I was chill'd to my Taste allreadie.—Albeit I afterwards tooke to walkinge of y^e Streets till near Midnight.—'Twas as I saide before in Januarie & exceeding colde.

20th Maie.

How wearie is y^h dulle procession of y^e Yeare! For it irketh my Soule y^t eache Monthe shoude come so aptlie after y^e Month afore, & Nature looke so Smug, as She had done some grete thinge.—Surelie if she make no Change, she hath work'd no Miracle, for we knowe wel, what we maye look for.—Y^e Vine under my Window hath broughte forth Purple Blossoms, as itt hath eache Springe these xii Yeares.—I wolde have had them Redd, or Blue, or I knowe not what Coloure, for I am sicke of likinge of Purple a Dozen Springes in Order.—And wh. moste galls me is y^h, I knowe howe y^h sadd Rounde will goe on, & Maie give Place to June, & she to July, & onlie my Hearte blossom not nor my Love growe no greener.

2nd June.

I and my Foolishnesse, we laye Awake last night till y^e Sunrise gun, wh. was Shott att 4½ o'ck, & wh. beinge hearde in y^t stillnesse fm. an Incredible Distance, seem'd lyke as 'twere a Full Stopp, or Period putt to y^h Wakinge-Dreminge, wh^{at} I did turne a newe Leaf in my Counsells, and after much Meditation, have commenc't a newe Chapter, wh. I hope maye leade to a better Conclusion, than them y^e came afore.—For I am nowe resolv'd, & havinge begunn wil carry to an Ende, y^t if I maie not over-come my Passion, I maye at y^e least over-com y^e Melanchollie, & Spleene, borne y^{of}, & beinge a Lover, be none y^e lesse a Man.—To wh. Ende I have come to y^h Resolution, to departe fm. y^e Towne, & to goe to y^e Countrie-House of my Frend, Will Winthrop, who has often intreated me, & has instantlie urg'd, y^t I sholde make him a Visitt.—And I take much Shame to myselfe, y^t I have not given him y^h Satisfaction since he was married, wh. is nowe ii Yeares.—A goode Fellowe, & I minde me a grete Burden to his Frends when he was in Love, in wh. Plight I mockt him, who am nowe, I much feare me, mockt myselfe.

3rd June.

Pack'd my cloathes, beinge Sundaye. Y^e better y^e Daie, y^e better y^e Deede.

4th June.

Goe downe to Babylon to-daye.

5th June.

Att Babylon, att y^e Cottage of Will Winthrop, wh. is no Cottage, but a grete House, Red,

w. Verandahs, & builded in y^e Fashⁿ of Her Maiestie Q. Anne.—Found a mightie House full of People.—Will, his Wife, a verie proper fayre Ladie, who gave me moste gracious Reception, M^{rs} Smithe, y^e ii Gresham girles (knowne as y^e Titteringe Twins), Bob White, Virginia Kinge & her Moth^r, Clarence Winthrop, & y^e whole Alexander Family.—A grete Gatheringe for so earlie in y^e Summer.—In y^e afternoone play'd Lawne-Tennis.—Had for Partner one of y^e Twinns, ag^t Clarence Winthrop & y^e other Twinn, wh. by beinge Confus'd, I loste iii games.—Was voted a Duffer.—Clarence Winthrop moste unmannerlie merrie.—He call'd me y^e Sad-Ey'd Romeo, & lykewise cut down y^e Hammocke wh^h I laye, also tied up my Cloathes wh. we were att Bath.—He sayde, he Chaw'd them, a moste barbarous worde for a moste barbarous Use.—Wh. we were Boyes, & he did y^h thinge, I was wont to trounce him Soundlie, but nowe had to contente Myselfe w. beatinge of him iii games of Billyardes in y^e Evg., & w. daringe of him to putt on y^e Gloves w. me, for Funne, wh. he mighte not doe, for I coude knocke him colde.

10th June.

Beinge gon to my Roome somewhat earlie, for I found myselfe of a peevish humour, Clarence came to me, and pray'd a few minutes' Speache.—Sayde 'twas Love made him so Rude & Boysterous, he was privlie betroth'd to his Cozen, Angelica Robertes, she whose Father lives at Islipp, & colde not containe Himselfe for Joye.—I sayinge, there was a Breache in y^e Familie, he made Answer, 'twas true, her Father & His, beinge Cozens, did hate each other moste heartilie, butt for him he cared not for that, & for Angelica, She gave not a Continentall.—But, sayde I, Your Consideration matters mightie Little, synce y^e Governours will not heare to it.—He answered 'twas for that he came to me, I must be his allie, for reason of our olde Friend^{sh}. With that I had no Hearte to heare more, he made so Light of suche a Division as parted me & my Happinesse, but tolde him I was his Frend, wolde serve him when he had Neede of me, & presentlie seeing my Humour, he made excuse to goe, & left me to write downe this, sicke in Mynde, and thinkinge ever of y^e Woman who wil not oute of my Thoughtes for any change of Place, neither of employe.—For indeede I doe love Her moste heartilie, so y^t my Wordes can not saye it, nor will y^e Booke containeit.—So I wil even goe to Sleepe, y^t in my Dreames perchance my Fancie maye do my Hearte better Service.

12th June.

She is here.—What Spyte is y^h of Fate & y^e alter'd gods! That I, who mighte not gett

to see Her when to See was to Hope, muste nowe daylie have Her in my Sighte, stucke lyke a fayre Apple under olde Tantalus his Nose.—Goinge downe to y^e Hotell to-daye, for to gett me some Tobackoe, was made aware y^t y^e Ffrench familie had hyred one of y^e Cottages round-about.—'Tis a goodlie Dwelling Without—Woude I coude speake with as much Assurance of y^e Innsyde!

13th June.

Goinge downe to y^e Hotell againe To-daye, for more Tobackoe, sawe y^e accursed name of W^{oman} on y^e Registre.—Went about to a neighbouring Farm & satt me downe beynd y^e Barne, for a $\frac{1}{2}$ an Houre.—Frighted y^e Horned Cattle w. talking to My Selfe.

15th June.

I wil make an Ende to y^e Businesse.—Wil make no longer Staye here.—Sawe Her to-day, driven Home fm. y^e Beache, about 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ of y^e After-noon, by W^{oman}, in his Dogge-Carte, wh. y^e Cadde has broughten here.—Wil betake me to y^e Boundlesse Weste—Not y^t I care aught for y^e Boundlesse Weste, butt y^t I shal doe wel if haplie I leave my Memorie am^{ong} y^e Apaches & bringe Home my Scalpe.

16th June.

To Fyre Islande, in Winthrop's Yacht—y^e Twinnes w. us, so Titteringe & Choppinge Laughter, y^t 'twas worse y^a a Flocke of Sand-pipers.—Found a grete Concourse of people there, Her amonge them, in a Suite of blue, y^e became Her bravelie.—She swimms lyke to a Fische, butt everie Stroke of Her white Arms (of a lovelie Roundnesse) clefte, as 'twere, my Hearte, rather y^a y^e Water.—She bow'd to me, on goinge into y^e Water, w. muche Dignitie, & agayn on Cominge out, butt y^a Tyme w. lesse Dignitie, by reason of y^e Water in Her Cloathes, & Her Haire in Her Eyes.—

17th June.

Was for goinge awaie To-morrowe, butt Clarence cominge againe to my Chamber, & mightilie purswadinge of me, I feare I am committed to a verie sillie Undertakinge.—For I am promis'd to Help him, secretlie to wedd his Cozen.—He wolde take no Deniall, wolde have it, his Brother car'd Naughte, 'twas butt y^e Fights of theyre Fathers, he was bounde it sholde be done, & 'twere best I stooode his Witnesse, who was wel lyked of bothe y^e Braunches of y^e Family.—So 'twas agree'd, y^t I shal stay Home to-morrowe fm. y^e Expedition to Fyre Islande, feigning a Head-Ache, (wh. indeede I meante to do, in any Happ, for I cannot see Her againe,) & shall meet him at y^e little Churche on y^e Southe

Road.—He to drive to Islipp to fetch Angelica, lykewise her Witnesse, who sholde be some One of y^e Girles, she hadd not yett made her Choice.—I made y^e Condition, it sholde not be either of y^e Twinnes.—No, nor Bothe, for that matter.—Inquiringe as to y^e Clergyman, he sayde y^e Dominie was allreadie Squar'd.

NEW YORK, y^e BUCKINGHAM HOTELL,

19th June.

I am come to y^e laste Entrie I shall ever putt downe in y^e Booke, and needes must y^t I putt it downe quicklie, for all hath Happ'd in so short a Space, y^t my Heade whirles w. thynkinge of it. Y^e after-noon of Yester-daye, I set about Counterfeittinge of a Head-Ache, & so wel did I compasse it, y^t I verilie thinke one of y^e Twinnes was mynded to Stay Home & nurse me.—All havinge gone off, & Clarence on his waye to Islipp, I sett forth for y^e Church, where arriv'd I founde it emptie, w. y^e Door open.—Wept in & writh'd on y^e hard Benches a $\frac{1}{4}$ of an Houre, when, hearinge a Sounde, I look'd up & saw standinge in y^e Door-waye, Katherine Ffrench.—She seem'd muche astonished, saying You Here! or y^e lyke.—I made Answer & sayde y^t though my Familie were greate Sinners, yett had they never been Excommunicate by y^e Church.—She sayde, they colde not Putt Out what never was In.—While I was be-thynkinge me wh. I mighte answer to y^e, she went on, sayinge I must excuse Her, She wolde goe upp in y^e Organ-Loft.—I enquiringe what for? She sayde to practice on y^e Organ.—She turn'd verie Redd, of a warm Coloure, as She sayde this.—I ask'd Do you come hither often? She replyinge Yes, I enquir'd how y^e Organ lyked Her.—She sayde Right well, when I made question more curiously (for She grew more Redd eache moment) how was y^e Action? y^e Tone? how manie Stopps? Wh^{at} She growinge gretelie Confus'd, I led Her into y^e Church, & show'd Her y^t there was no Organ, y^e Choire beinge indeede a Band, of i Tuninge-Forke, i Kitt, & i Horse-Fiddle.—At this She fell to Smilinge & Blushing att one Tyme.—She perceiv'd our Errandes were y^e Same, & crav'd Pardon for Her Fibb.—I tolde Her, If She came Thither to be Witness at her Frend's Weddinge, 'twas no greate Fibb, 'twolde indeede be Practice for Her.—This havinge a rude Sound, I added I thank y^e Starrs y^t had bro't us Together. She sayde if y^e Starrs appoint'd us to meete no oftener y^a this Couple shoude be Wedded, She was wel content. This cominge on me lyke a last Buffett of Fate, that She shoude so despitely intreate

me, I was suddenlie Seized with so Sorrie a Humour, & withal so angrie, y^e I colde scarce Containe myselfe, but went & Sat downe neare y^e Doore, lookinge out till Clarence shd. come w. his Bride.— Lookinge over my Sholder, I sawe y^e She wente fm. Windowe to Windowe within, Pluckinge y^e Blossoms fm. y^e Vines, & settinge them in her Girdle.—She seem'd most tall and faire, & swete to look uponn, & itt Anger'd me y^e More.—Meanwhile, She discours'd pleasantly, askinge me manie questions, to the wh. I gave but shorte and churlish answers. She ask'd Did I nott Knowe Angelica Roberts was Her best Frend? How longe had I knowne of y^e Betrothal? Did I thinke 'twolde knitt y^e House together, & Was it not Sad to see a Familie thus Divided?—I answer'd Her, I wd. not robb a Man of y^e precious Righte to Quarrell with his Relations.—And then, with meditatinge on y^e goode Lucke of Clarence, & my owne harde Case, I had suche a sudden Rage of peevishnesse y^e I knewe scarcelie what I did.—Soe when She ask'd me merrilie why I turn'd my Backe on Her, I made Reply, I had turn'd my Backe on muche Follie.—Wh. was no sooner oute of my Mouthe than I was mightilie Sorrie for it, and turninge aboute, I perceiv'd She was in Teares & weepinge bitterlie. Wh^{at} my Hearte wolde holde no More, & I rose upp & tooke Her in my arms & Kiss'd & Comforted Her, She makinge no Denyal, but seeminge gretelie to Neede such Solace, wh. I was not Loathe to give Her.—Whiles we were at This, onlie She had gott to Smilinge, & to sayinge of Things which even y^e

paper shal not knowe, came in y^e Dominie, sayinge, He judg'd We were the Couple he came to Wed.—With him y^e Sexton & y^e Sexton's Wife.—My swete Kate, alle as rosey as Venus's Nape, was for Denyinge of y^e, butt I wolde not have it, & sayde Yes.—She remonstrating w. me, privilie, I tolde Her She must not make me Out a Liar, y^e to Deceave y^e Man of God were a greavous Sinn, y^e I had gott Her nowe, & wd. not lett her Slipp from me, & did soe Talke Her Downe, & w. suche Strengthe of joie, y^e almost before She knewe it, we Stoode upp, & were Wed, w. a Ringe (tho' She Knewe it nott) wh. belong'd to My G.father. (Him y^e Cheated Her.)—

Wh. was no sooner done, than in came Clarence & Angelica, & were Wedded in theyre Turn.—The Clergyman greatelie surprised, but more att y^e Largenesse of his Fee.

This Busines beinge Ended, we fled by y^e Trayne of 4½ o'cke, to y^e Place, where we wait till y^e Bloode of all y^e Ffrenches have Tyme to coole downe, for y^e wise Mann who meeteth his Mother in Lawe y^e 1st tyme, wil meete her when she is Milde.—

And so I close y^e Journall, wh., tho' for y^e moste Parte 'tis but a peevish Scrawle, hath one Page of Golde, wh^{at} I have writt y^e laste strange Happ wh^{at} I have layd Williamson by y^e Heeles & found me y^e sweetest Wife y^e ever

stopp'd a man's Mouthe w. kisses for writinge of Her Prayses.

H. C. Bunner.

NIGHTS WITH UNCLE REMUS.*

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS,

Author of "Uncle Remus, His Songs and Sayings," "At Teague Poteet's," etc.

XII.

"IN SOME LADY'S GARDEN."

WHEN the little boy next visited Uncle Remus, the old man was engaged in the somewhat tedious operation of making shoe-pegs. Daddy Jack was assorting a bundle of sassafras roots, and Aunt Tempy was transforming a meal-sack into shirts for some of the little negroes—a piece of economy of her own devising. Uncle Remus pretended not to see the child.

"Hit's des lak I tell you all," he remarked, as if renewing a conversation; "I monstus glad dey aint no bad chilluns on dis place fer ter be wadin' in de spring-branch, en flingin' mud on de yuther little chilluns, w'ich de goodness knows dey er nasty 'nuff widout dat. I monstus glad dey aint none er dat kinder young uns 'roun' yer—I is dat."

"Now, Uncle Remus," exclaimed the little boy, in an injured tone, "somebody's been telling you something on me."

The old man pretended to be very much astonished.

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"Heyo! whar you bin hidin', honey? Yer 'tis mos' way atter supper en you aint in de bed yit. Well—well—well! Set over ag'in de chimby jam dar whar you kin dry dem shoes. En de ve'y nex' time w'at I see you wadin' in dat branch, wid de sickly season comin' on, I'm a gwine ter take you 'cross my shoulder en kyar you ter Miss Sally, en ef dat aint do no good, den I'll kyar you ter Mars John, en ef dat aint do no good den I'm done wid you: so dar now!"

The little boy sat silent a long time, listening to the casual talk of Uncle Remus and his guests, and watching the vapor rise from his wet shoes. Presently there was a pause in the talk, and the child said:

"Uncle Remus, have I been too bad to hear a story?"

The old man straightened himself up and pushed his spectacles back on his forehead.

"Now, den, folks, you year w'at he say. Shill we pursue on atter de creeturs? Shill er shant?"

"Bless you' soul, Brer Remus, I mos' 'shame' myse'f, yit I tell you de Lord's trufe, I'm des ez bad atter dem ar tales ez dat chile dar."

"Well, den," said Uncle Remus, "a tale hit is. One time dey wuz a man, en dish yer man he had a giardin. He had a giardin, en he had a little gal fer ter min' it. I don't speck dish yer giardin wuz wide lak Miss Sally giardin, but hit 'uz lots longer. Hit 'uz so long dat it run down side er de big road, 'cross by de plum thicket, en back up de lane. Dish yer giardin wuz so nice en long dat it tuck 'n' trac' de 'tention er Brer Rabbit; but de fence wuz built so close en so high, dat he can't git in nohow he kin fix it."

"Oh, I know about that!" exclaimed the little boy. "The man catches Brother Rabbit and ties him, and the girl lets him aloose to see him dance."

Uncle Remus dropped his chin upon his bosom. He seemed to be humbled.

"Sis Tempy," he said, with a sigh, "you'll hatter come in some time w'en we aint so crowded, en I'll up en tell you 'bout Billy Malone en Miss Janey."

"That wasn't the story I heard, Uncle Remus," said the little boy. "Please tell me about Billy Malone and Miss Janey."

"Ah-yi!" exclaimed Uncle Remus, with a triumphant smile; "I 'low'd may be I wa'n't losin' de use er my 'membrence, en sho nuff I aint. Now, den, we'll des wuk our way back en start fa'r en squar'. One time dey wuz a man, en dish yer man he had a giardin en a little gal. De giardin wuz chock full er truck, en in de maw'nin's, w'en de man hatter go off, he call up de little gal, he did,

en tell 'er dat she mus' be sho en keep ole Brer Rabbit outer de giardin. He tell 'er dis eve'y maw'nin'; but one maw'nin' he tuck en forgit it twell he git ter de front gate, en den he stop en holler back:

"Oh, Janey! You Janey! Min' w'at I tell you 'bout ole Brer Rabbit. Don't you let 'im git my nice green peas."

"Little gal, she holler back: 'Yes, daddy.'"

"All dis time, Brer Rabbit he 'uz settin' out dar in de bushes dozin'. Yit, w'en he year he name call out so loud, he cbeck up one year en lissen, en he 'low ter hisse'f dat he bleedz ter outdo Mr. Man. Bimeby, Brer Rabbit, he went 'roun' en come down de big road des ez natchul ez ef he bin traffin' som'ers. He see de little gal settin' by de gate, en he up'n 'low:

"Aint dish yer Miss Janey?"

"Little gal say: 'My daddy call me Janey.'" Uncle Remus mimicked the voice and manner of a little girl. He hung his head, looked excessively modest, and spoke in a shrill tone. The effect was so comical that even Daddy Jack seemed to enjoy it.

"My daddy call me Janey; w'at yo' daddy call you?"

"Brer Rabbit look on de groun', en sorter study lak folks does w'en dey feels bad. Den he look up en 'low:

"I bin lose my daddy dis many long year, but w'en he 'live he call me Billy Malone.' Den he look at de little gal hard en 'low: 'Well, well, well! I aint seed you sence you 'uz a little bit er baby, en now yer you is mighty nigh a grown 'oman. I pass yo' daddy in de road des now, en he say I mus' come en tell you fer ter gimme a mess er sparrer-grass.'"

"Little gal, she fling de gate wide open, en let Mr. Billy Malone git de sparrer-grass."

"Man come back en see whar somebody done bin tromplin' on he giardin truck, en den he call up de little gal, en up 'n ax 'er who bin dar sence he bin gone; en de little gal, she 'low, she did, dat Mr. Billy Malone bin dar. Man ax who in de name er goodness is Mr. Billy Malone. Little gal 'low hit's des a man w'at say 'er daddy sont 'im fer ter git some sparrer-grass on account er ole acquaintance. Man got his 'spishuns, but he aint say nothin'."

"Nex' day, w'en he start off, he holler en tell de little gal fer ter keep one eye on ole Brer Rabbit en don't let nobody git no mo' sparrer-grass. Brer Rabbit, he settin' off dar in de bushes, en he year w'at de man say, en he see 'im w'en he go off. Bimeby, he sorter run 'roun', ole Brer Rabbit did, en he come hoppin' down de road, twell he git close up by de little gal at de giardin gate. Brer Rabbit

drapt 'er his biggest bow, en ax 'er how she come on. Den, atter dat, he 'low, he did:

"'I see yo' daddy gwine 'long down de road des now, en he gimme a rakin' down kaze I make 'way wid he sparrer-grass, yit he say dat bein's how I sech a good fr'en' er de fambly I kin come en ax you fer ter gimme a mess er English peas.'

"Little gal, she tuck 'n fling de gate wide open, en ole Brer Rabbit, he march in, he did, en he git de peas in a hurry. Man come back atter w'ile, en he 'low:

"'Who bin tromplin' down my pea-vines?'

"'Mr. Billy Malone, daddy.'

"Man slap he han' on he forrud*; he dunner w'at ter make er all dis. Bimeby, he 'low:

"'W'at kinder lookin' man dish yer Mr. Billy Malone?'

"'Split lip, pop eye, big year, en bob-tail, daddy.'

"Man say he be bless ef he aint gwine ter make de 'quaintance er Mr. Billy Malone; en he went ter wuk, he did, en fix 'im up a box-trap, en he put some goobers in dar, en he tell de little gal nex' time Mr. Billy Malone come fer 'vite 'im in. Nex' mawnin', Man git little ways fum de house en tuck 'n holler back, he did:

"'W'atsumever you does, don't you dast ter let nobody git no mo' sparrer-grass, en don't you let um git no mo' English peas.'

"Little gal holler back: 'No, daddy.'

"Den, atter dat, 'twant long 'fo' yer come Mr. Billy Malone hoppin' 'long down de big road. He drapt a bow, he did, en he 'low:

"'Mawnin', Miss Janey, mawnin'! Met yo' daddy down de big road, en he say dat I can't git no mo' sparrer-grass en green peas, but you k'n gimme some goobers.'

"Little gal, she lead de way, en tell Mr. Billy Malone dar dey is in de box. Mr. Billy Malone, he lick he chops, he did, en 'low:

"'You oughter be monstus glad, honey, dat you got sech a good daddy lak dat.'

"Wid dat, Mr. Billy Malone wink he off eye, en jump in de box."

"W'at I done tell you!" exclaimed Aunt Tempy.

"He jump in de box," continued Uncle Remus, "en dar he wuz, en ef de little gal hadder bin a minnit bigger, I lay she'd 'a' tuck 'n done some mighty tall winkin'."

"Man aint gone fur, en 'twant long 'fo' yer he come back. W'en Brer Rabbit year 'im comin' he bounce 'roun' in dar same ez a flea in a piller-case, but 'tain't do no good. Trap done fall, en Brer Rabbit in dar. Man look thro' de slats, en 'low:

"'Dar you is—same ole hoppum-skipum run en jumpum. Youer de ve'y chap I'm atter. I want yo' foot fer ter kyar in my pocket, I want yo' meat fer ter put in de pot, en I want yo' hide fer ter w'ar on my head.'

"Dis make cole chill rush up en down Brer Rabbit backbone, en he git more 'umble dan a town nigger w'at bin kotch out atter nine er'clock.* He holler en cry, en cry en holler:

"'Do pray, Mr. Man, tu'n me go! I done 'ceive you c'is time, but I aint gwine ter 'ceive you no mo'. Do pray, Mr. Man, tu'n me go des dis little bit er time.'

"Man he aint sayin' nothin'. He look lak he studyin' 'bout sump'n n'er way off yan', en den he take de little gal by de han' en go off todes de house."

"Sholy Brer Rabbit time done come now!" exclaimed Aunt Tempy, in a tone of mingled awe and expectation.

Uncle Remus paid no attention to the interruption, but went right on.

"Hit seem lak dat Brer Rabbit got no mo' luck, kaze de man en de little gal aint good en gone skacely twell yer come Brer Fox a pirootin' 'roun'. Brer Fox year Brer Rabbit hollin', en he up 'n ax w'at de 'casion er sech gwines on right dar in de broad open daylight. Brer Rabbit squall out:

"'Lordy, Brer Fox! you better make 'as'e 'way fum yer, kaze Mr. Man ull ketch you en slap you in dish yer box en make you eat mutton twell you ull des nat'ally bus' right wide open. Run, Brer Fox, run! He bin feedin' me on mutton de whole blessed mawnin', en now he done gone atter mo'. Run, Brer Fox, run!'

"Yit, Brer Fox aint run. He up 'n ax Brer Rabbit how de mutton tas'e.

"'He tas'e mighty good 'long at fus, but nuff's a nuff, en too much is a plenty. Run, Brer Fox, run! He ull ketch you sho!'

"Yit, Brer Fox aint run. He up 'n 'low dat he b'leeve he want some mutton hisse'f, en wid dat he onloose de trap en let Brer Rabbit out, en den he tuck 'n git in dar. Brer Rabbit aint wait fer ter see w'at de upshot gwine ter be, needer—I boun' you he aint. He des tuck 'n gallop off in de woods, en he laff en laff twell he hatter hug a tree fer ter keep fum drappin' on de groun'."

"Well, but what became of Brother Fox?" the little boy asked, after waiting some time for Uncle Remus to proceed.

"Now, den, honey," said the old man, falling back upon his dignity, "hit een about takes all my spar' time fer ter keep up wid you en

* During slavery, the ringing of the nine o'clock bell in the towns and villages at night was the signal for all negroes to retire to their quarters.

Brer Rabbit, let 'lone keepin' up wid Brer Fox. Ole Brer Rabbit tuck 'n tuck keer hissef, en now let Brer Fox take keer hissef."

"I say de word!" exclaimed Aunt Tempy.

XIII.

BROTHER 'POSSUM GETS IN TROUBLE.

WHEN Uncle Remus began his story of Billy Malone and Miss Janey, Daddy Jack sat perfectly quiet. His eyes were shut, and he seemed to be dozing; but, as the story proceeded, he grew more and more restless. Several times he was upon the point of interrupting Uncle Remus, but he restrained himself. He raised his hands to a level with his chin, and beat the ends of his fingers gently together, apparently keeping time to his own thoughts. But his impatience exhausted itself, and when Uncle Remus had concluded, the old African was as quiet as ever. When Brother Fox was left so unceremoniously to his fate, Daddy Jack straightened himself temporarily and said:

"Me yent bin a yerry da tale so. 'E nice, fer true, 'e mek larf come; oona no bin-a yerry um lak me."

"No," said Uncle Remus, with grave affability, "I speck not. One man, one tale; 'ner man, 'ner tale. Folks tells um diffunt. I boun' yo' 'way de bes', Brer Jack. Out wid it—en we ull set up yer, en hark at you en laff wid you plum twell de chick'ns crow."

Daddy Jack needed no other invitation. He clasped his knee in his hands and began:

"Dey is bin lif one Mân wut plan' some pea in 'e geerden. 'E plan' some pea, but 'e mek no pea: B'er Rabbit, 'e is fine um. 'E fine um un 'e eat um. Mân mek no pea, B'er Rabbit 'e do 'stroy um so. 'E plan' dem pea; dey do grow, un 'e go off. 'E come bahk; pea no dere. B'er Rabbit teer um up un mek 'e cud wit' dem. So long tam, Mân say 'e gwan ketch um, un 'e no ketch um. Mân go, B'er Rabbit come; Mân come, B'er Rabbit go. Bumbye, Mân, 'e is git so mad, 'e y-eye bin-a come red; 'e crack 'e toof, 'e do cuss. 'E say 'e gwan ketch B'er Rabbit nohow. Dun 'e is bin-a call 'e lilly gal. 'E talk, 'e tell 'im fer let B'er Rabbit troo da geerden gett. Lil gal say yasser. 'E talk, 'e tell 'im wun B'er Rabbit go troo da gett, dun 'e mus' shed da gett, un no le'm come pas' no mo.' Lil gal say yasser.

"Ole Mân is bin-a gone 'bout 'e wuk; lil gal, 'e do lissun. B'er Rabbit, 'e come tippy-toe, tippy-toe; gone in da geerden; eat dem pea tell 'e full up; eat tell he mos' git seeck wit' dem pea. Dun 'e start fer go out; 'e

fine da gett shed. 'E shek um, 'e no open; 'e push um, 'e no open; 'e fair grunt, 'e push so hard 'e no open. 'E bin-a call da lil gal; 'e do say:

"'Lil gal, lil gal! cum y-open da gett. 'Tis hu't me feelin' fer fine da gett shed lak dis."

"Lil gal no talk nuttin'. B'er Rabbit say:

"'Tis-a bin hu't me feelin', lil gal! Come y-open da gett, lil gal, less I teer um loose from da hinch."

"Lil gal v'ice come bahk. 'E talk:

"'Daddy say mus'n'."

"B'er Rabbit open 'e mout'. 'E say:

"'See me long sha'p toof? 'E bite you troo un troo!'"

"Lil gal skeer; 'e tu'n loose da gett un fly! B'er Rabbit gone! Ole Mân come bahk; 'e ahx 'bout B'er Rabbit. Lil gal say:

"'E done gone, daddy. I shed da gett, I hol' um fas'. B'er Rabbit bin show 'e toof; 'e gwan fer bite-a me troo un troo. I git skeer, daddy.' Mân ahx:

"'How 'e gwan fer bite you troo un troo, wun 'e toof fix fer bite grass? B'er Rabbit tell one big tale. 'E no kin bite-a you. Wun 'e come 'g'in, you shed dem gett, you hol'um tight, you no le'm go pas' no mo.' Lil gal say yasser.

"Nex' day mawnin', Mân go 'long 'bout 'e wuk. Lil gal, 'e play 'roun', un 'e play 'roun'. B'er Rabbit, 'e is come tippy-tippy. 'E fine gett open; 'e slip in da geerden. 'E chaw dem pea, 'e gnyaw dem pea; 'e eat tell dem pea tas'e bad. Dun 'e try fer go out; gett shed fas'. 'E no kin git troo. 'E push, gett no open; 'e keek wit' um fut, gett no open; 'e butt wit' um head, gett no open. Dun 'e holler:

"'Lil gal, lil gal! come y-open da gett. 'E berry bad fer fool wit' ole mân lak me. I no kin hol' me feelin' down wun you is do lak dis. 'E berry bad."

"Lil gal hol' 'e head down; e' no say nuttin'. B'er Rabbit say:

"'Be shame, lil gal, fer do ole mân lak dis. Me feelin' git wusser. Come y-open de gett 'fo' I is teer um down."

"Lil gal say: 'Daddy say mus'n'."

"B'er Rabbit open 'e y-eye wide; 'e is look berry mad. 'E say:

"'See me big y-eye? I pop dis y-eye stret at you, me kill-a you dead. Come y-open da gett 'fo' me y-eye pop."

"Lil gal skeer fer true. 'E loose de gett, 'e fair fly. B'er Rabbit done gone! Lil gal daddy come bahk. 'E ahx wey is B'er Rabbit. Lil gal say:

"'E done gone, daddy. I hol' gett fas'; 'e is bin-a 'come berry mad. 'E say he gwan pop 'e y-eye at me, shoot-a me dead.' Mân say:

"'B'er Rabbit tell-a two big tale. How 'e gwan shoot-a you wit' 'e y-eye? 'E y-eye sem lak turrer folks' y-eye. Wun 'e come sem mo', you shed dem gett, you hol' um fas'.' Lil gal say yasser.

"Nex' day mawnin', Mân go, B'er Rabbit come. 'E is ma'ch in da gett un eat-a dem pea tell 'e kin eat-a no mo'. 'E sta't out; gett shed. 'E no kin come pas'. 'E shek, 'e push, 'e pull; gett shed. Dun 'e holler:

"'Lil gal, lil gal! come y-open da gett. 'Tis berry bad fer treat you kin lak dis. Come y-open da gett, lil gal. 'Tis full me up wit' sorry wun you do lak dis.'

"Lil gal, 'e no say nuttin'. B'er Rabbit say:

"'E berry bad fer treat you' kin lak dis. Tu'n go da gett, lil gal.' Lil gal say:

"'How you is kin wit' me, B'er Rabbit?'

"'You' gran'daddy foller at' me nuncle wit' 'e dog. Da mek we is kin. Come y-open da gett, lil gal.'"

"Dat ole Rabbit wuz a-talkin', mon!" exclaimed Aunt Tempy, enthusiastically.

"Lil gal no say nuttin' tall," Daddy Jack went on, with renewed animation. "Dun B'er Rabbit say:

"'See me long, sha'p toof, lil gal? Me bite-a you troo un troo.' Lil gal say:

"'Me no skeer da toof. 'E bite nuttin' tall 'cep' 'e bite grass.' B'er Rabbit say:

"'See me big y-eye? I pop um at you, shoot-a you dead.' Lil gal say:

"'Me no skeer da y-eye. 'E sem lak turrer folks' y-eye.' B'er Rabbit say:

"'Lil gal, you mek me 'come mad. I no lak fer hu't-a me kin. Look at me ho'n! I run you troo un troo.'

"B'er Rabbit lif' 'e two year up; 'e p'int um stret at da lil gal. Lil gal 'come skeer da ho'n; 'e do tu'n go da gett; 'e fly fum dey-dey."

"Well, ef dat don't beat!" exclaimed Aunt Tempy, laughing as heartily as the little boy.

"Look at um one way, en Rabbit year does look lak sho 'nuff ho'ns."

"Lil gal tu'n go da gett," Daddy Jack continued; "B'er Rabbit *gone!* Mân come bahk; 'e ahx wey is B'er Rabbit. Lil gal cry; 'e say 'e skeer B'er Rabbit ho'n. Mân say 'e is hab no ho'n. Lil gal is stan' um down 'e see ho'n. Mân say da ho'n is nuttin' tall but B'er Rabbit year wut 'e yeddy wit'. 'E tell lil gal nex' tam B'er Rabbit come, 'e mus' shed da gett; 'e mus' run fum dey-dey un leaf um shed. Lil gal say yasser.

"Mân gone, B'er Rabbit come. 'E is go in da gett; 'e eat-a dem pea tell 'e tire'. 'E try fer go pas' da gett; gett shed. 'E call lil gal; lil gal *gone!* 'E call, call, call; lil gal no yeddy. 'E try fer fine crack in da palin': no

crack dey. 'E try fer jump over: da palin' too high. 'E 'come skeer; 'e is 'come so skeer, 'e squot 'pun da groun'; 'e shek, 'e shiver.

"Mân come bahk. 'E ahx wey B'er Rabbit. Lil gal say 'e in da geerden. Mân hug lil gal, 'e is lub um so. 'E go in da geerden; 'e fine B'er Rabbit. 'E ketch um — 'e ca' um off fer kill um; 'e mad fer true. Lil gal come holler:

"'Daddy, daddy: missus say run dere! 'E wan' you come stret dere!'

"Mân tie B'er Rabbit in da bag; 'e hang um on tree-lim'. 'E say:

"'I gwan come bahk. I l'arn you fer mek cud wit' me green pea.'

"Mân gone fer see 'e missus. Bumbye, B'er 'Possum is bin-a come pas'. 'E look up, 'e ketch glimp' da bag 'pun da lim'. 'E say:

"'Ki! Wut dis is bin-a hang in da bag 'pun da tree-lim'?' B'er Rabbit say:

"'Hush, B'er 'Possum! 'Tis-a me. I bin-a lissen at dem sing in da cloud.'

"B'er 'Possum lissen. 'E say:

"'I no yed dem sing, B'er Rabbit.'

"'Hush, B'er 'Possum! How is I kin yeddy dem sing wun you is mek-a da fuss dey-dey?'

"B'er 'Possum, 'e hol' 'e mout' still, 'cep' 'e do grin. B'er Rabbit say:

"'I yed dem now! I yed dem now! B'er 'Possum, I wish you is yeddy dem sing!'

"B'er 'Possum say 'e mout' water fer yeddy dem sing in da cloud. B'er Rabbit, 'e say 'e is bin-a hab so long tam 'quaintun wit' B'er 'Possum, 'e le'm yeddy dem sing. 'E say:

"'I git fum da bag, I tun-a you in tell you is yeddy dem sing. Dun you is git fum da bag, tell I do come bahk un 'joy mese'f.'

"B'er 'Possum, 'e do clam up da tree; 'e git dem bag, 'e bring um down. 'E tak off da string; 'e tu'n B'er Rabbit go. 'E crawl in un 'e quile up. 'E say:

"'I no yeddy dem sing, B'er Rabbit!'

"'Hi! wait tell da bag git tie, B'er 'Possum. You yed dem soon 'nuff!' 'E wait.

"'I no yeddy dem sing, B'er Rabbit!'

"'Hi! wait tell I clam da tree, B'er 'Possum. You yed dem soon 'nuff!' 'E wait.

"'I no yeddy dem sing, B'er Rabbit!'

"'Wait tell I fix um 'pun da lim', B'er 'Possum. You yed dem soon 'nuff!' 'E wait.

"B'er Rabbit clam down; 'e run 'way fum dey-dey; 'e hide in da bush side. Mân come bahk. 'E see da bag moof. B'er 'Possum say:

"'I no yeddy dem sing. I wait fer yed um sing!'

"Mân tink 'e B'er Rabbit in da bag. 'E say:

"'Ah-yi-ee! I mekky you yed dem sing!'

"Màn tek-a da bag fum da tree-lim'; 'e do slam da bag 'gin da face da ye't'. 'E tek-a 'e walkin'-cane, un 'e do beat B'er 'Possum wut is do um no ha'm tell e' is mos' kill um. MÀN tink B'er Rabbit mus' bin dead by dis. 'E look in da bag; 'e 'tretch 'e y-eye big; 'e 'stonish. B'er Rabbit, 'e do come fum da bush side; 'e do holler, 'e do laff. 'E say:

"'You no is ketch-a me! I t'ief you' green pea,—I t'ief um some mo',—I t'ief um tel I dead!"

"Màn, 'e 'come so mad, 'e is fling hatchet at B'er Rabbit un chop off 'e tail."

At this moment Daddy Jack subsided. His head drooped forward, and he was soon in the land of Nod. Uncle Remus sat gazing into the fire-place, as though lost in reflection. Presently, he laughed softly to himself, and said:

"Dat's des 'bout de long en de short un it. Mr. Man clip off Brer Rabbit tail wid de hatchet, en it bleed so free dat Brer Rabbit rush off ter de cotton-patch en put some lint on it, en down ter dis day dat lint mos' de fus t'ing you see w'en Brer Rabbit jump out'n he bed en tell you good-bye."

"But, Uncle Remus, what became of Brother 'Possum?"

Uncle Remus smacked his lips and looked wise.

"Don't talk 'bout Brer 'Possum, honey. Ef dat ar Mr. Man wuz nice folks lak we all is, en I aint 'spute it, he tuck 'n tuck B'er 'Possum en bobbycue 'im, en I wish I had a great big piece right now. Dat I does."

XIV.

WHY THE GUINEA-FOWLS ARE SPECKLED.

ONE night, while the little boy was watching Uncle Remus broil a piece of bacon on the coals, he heard a great commotion among the guinea-fowls. The squawking and *pot-racking* went on at such a rate that the geese awoke and began to scream, and finally the dogs added their various voices to the uproar. Uncle Remus leaned back in his chair and listened.

"I speck may be dat's de patter-rollers gwine by," he said, after awhile. "But you can't put no 'pen'unce in dem ar guinny-hins, kaze dey'll wake up en holler ef dey year deysef sno'. Dey'll fool you sho'."

"They are mighty funny, anyhow," said the little boy.

"Dat's it!" exclaimed Uncle Remus. "Dey looks quare, en dey does quare. Dey aint do lak no yuther kinder chick'n, en dey aint look lak no yuther kinder chick'n. Yit

folks tells me," the old man went on, reflectively, "dat dey er heap mo' kuse lookin' now dan w'at dey use' ter be. I year tell dat dey wuz one time w'en dey wuz all blue, 'stid er havin' all dem ar teenchy little spots on um."

"Well, how did they get to be speckled, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy, seeing that the old man was disposed to leave the subject and devote his attention to his broiling bacon.

Uncle Remus did not respond at once. He turned his meat over carefully, watched it a little while, and then adroitly transferred it to the cover of a tin bucket, which was made to answer the purpose of a plate. Then he searched about in the embers until he found his ash-cake, and in a little while his supper was ready to be eaten.

"I aint begrudgin' nobody nothin'," said Uncle Remus, measuring the victuals with his eye; "yit I'm monstus glad Brer Jack aint nowhar's 'roun', kaze dey aint no tellin' de gawm dat ole nigger kin eat. He look shaky, en he look dry up, en he aint got no toof, yit w'ence he set hissef down whar dey any vittles, he des nat'ally laps hit up. En let 'lone dat, he ull wipe he mouf en look 'roun' des lak he want mo'. Time Miss Sally see dat ole nigger eat one meal er vittles, I boun' you he hatter go back down de country. I aint begrudgin' Brer Jack de vittles," Uncle Remus went on, adopting a more conciliatory tone, "dat I aint, kaze folks is got ter eat; but, gentermens! you be 'stonish' w'en you see Brer Jack 'pesterin' long er he dinner."

The little boy sat quiet awhile, and then reminded Uncle Remus of the guinea-fowls.

"Tooby sho, honey, tooby sho! W'at I doin' runnin' on dis a-way 'bout ole Brer Jack? W'at he done ter me? Yer I is gwine on 'bout Brer Jack, en dem ar guinny-hins out dar waitin'. Well, den, one day Sis Cow wuz a-grazin' 'bout in de ole fiel' en lookin' atter her calf. De wedder wuz kinder hot, en de calf, he tuck 'n stan', he did, in he mammy shadder, so he kin keep cool, en so dat one flip un he mammy tail kin keep de flies off 'n bofe un um. Atter w'ile, 'long come a drove er guinnies. De guinnies, dey howdied, en Sis Cow, she howdied, en de guinnies, dey sorter picked 'roun' en sun deysef; en Sis Cow, she crap de grass en ax um de news er de neighborhoods. Dey went on dis a-way twell 'twant 'long 'fo' dey year mighty kuse noise out dar t'er side er de old fiel'. De guinnies, dey make great 'miration, des lak dey does deze days, en old Sis Cow fling up 'er head en look all 'roun'. She aint see nothin'."

"Atter w'ile dey year de kuse fuss 'gin, en dey look 'roun', en bless gracious! stan'in,

right dar, 'twix' dem en sundown, wuz a great big lion!"

"A lion, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy, in amazement.

"Des ez sho ez you er settin' dar, honey,—a great big lion. You better b'leeve dey wuz a monstus flutterment 'mungs de guinnies, en ole Sis Cow, she look mighty skeer'd. De lion love cow meat mos' better dan he do any yuther kinder meat, en he shake he head en 'low ter hisse'f dat he'll des about ketch ole Sis Cow en eat 'er up, en take en kyar de calf ter he fambly.

"Den he tuck 'n shuck he head, de lion did, en make straight at Sis Cow. De guinnies dey run dis a-way, en dey run 'er way, en dey run all 'roun' en 'roun'; but ole Sis Cow, she des know she got ter stan' 'er groun', en w'en she see de lion makin' todes 'er, she des tuck 'n drapt 'er head down en pawed de dirt. De lion, he crope up, he did, en crope 'roun', watchin' fer good chance fer ter make a jump. He crope 'roun', he did, but no diffunce which a-way he creep, dar wuz ole Sis Cow hawns p'intin' right straight at 'im. Ole Sis Cow, she paw de dirt, she did, en show de white er her eyes, en beller way down in 'er stomach.

"Dey went on dis a-way, dey did, twell bimeby de guinnies, dey see dat Sis Cow aint so mighty skeerd, en den dey 'gun ter take heart. Fus' news you know, one un um sorter drap he wings en fuzzle up de fedders, en run out 'twix' Sis Cow en de lion. W'en he git dar, he sorter dip down, he did, en fling up dirt des lak you see um do in de ash-pile. Den he tuck 'n run back, he did, en time he git back, 'n'er one run out en raise de dus' 'twix' Sis Cow en de lion. Den 'n'er one, he run out en dip down en shoo up de dus'; den 'n'er one run out en dip down, en a 'n'er one, en yit a 'n'er one, twell, bless gracious! time dey all run out en dip down en raise de dus', de lion wuz dat blin' twell he aint kin see he han' befo' 'im. Dis make 'im so mad dat he make a splunge at Sis Cow, en de ole lady, she kotch him on her hawns en got 'im down, en des nat'ally to' he intruls out."

"Did she kill the lion, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy, incredulously.

"Dat she did—dat she did! Yit 'taint make 'er proud, kaze atter de lion done good en dead, she tuck en call up de guinnies, she did, en she 'low dey bin so quick fer ter he'p 'er out, dat she wanten pay um back. De guinnies, dey say, sezee:

"'Don't bodder 'long er we all, Sis Cow,' sezee. 'You had yo' fun en we all had ourn, en 'ceppin dat ar blood en ha'r on yo' hawn,' sezee, 'dey aint none un us any de wuss off,' sezee.

"But ole Sis Cow, she stan' um down, she did, dat she got ter pay um back, en den atter w'ile she ax um w'at dey lak bes'.

"One un um up en make answer dat w'at dey lak bes', Sis Cow, she can't gi' um. Sis Cow, she up en 'low dat she dunno 'bout dat, en she ax um w'at is it.

"Den de guinnies, dey tuck 'n huddle up, dey did, en hol' er confab wid one er n'er, en w'iles dey er doin' dis, ole Sis Cow, she tuck 'n fetch a long breff, en den she call up 'er cud, en stood dar chawin' on it des lak she aint had no tribulation dat day.

"Bimeby one er de guinnies step out fum de huddlement en make a bow en 'low dat dey all 'ud be mighty proud ef Sis Cow kin fix it some way so dey can't be seed so fur troo de woods, kaze dey look blue in de sun, en dey look blue in de shade, en dey can't hide deyself nohow. Sis Cow, she chaw on 'er cud, en shet 'er eyes, en study. She chaw en chaw, en study en study. Bimeby she 'low:

"Go fetch me a pail!" Guinny-hin laff!

"Law, Sis Cow! w'at de name er goodness you gwine do wid a pail?"

"Go fetch me a pail!"

"Guinny-hin, she run'd off, she did, en atter w'ile yer she come trottin' back wid a pail. She sot dat pail down," continued Uncle Remus, in the tone of an eye-witness to the occurrence, "en Sis Cow, she tuck 'er stan' over it, en she let down 'er milk in dar twell she mighty nigh fill de pail full. Den she tuck 'n make dem guinny-hins git in a row, en she dip 'er tail in dat ar pail, en she switch it at de fust un en sprinkle 'er all over wid de milk; en eve'y time she switch 'er tail at um she low:

"I loves dis un!" Den she 'ud sing:

"Oh, Blue go 'way! you shill not stay!
Oh, Guinny, be Gray, be Gray!"

"She tuck 'n sprinkle de las' one un um, en de guinnies, dey sot in de sun twell dey git dry, en fum dat time out dey got dem little speckles on um."

XV.

BROTHER RABBIT'S LOVE-CHARM.

"DEY wuz one time," said Uncle Remus one night, as they all sat around the wide hearth,—Daddy Jack, Aunt Tempy, and the little boy in their accustomed places,— "Dey wuz one time w'en de t'er creeturs push Brer Rabbit so close dat he tuck up a kinder idee dat may be he wa'nt ez smart ez he mout be, en he study 'bout dis plum twell he git humble ez de nex' man. 'Las' he 'low ter hisse'f dat he better make inquiresments——"

"Ki!" exclaimed Daddy Jack, raising both hands and grinning excitedly, "wut tale dis? I bin yerry da tale wun I is bin wean't fum me mammy."

"Well, den, Brer Jack," said Uncle Remus, with instinctive deference to the rules of hospitality, "I speck you des better whirl in yer en spin 'er out. Ef you git 'er mix up anywhars I ull des slip in front er you en ketch holt whar you lef' off."

With that, Daddy Jack proceeded:

"One tam, B'er Rabbit is bin lub one nounge leddy."

"Miss Meadows, I speck," suggested Uncle Remus, as the old African paused to rub his chin.

"'E no lub Miss Meadow nuttin' 'tall!" exclaimed Daddy Jack, emphatically. "'E bin lub turrer nounge leddy fum dat. 'E is bin lub werry nice nounge leddy. 'E lub 'um hard, 'e lub 'um long, un 'e is gwan try fer mek dem nounge leddy marry wit' 'im. Nounge leddy seem lak 'e no look 'pon B'er Rabbit, un dis is bin-a mek B'er Rabbit feel werry bad all da day long. 'E moof 'way off by 'ese'f; 'e lose 'e fat, un 'e heer is bin-a come out. Bumbye, 'e see one ole Affiky mans wut is bin-a hunt in da fiel' fer root un yerrub fer mek 'e met'cine truck. 'E see um, un he go toze um. Affiky mans open 'e y-eye big; 'e 'stonish'. 'E say:

"'Ki, B'er Rabbit! you' he'lt' is bin-a gone; 'e bin-a gone un lef you. Wut mekky you is look so puny lak dis? Who is bin hu't-a you' feelin'?"

"B'er Rabbit larf wit' dry grins. 'E say:

"'Shoo! I bin got well. Ef you is see me wun I sick fer true, 'twill mekky you heer stan' up, I skeer you so."

"Affiky mans, 'e mek B'er Rabbit stick out 'e tongue; 'e is count B'er Rabbit pulse. 'E shekky 'e head; 'e do say:

"'Hi, B'er Rabbit! Wut all dis? You is bin ketch-a da gal-fever, un 'e strak in 'pon you' gizzud."

"Den B'er Rabbit, 'e is tell-a da Affiky mans 'bout dem nounge leddy wut no look toze 'im, un da Affiky mans, 'e do say 'e bin know gal sem lak dat, 'e is bin shum befo'. 'E say 'e kin fix all dem nounge leddy lak dat. B'er Rabbit, 'e is feel so good, 'e jump up high; 'e is bin crack 'e heel; 'e shekky da Affiky mans by de han'.

"Affiky mans, 'e say B'er Rabbit no kin git da gal 'cep' 'e is mek 'im one cha'm-bag. 'E say 'e mus' git one el'phan' tush, un 'e mus' git one 'gater toof, un 'e mus' git one rice-bud bill. B'er Rabbit werry glad 'bout dis, un 'e hop way fum dey-dey.

"'E hop, 'e run, 'e jump all nex' day night, un bumbye 'e see one great big el'phan' come

breakin' 'e way troo da woots. B'er Rabbit, 'e say:

"'Ki! Oona big fer true! I bin-a yeddy talk 'bout dis in me y-own countree. Oona big fer true; too big fer be strong.'

"El'phan' say: 'See dis!'

"'E tek pine tree in 'e snout; 'e pull um by da roots; 'e toss um way off. B'er Rabbit say:

"'Hi! dem tree come 'cause you bin high; 'e no come 'cause you bin strong.'

"El'phan' say: 'See dis!'

"'E rush troo da woots; 'e fair teer um down. B'er Rabbit say:

"'Hoo! dem is bin-a saplin' wey you 'stroy. See da big pine? Oona no kin 'stroy dem.'

"El'phan' say: 'See dis!'

"'E run 'pon da big pine; da big pine is bin too tough. El'phan' tush stick in deer fer true; da big pine hol' um fas'. B'er Rabbit git-a dem tush; 'e fetch um wey da Affiky mans lif. Affiky mans say el'phan' is bin too big fer be sma't. 'E say 'e mus' haf one 'gater toof fer go wit' el'phan' tush.

"B'er Rabbit, 'e do crack 'e heel; 'e do fair fly fum dey-dey. 'E go 'long, 'e go 'long. Bumbye 'e come 'pon 'gater. Da 'sun shiün hot; 'e 'gater do 'joy' 'ese'f. B'er Rabbit say:

"'Dis road, 'e werry bad; less we mek good one by da crick-side.'

"'Gater lak dat. 'E wek 'ese'f up fum 'e head to 'e tail. Dey sta't fer clean da road. 'Gater, 'e do teer da bush wit' 'e toof; 'e sweep-a da trash way wit' 'e tail. B'er Rabbit, 'e do beat-a da bush down wit' 'e cane. 'E hit lef', 'e hit right; 'e hit up, 'e hit down; 'e hit all 'roun'. 'E hit un 'e hit, tell bumbye 'e hit 'gater in 'e mout' un knock-a da toof out. 'E grab um up; 'e gone fum dey-dey. 'E fetch-a da 'gater toof wey da Affiky mans lif. Affiky mans say:

"'Gater is bin-a got sha'p toof fer true. Go fetch-a me one rice-bud bill.'

"B'er Rabbit gone! 'E go 'long, 'e go 'long, tell 'e see rice-bud swingin' on bush. 'E ahx um kin 'e fly.

"Rice-bud say: 'See dis!'

"'E wissle, 'e sing, 'e shek 'e wing; 'e fly all 'roun' un 'roun'.

"B'er Rabbit say rice-bud kin fly wey da win' is bin blow, but 'e no kin fly wey no win' blow.

"Rice-bud say, 'Enty?'

"'E wait fer win' stop blowin'; 'e wait, un 'e fly all 'roun' un 'roun'.

"B'er Rabbit say rice-bud yent kin fly in house wey dey no win'.

"Rice-bud say, 'Enty?'

"'E fly in house, 'e fly all 'roun' un 'roun'. B'er Rabbit pull de do' shed; 'e look at dem rice-bud; 'e say, 'Enty!'

"'E ketch dem rice-bud; 'e do git um bill, 'e fetch um wey da Affiky mans lif. Affiky mans say dem rice-bud bill slick fer true. 'E tekky da el'phan' tush, 'e tekky da 'gater toof, 'e tekky da rice-bud bill, he pit um in lil bag; 'e swing dem bag 'pon B'er Rabbit neck. Den B'er Rabbit kin marry dem nounge gal. Enty!"

Here Daddy Jack paused and flung a glance of feeble tenderness upon 'Tildy. Uncle Remus smiled contemptuously, seeing which 'Tildy straightened herself, tossed her head, and closed her eyes with an air of indescribable scorn.

"I dunner what Brer Rabbit mout er done," she exclaimed; "but I lay ef dey's any ole nigger man totin' a cunjer-bag in dis neighborhood, he'll git mighty tired un it 'fo' it do 'im any good—I lay dat!"

Daddy Jack chuckled heartily at this, and dropped off to sleep so suddenly that the little boy thought he was playing possum.

XVI.

BROTHER RABBIT SUBMITS TO A TEST.

"UNCLE REMUS," said the child, "do you reckon Brother Rabbit really married the young lady?"

"Bless yo' soul, honey," responded the old man with a sigh, "hit b'long ter Brer Jack fer ter tell you dat. 'Taint none er my tale."

"Wasn't that the tale you started to tell?"

"Who? Me? *Shoo!* I aint 'sputin' but w'at Brer Jack tale des ez purty ez dey er any needs fer, yit 'taint none er my tale."

At this, the little boy laid his hand upon Uncle Remus's knee and waited.

"Now, den," said the old man, with an air of considerable importance, "we er got ter go 'way back behine dish yer yallergater doin's w'at Brer Jack bin mixin' us up wid. 'Ef I makes no mistakes wid my 'membrence, de place wharbouts I lef' off wuz whar Brer Rabbit had so many 'p'intments fer ter keep out de way er de t'er creeturs dat he 'gun ter feel monstus humblyfied. Let um be who dey will, you git folks in a close place ef you wantter see um shed der proudness. Dey beg mo' samer dan a nigger w'en de patter-rollers ketch 'im. Brer Rabbit aint do no beggin', kaze dey aint kotch; yit dey come so nigh it, he 'gun ter feel he weakness."

"W'en Brer Rabbit feel dis a-way, do he set down flat er de groun' en let de t'er creeturs rush up en grab 'im? He mout do it deze days, kaze times done change; but in dem days he des tuck 'n sot up wid hisse'f en study 'bout w'at he gwine do. He study en study,

en las' he up 'n tell he ole 'oman, he did, dat he gwine on a journey. Wid dat, ole Miss Rabbit, she tuck 'n fry 'im up a rasher er bacon, en bake 'im a pone er bread. Brer Rabbit tied dis up in a bag en tuck down he walkin' cane en put out."

"Where was he going, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy.

"Lemme 'lone, honey! Lemme sorter git hit up, like. De trail mighty cole 'long yer, sho; kaze dish yer tale aint come 'cross my min' not sence yo' gran'pa fotch us all out er Ferginny, en dat's a monstus long time ago."

"He put out, Brer Rabbit did, fer ter see ole Mammy-Bammy Big-Money."

"Dat uz dat ole witch-rabbit," remarked Aunt Tempy, complacently.

"Yasser," continued Uncle Remus, "de ve'y same ole creetur w'at I done tell you 'bout we'n Brer Rabbit los' he foot. He put out, he did, en atter so long a time he git dar. He take time fer ter ketch he win', en den he sorter shake hisse'f up en rustle 'roun' in de grass. Bimeby he holler:

"Mammy-Bammy Big-Money! Oh, Mammy-Bammy Big-Money! I journeyed fur, I journeyed fas'; I glad I foun' de place at las'."

"Great big black smoke rise up out er de groun', en ole Mammy-Bammy Big-Money 'low:

"Wharfo', Son Riley Rabbit, Riley? Son Rabbit Riley, wharfo'?"

"Wid dat," continued Uncle Remus, dropping the sing-song tone by means of which he managed to impart a curious dignity and stateliness to the dialogue between Brother Rabbit and Mammy-Bammy Big-Money,— "Wid dat Brer Rabbit up 'n tell 'er, he did, 'bout how he fear'd he losin' the use er he min', kaze he done come ter dat pass dat he aint kin fool de yuther creeturs no mo', en dey push 'im so closte twell 'twont be long 'fo' dey 'll git 'im. De ole witch-rabbit she sot dar, she did, en suck in black smoke en puff it out 'gin, twell yer can't see nothin' 'tall but 'er great big eyeballs en 'er great big years. Atter 'wile she 'low:

"Dar sets a squer'l in dat tree, Son Riley; go fetch dat squer'l straight ter me, Son Riley Rabbit, Riley."

"Brer Rabbit sorter study, en den he 'low, he did:

"I aint got much sense lef', yit ef I can't coax dat chap down from dar, den hit's kaze I done got some zeeze w'ich it make me fibble in de min'." sezee.

"Wid dat, Brer Rabbit tuck 'n empty de provender out 'n he bag en got 'im two rocks, en put de bag over he head en sot down

und' de tree whar de squer'l is. He wait little while, en den he hit de rocks tergedder—*blip!*

"Squer'l, he holler, 'Hey!'"

"Brer Rabbit wait little, en den he tuck 'n slap de rocks tergedder—*blap!*"

"Squer'l he run down de tree little bit en holler, 'Heyo!'"

"Brer Rabbit aint sayin' nothin'. He des pop de rocks togedder—*blip!*"

"Squer'l, he come down little furdur, he did, en holler, 'Who dat?'"

"'Biggidy Dicky Big-Bag!'"

"'What you doin' in dar?'"

"'Crackin' hick'y nuts.'"

"'Kin I crack some?'"

"'Tooby sho, Miss Bunny Bushtail; come git in de bag.'"

"Miss Bunny Bushtail hang back," continued Uncle Remus, chuckling; "but de long en de short un it wuz dat she got in de bag, en Brer Rabbit he tuck 'n kyar'd 'er ter ole Mammy-Bammy Big-Money. De ole witch-rabbit, she tuck 'n tu'n de squer'l 'a-loose, en 'low:

"'Dar lies a snake in 'mungs' de grass, Son Riley; go fetch 'im yer, en be right fas', Son Riley Rabbit, Riley.'"

"Brer Rabbit look 'roun', en sho 'nuff dar lay de bigges' kinder rattlesnake, all quile up ready fer business. Brer Rabbit scratch he year wid he behine leg, en study. Look lak he gwine git in trouble. Yit atter w'ile he go off in de bushes, he did, en cut 'im a young grape-vine, en he fix 'im a slip-knot. Den he come back. Snake 'periently look lak he sleep. Brer Rabbit ax 'im how he come on. Snake aint say nothin', but he quile up little tighter, en he tongue run out lak it bin had grease on it. Mouf shot; yit de tongue slick out en slick back 'fo' a sheep kin shake he tail. Brer Rabbit, he 'low, he did:

"'Law, Mr. Snake, I mighty glad I come 'cross you,' sezee. 'Me en ole Jedge B'ar bin havin' a turrible 'spute 'bout how long you is. We bofe 'gree dat you look mighty purty w'en you er layin' stretch out full lenk in de sun; but Jedge B'ar, he 'low you aint but 'thee foot long, en I stood 'im down dat you 'uz four foot long ef 'not mo', sezee. 'En de talk got so hot dat I come mighty nigh hittin'

'im a clip wid my walkin'-cane, en ef I had I boun' dey'd er bin some bellerin' done roun' dar,' sezee.

"Snake aint say nothin', but he look mo' complassy * dan w'at he bin lookin'.

"'I up 'n tole ole Jedge B'ar,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'dat de nex' time I run 'cross you I gwine take 'n medjer you; en goodness knows I mighty glad I struck up wid you, kaze now dey wont be no mo' 'casion fer any 'sputin' 'twix' me en Jedge B'ar,' sezee.

"Den Brer Rabbit ax Mr. Snake ef he wont be so good ez ter onquile hisse'f. Snake he feel mighty proud, he did, en he stretch out fer all he wuff. Brer Rabbit, he medjer, he did, en 'low:

"'Dar one foot fer Jedge B'ar; dar two foot fer Jedge B'ar; dar 'thee foot fer Jedge B'ar; en, bless goodness, dar four foot fer Jedge B'ar, des lak I say!'"

"By dat time Brer Rabbit done got ter snake head, en des ez de las' wud drop out 'n he mouf, he slip de loop 'roun' snake neck, en den he had 'im good en fas'. He tuck 'n drag 'im, he did, up ter whar de ole witch-rabbit settin' at; but w'en he git dar, Mammy-Bammy Big-Money done make 'er disappearance, but he year sump'n way off yander, en seem lak it say:

"'Ef you git any mo' sense, Son Riley, you'll be de ruination ev de whole settlement, Son Riley Rabbit, Riley.'"

"Den Brer Rabbit drag de snake 'long home, en stew 'im down en rub wid de grease fer ter make 'im mo' soopler in de lim's. Bless yo' soul, honey! Brer Rabbit mout 'er bin kinder fibble in de legs, but he want no ways cripple und' de hat."†

* A mixture of "complacent" and "placid." Accent on the second syllable.

† A version of this story makes Brother Rabbit capture a swarm of bees. Mr. W. O. Toggie, of Georgia, who has made an exhaustive study of the mythology of the Creek Indians, has discovered a variant of the legend. The Rabbit (Chufee) becomes alarmed because he has nothing but the nimbleness of his feet to take him out of harm's way. He goes to his Creator and begs that greater intelligence be bestowed upon him. Thereupon the snake test is applied, as in the negro story, and the Rabbit also catches a swarm of gnats. He is then told that he has as much intelligence as there is any need for, and he goes away satisfied.

(END OF THE SERIES.)



TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Temperance Outlook.

THERE is no question, whether of morals or economics, now agitating the public mind, of more importance than the treatment of intemperance. The statistics of some of our prisons show that seven-eighths of their inmates reached their wretched condition through drunkenness. The withdrawal of such a multitude from active industry, the pauperism directly entailed upon thousands, the insecurity of property, and the heavy tax upon the community for their support and for the support of the machinery that seizes and disposes of them, give us the economic side of the giant evil; while the moral side, infinitely more sad and appalling, is represented in the rending asunder of families, the multiplication of criminals, and the disintegration and degradation of society. These facts are patent to all observers, and there is a very general demand for action against this formidable enemy. For many years philanthropists have met and sounded the alarm, and sporadic efforts have been made, mostly of a missionary and persuasive sort, to mitigate the evil. There had been in almost all the States laws regulating the sale of alcoholic liquors with a view to prevent excesses, but these laws had all proved to be dead letters, and nowhere was the evil checked except where small communities became virtually their own police and throttled it. The State of Maine was, we believe, the first State which attempted to sweep the curse from its entire area by an act of legislation, and hence "the Maine law" has become a significant term in general use. Maine not only enacted its law, but has firmly kept it on the statute-book, while elsewhere like action has been afterward annulled. After many years, two more States, Kansas and Iowa, have not only followed Maine's example, but have gone beyond the pattern—having inserted a clause in the State constitution forbidding the sale of alcoholic liquors as a beverage. And now this style of action against the enemy is prominently suggested as the panacea for the whole land. In many States parties are formed, or forming, for the insertion of such a constitutional amendment in the State fundamental law, and a large number of active minds are busy with the agitation for a like insertion in the national constitution. Will these efforts prove successful? We mean, will they, if successful in gaining the proximate end of constitutional prohibition, be successful in the ultimate object of destroying the rum monster? It is an invidious thing to find fault with a movement whose aim is the noblest and whose spirit is the purest. It is easy and natural to count such a fault-finder as an enemy to the truth, as an ally of the special foe, as seeking adroitly to weaken the progress of reform. And yet conscientious men must do that invidious thing, when they see that a reform, with however noble a purpose, is riding over the clearest principles of right and actually preparing the way for the utter failure of the noble purpose. Reformers should not,

in reforming on their line, open other lines of error that shall need reform. It is unwise treatment to cure a chill by producing a fever.

The prime objection to a constitutional amendment on the subject of temperance is that it is wholly unnecessary. Law, as enacted by a legislature, would be just as efficacious. A people will obey a statute just as soon as an article in the fundamental law. Again, a constitution is not the place for such specific applications of principle, but for the general principle itself. If the constitution says that the legislature shall have power to make all laws necessary to the peace and welfare of the community, and then lays down certain principles which limit this grant of power, it has done all a constitution should do. Anything further destroys its character as a constitution. If one detailed law is to be inserted, why not a thousand? If a law against the sale of ardent spirits, why not a law against an equal evil, the prostitution of women? Why not a law against gambling, which slays its thousands annually? Making the constitution a statute-book is to mar its character and influence and to confound things that differ. Such an action must have a reaction. The people will some time see what an error they have made, and when these laws are wiped off the constitution, their prestige will suffer. That which has influence must never be apparently degraded. If so, the influence is gone, or at least modified. To exalt, therefore, a law and put it into the constitution, when afterward it must be removed from its false position, is really to degrade that law. This degradation of the prohibitory law we shall inevitably see in those States which now so eagerly lift it into the constitution. Such a righteous restoration of the law to its own place will be claimed (falsely, and yet effectively) by the rum interest as a victory for them.

But there is another error in this movement, which so greatly involves principle that consciences must speak out. The movement makes no discrimination between things that differ. Fermented wine differs as widely from distilled rum or whisky as coffee differs from opium, and yet this prohibitory movement ties them up in the same bundle and puts the one label on the whole! Human reason revolts at such arbitrary dealing. There is a broad and deep common sense throughout the community, which, without conscious reasoning, rejects all this and will render all attempts of the kind futile in the end. It may be quiet for a time while a wild, panic-like fury impels the reformers, but it will assert itself as surely as water will seek and find its level. Men will not believe that a glass of wine at the dinner-table and a glass of whisky at the bar are the same thing, any more than they will believe that a cup of coffee at the dinner-table and a whiff of opium at Ah-Ching's are the same thing. Men will not believe that a glass of wine is the beginning of drunkenness, although they have heard it asserted *ad nauseum* all their lives. Men will not believe that the fermented

juice of the grape from Nature's own process is to be classed with the results of manufacture through man's alembics. Men will not believe that the universal praise of wine by every people in all ages, including the sacred writers of the Holy Scriptures, is an error and a sin. One of the chief reasons of the ill success of the temperance movements of past years is this failure to discriminate, and by carrying this plan into the present effort the temperance leaders are showing that they learn nothing from the past. The improvement among educated people in the drinking customs of society is due, not to any of these extreme total abstinence movements, but to the general growth of sensible temperance; and yet these fanatical people claim it all as *their* triumph, and so go on in their most mistaken policy. The total abstinence movement has always been a hinderance to true temperance reform, by setting sensible people against all proper effort to help reform on account of the absurd complexion the reform has assumed. The vast numbers in the United States who would have fought as splendid soldiers for temperance have remained comparatively idle all these years, through fear of being identified with the extremists who had usurped the title of Temperance men. All this loss is rightfully laid at the door of the Total Abstinence propaganda. That the temperance question should be made a political question is most desirable. No question more vitally concerns the whole country with respect to its highest welfare. We should have temperance men in office and temperance laws enacted. But temperance must be temperance. It must be a sensible and practical scheme that sensible and practical men will support which shall bring about the desired reformation. It must be a scheme which the great majority of moral men will recognize to be sound in its logic and even in its justice. Anything else than this may, under pressure of an excitement, achieve a temporary success, but only this will be a permanent cure of the rampant abomination. The liquor men are now more defiant and more numerous, in proportion to the population, than in any former period. They work their criminal mills openly in the face of all, and we see the streams of vice and crime pouring forth from these sources to lay waste the community and overwhelm the dikes which philanthropy has erected. The courts, the police, and the public officers generally, seeing the bold mien of these disturbers of the peace, find it easier for their weak natures to humor them and to connive at their wicked works than to oppose them. The great majority of the community are thus oppressed and tyrannized over by this minority, who laugh at law and hound the defenders of law. The only end of this enormity will be in the *union of the majority*, and this can never be effected by extreme measures or fanatical pronouncements. Discrimination between liquors that are hurtful and those that are (in moderate use) healthful; discrimination between modes of drinking, as treating and drinking at meals; discrimination between places for drinking only and places for lunch or dinner; discrimination between drinking on the premises where the liquor is sold and drinking it at home; discrimination between day and night in the sale,—these and other like discriminations are to be made in place of the sweeping demands of the ultra men if a union of temperance forces is to be consummated. Without this

union the evil must go on propagating itself daily, and on the so-called temperance leaders must rest the blame. They have constituted an unreasonable shibboleth. When they abandon that the enemy will be conquered, unless meanwhile the enemy shall have conquered all the ground and made our land a moral desert. Admirable laws, exactly suited to diminish the curse and destroy the political power of the rum interest, have been introduced into the New York Legislature, and would have been enacted but for the solid vote against them of the so-called temperance members, directed by their "Temperance" constituency at home. This class of reformers will have their zeal intensified by the action of Kansas and Iowa, and they may carry a few more of the States. Would to God their success were really success, that the rum interest were stricken to the heart by it! But not until the reaction takes place, and these men are convinced of their error and are ready to build on truth and not on impulse, can we expect that union of all good elements which will finally dig the grave of Rum and bury him beyond all resurrection.

The Reticence of American Politicians.

ONE of the most singular facts in American politics to-day is the reluctance of party leaders to discuss the public questions of the time. To whatever cause this reluctance is due, the fact itself is too well known to require proof, being constantly apparent in the conduct of our public men without distinction of party. In reading the speeches and debates in Congress, for instance, we rarely find in them a firm grasp of the subject in hand, or anything beyond an attempt to humor some interest, class, or section, or to advance the personal fortunes of the speakers. So also in addressing the people, it is seldom that a politician of either party handles a subject of living interest with the ability and ease of a master, while some of the most important questions are habitually passed over with as little notice as possible.

Take, for instance, the subject of administrative reform. This has been more widely discussed among the people than any other reformatory measure of the time; yet very few of our public officers, administrative or legislative, have contributed anything toward the reform, either by advocating it before the people or by devising methods for putting it into practice. On the subject of the tariff, again, many members of Congress seem to be all at sea, their treatment of it indicating either great ignorance of the subject or great timidity in acting out their convictions. On the question of inter-state commerce and the government of corporations, which bids fair to become the leading issue in American politics, our public men have nothing to say; and the same is true as to nearly every question that now interests the public mind.

Such conduct on the part of the people's representatives can hardly be paralleled in any other country where free government exists. It is the business of leaders to lead; and in all free countries the people look to the leaders of parties to formulate public opinion and prepare the issues of the time. In England, the discussion of all important questions, pending and prospective, is recognized as one of the most essential

functions of a member of Parliament, and particularly of those who hold the leading positions in the councils of parties; and the leaders are not at all backward in discharging this duty, but use every available opportunity to set forth their views and every suitable means to bring over the public to their way of thinking. So also in France, Germany, and Italy, the leaders of parties are men of positive views, and frank and earnest in their advocacy; so that the opposite characteristic in our own politicians is as clearly anomalous as it is out of harmony with the principles of popular government.

Why it is that our public men are thus non-committal on pending questions it is not easy to see. If their reserve is due to the fear of losing their popularity and their influence among the people, they are making a great mistake; for a man of strong convictions and a mind of his own is far more respected by his fellow-citizens than one who waits to find out what the people think before taking his own position. The American people are not tyrants, neither are they a mob, but a body of men of more or less intelligence and interest in political questions, and desirous of hearing these questions treated in all their aspects. Of course, when it comes to action, the people expect their representatives to carry out their views and enact such laws as the popular conscience approves; and if a man has been so unfortunate as to place himself on the wrong side, he must expect, in the end, to be defeated. We do not forget that, according to our present practice, a representative must be a resident of the district from which he is chosen, and that this is, to some extent, a bar to the free expression of his individual views. But this practice is the result of custom merely, and is not required by the national constitution, which recognizes States only, and not districts; and there is little doubt that a man of ability and popular gifts could easily break through the custom, and thus obtain ample freedom in the choice of a constituency. We admit, however, that so long as the practice continues it must, in some cases, hamper the action of men seeking legislative office.

Again: it is possible that some men refrain from expressing their opinions freely for fear of placing themselves in antagonism to the dominant sentiment of their party. Party action being essential to the conduct of a free government, a man who wishes to take part in practical politics must act with some party, and this he cannot do unless he agrees in the main with the party's principles. But our national parties at the present time can hardly be said to have any principles, since neither has yet taken a definite position on any leading question; and so long as this is the case no public man ought to hesitate to express his personal convictions. Such expression is, in fact, essential even for party purposes; for the policy of a party must be determined by the dominant sentiment of its members, and what that sentiment is can be ascertained only by a free interchange of views.

Moreover, a wide latitude of opinion is allowable within the limits of party—is indeed inevitable, if the party contains men of ideas, for such men will not sink their convictions at the bidding of party managers. Nor is a party's usefulness at all impaired by such diversity of views, provided its members agree on certain general principles of action. The Liberal party of England, for instance, contains men of all shades of opinion,

from aristocratic Whiggism to democratic Radicalism; yet it is the strongest and most efficient political party in the world, as the history of its achievements during the past fifty years abundantly proves. No public man, then, is justified in hesitating to express his own convictions for fear of alienating himself from his party.

We suspect, however, that in some cases our politicians refrain from expressing themselves on pending questions because they have not studied them enough to understand them, so that they really have no settled convictions with regard to them. The old Southern question so overshadowed all others for a whole generation that most men in public life gave their attention exclusively to that, to the neglect of the commercial and financial questions that have now come to the front. And now that the Southern question is forever settled, the men that were brought up under its shadow are not sufficiently familiar with the new questions to deal with them understandingly; for these questions are not only different from the old one, but of a different kind, so that a preparation for the public life of twenty years ago is by no means a preparation for the public life of to-day.

But whatever may be the reason for the reticence of our public men and their reluctance to express their personal views, the fact itself is not creditable to them, while it is surely an injury to the public welfare. It is the duty of party leaders and men in official position to organize the people for effective political work, and this they cannot do without a full discussion of public questions and the free expression of individual views. And we repeat our conviction that leaders who will take this course, and utter their own opinions without fear or favor, will gain rather than lose in public estimation; and, what is far more important, they will do much to elevate American public life above the low level of commonplace on which it has so long moved.

"College-Bred" Statesmen.

SOME remarks in these columns on "The Outlook for Statesmen in America" (THE CENTURY for June) have been taken as unwarrantably prejudiced in favor of "college-bred" statesmen. That article was partly intended as a defense of "college-bred" men in politics, as against the supposed popular preference for "self-made" men. We used the latter term without definition and in its popular and exterior sense. We did not suppose it necessary to explain that we really think it of no consequence whatever who is a man's maker, in the secular sense, so long as the man is well made. Schools and colleges generally afford the shortest cut to learning and culture; and if any "self-made" man gets learning and culture without school or college, he will be apt to tell you that he has wasted a good part of his life, and has missed accomplishing much that he meant to accomplish for lack of the proper tools.

We are well aware of the fact that there are many men who get learning at college without culture, and that there are many men outside of the colleges who have, with comparatively little accurate learning, a great deal of valuable culture. Besides, there are many "universities" which have no academic foundation whatever, and which people do not generally think of

as institutions of learning. We heard an eminent university president say the other day, that it was idle to call Horace Greeley, for instance, a self-made, *i. e.*, an uneducated man, for he was educated in the great university of the city of New York,—not the institution of that name on Washington Square, but the metropolis itself, with all its thousand influences of culture.

There are a good many "college-bred" men in our present Congress, but not a few of these seem to have gained very little of true culture in their college studies, and count in Congress among the uneducated, prejudiced, immoral, or mentally feeble; while some of the ablest and most influential men at the capital are without any college diploma,—though not, of course, without the advantages of schools and of study. What we say is, that politics under the spoils system

does not tend to bring into public life the really well educated and thoughtful men of the country,—who, under present circumstances, as a rule, prefer other professions to that of government. We believe, however, for reasons given in the former editorial, that the prospect has recently improved for the influx into political life of a more thoroughly trained class of politicians and legislators; and we believe that our schools and colleges ought to, and will, give more and more of the training which is especially useful in public life as well as in all practical affairs. The recent extraordinary confession and exhortation of Charles Francis Adams, Jr., at Harvard (no matter how one-sided his comments on Greek may be regarded), will help to make our institutions of learning see their duty in this respect more clearly than ever.

OPEN LETTERS.

New York as a Field for Fiction.

Now that the great literary symposium on the novel has resolved itself into a general experience-meeting, perhaps the man-in-the-corner-under-the-gallery has a right to make his voice heard in the way of modest suggestion.

My text will be found in "The House of a Merchant Prince," by W. H. Bishop, pp. 1 to 420. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) It is a somewhat ungracious thing to complain of good work that it is not better; but that is exactly what I wish to do. And I choose Mr. Bishop's book because it is the latest, and in some ways the strongest book of a class against which I think I have good grounds of complaint—rather as a reader than as a critic. Its bold sub-title, "A Novel of New York," may fairly be held to imply that its author means to draw us a picture of social life in New York. Now, my point is that he has drawn his picture, not from life, but from a well-worn and conventional model. And if I can make my point in such space as you can afford to give me, I may have some hopes of getting that model sent out of the literary workshop, and of inducing the literary artist to go out among living folk to study character and color—and elsewhere than at the dinner-table or the five-o'clock tea. My crusade is against the model, and in behalf of the artist.

Mr. Bishop gives us a plot which, were his method more dramatic,—less purely narrative,—would be of startling force and interest. As it is, the story is strong and natural. This is much to be thankful for, in a day when the aesthetic elect frown on the telling of a story in picture, poem, or novel, and snub the laymen of the Philistine public who believe that, while Cinderella lasts in her meek youth and beauty, a plain tale will find readers, and that "Little Bo Peep," in its pastoral simplicity and its purely Greek trust in the omnipotence of Fate, gives guarantee that the narrative poem hath some hold on immortality.

But a story is a narration of the doings and sayings of men and women, and it seems to me that Mr.

Bishop has intrusted the acting out of his history mainly to mere figures representative of certain classes of men and women. He takes the typical merchant prince, the self-made and self-reliant man; his wife, the typical weak and indulgent mother and ambitious woman of the world; his daughter, the typical spoiled child of wealth and superficial culture; her lovers, the typical patrician noodle and the typical handsome, selfish, undisciplined young parvenu. These are all types, not individuals; they all talk alike, and they all talk too well; they have no dramatic verisimilitude in them; they do not live. They are well described; but we believe in them so long as Mr. Bishop is telling us of them, and no longer.

Yet he has been at the minutest pains to reproduce every detail of their manners and their belongings and their looks. He even goes so far as to inform us that his impetuous young lover, at an important crisis of his life, passed "a cambric handkerchief over his forehead," thereby removing any fears of his readers that the youth's plebeian extraction might have been shown unpleasantly in the use of the humble yet strangely ostentatious bandanna. And, apart from such excesses as this, the work is singularly conscientious and accurate. Nothing has escaped this keen observer's eye—nothing save the vital essence that is all the difference between the conventional figure and the creation of character.

Did this spring from the author's incapacity, it would not be worth the protest I am making. But it is done with deliberate intent. Mr. Bishop has accepted that weary old saying, "There is nothing in New York society to write about"; and, finding that, notwithstanding the people clamor for a novel of New York society, he takes up this old model that has seen so much service, dresses it for a dance and for a dinner and for a walk down "the avenue," and with its aid gives us a picture of New York life as unreal as the lithographed revels on the lid of a bonbon box.

Where the book does not treat of "society," it is written on a different plan. With a sharp eye for

what an artist might call social and intellectual "values," the author sketches the picturesque differences between the hurrying rout that roars up Broadway when night calls her brief truce in life's war of labor, and that calm and pleasing procession that loiters, gracious and fair to look upon, along Fifth Avenue on a mild spring Sunday. His clerks and other plain folk at the shop and in the boarding-house are natural people. The old Irishman, who appears for five minutes on Harvey's Terrace, McFadd, who was "knowin' to it," is a positive bit of character. We can go home with him, and fancy for ourselves how he looks and talks, and what he thinks, after he has left the scene. So with the two young lovers. Mr. Bishop believes in them, and makes us believe in them. Bainbridge is genuine, and a very pleasant fellow to know. Otilie is only a commonplace girl; but she is just as charming and lovable as many other commonplace girls that we know. Between these two are delightful and delicate episodes of love; and it is not often that they drop into an unpleasant habit, affected by their "society" companions, of writing out their talk—as, for instance, where Otilie, telling her betrothed of her uncle's business troubles in 1861, says: "Under the influence of the imminent prospect of war, the prices of commodities were advancing almost from moment to moment. Small dealers everywhere were desirous to buy, to realize the further rise themselves." For surely these phrases never came impromptu from between the red lips of even the precisest and best informed of Vassar's daughters—unless, it may be, she had just been reading "Norman Leslie" or "Vassall Morton," of which fine old curiosities of American literature I don't believe the dear girl had ever heard. Yes, they are most agreeable company, these young people; but when they leave us for a chapter, on comes "society" again, a phantasmal parade, with dinners and dog-carts, napery and drapery.

But is not this indeed society, you ask? Does not society "entertain," and dress, and drive? Is it not ambitious, showy, luxurious?

Oh, yes, society is all that, and does all these things; but any society that is worth writing about is a great deal more, and does many other things. You cannot tell all about people from their occupations. That is wherein people differ from machines. Silas Marner was a weaver; but we know something more of him than that "his hand satisfied itself with throwing the shuttle, and his eye with seeing the little squares in the cloth complete themselves under his effort." Major Pendennis was a "club man"; yet Thackeray introduces us not only into the privacy of his club, but into the intimacy of his very soul—or whatever you please to call it. Giboyer was one of a thousand Bohemians; but he was *one*, a very distinct individuality, not merely a bunching together of the salient characteristics of the other nine hundred and ninety-nine.

But may we find such a field for character-study in New York as Thackeray found in London and Angier in Paris? Must we not import our character, like our fashions, and our dressing-cases, and our wine?

Why?

This city was a well-to-do Dutch colony. It was strengthened by a forced infusion of English blood. Later, it became the home of many political refugees

from France, and it drew to itself, in time, some part of the Huguenot colony in Westchester. It grew to maturity in provincial conservatism. Suddenly, within the span of a man's life, it has become the sole receiving port of a marvelously great immigration, the commercial and financial center of the nation, and one of the largest and richest cities of the world. This, it seems to me, is a promising place to look for social phenomena, if only in the clash of the old and the new, and the general struggle to fix standards of society.

Go down to Trinity, whose chimes, heard most clearly by brief-hungry young lawyers and shabby speculators in the skyward stories of tall office buildings, call the unheeding living where Wall street's whirl-pool sucks in the tide of Broadway, and bewail the dust-eaten dead within the peaceful pale below. Note the elaborate monuments carved with honored names, and the simple brown stones beneath which lie plain so-and-so, "tallow-chandler, and his beloved wife." This was the fashionable quarter of the city when the century was young—

"In days when Bleecker street was *rus*,
And Murray Hill as is to us
Champlain—Au Sable; when this fuss
And fret were quiet;
When ladies yet might think it queer
To date in '18—': when all here,
In brief, was 'up-town'; in the year,
Say, '08 * * *

—in the days when citizen Morris, of the United States, gave Louis Philippe, destined to become king of the French, a pair of boots to help him on his way to Canandaigua. (And right grateful was that "king in exile," then and thereafter.) Here we may read a record of the simple social system of that time. Try to trace, to-day, the classes then so clearly defined. And yet it is but two or three generations since then—a couple of turns of the kaleidoscope.

Is this harking back too far? Go up to the Latin quarter of New York, between Fourth and Thirteenth streets and Sixth and Second avenues. Go into any street and pick out the family mansion that was once the pride of the block. It is now a cheap lodging-house. Clinched with nails are the great mahogany folding-doors that in the old years were never closed between room and room. In the parlor tinkles and crashes a cheap grand piano, where once stood Gertrude's inlaid Broadwood—the little spinet-like affair over which her lover leaned when she played—the Battle of Prague, was it? Upstairs is her own room, where she stood, now white and now red, in that awful five minutes before they called her down to be wed, while her mother strained her to her heart in convulsive embraces, and then held her off at arm's length, lest a tear should fall on the snowy satin. There is a young couple to-night in the room that was so dainty then, that is so shabby now. A young couple from England it is. They sit hand in hand before the unhome-like anthracite fire. They are having a hard time of it, waiting for the business men of New York to awake to a sense of their own needs and march in a procession to beg for the services of that able and highly recommended young graduate of Cambridge, who has come to make his fortune in a new country, where, of course, skilled labor is at a premium. She is trying to cheer him up, as young

gives will. Their time will come, she tells him—"for I'm sure there's nothing they can do here that you couldn't do, dear." In the next room sit two young Bohemians, smoking bad cigarettes, discussing the best places to get cheap dinners and the best places to sell great poems, incidentally settling questions of art and literature that have bothered the world these many years, and casting glances of not ungenerous calculation at the ever-lessening amber beer in the cracked pitcher between them. It would not much disturb their stout and hopeful young spirits if they knew that in that very chamber the first master of the house once on a time lay dead. Nay, I think they would only write poems about it, could they fancy him stretched out there, a day's growth of gray beard on his stern old chin, pointing at the ceiling from out the folds of the white handkerchief, all the strangeness and distance of death setting the familiar face apart from the household heart.

For Gertrude and her young bridegroom we must perhaps look in Greenwood. But where are their children? Down or up in the world? Their gentleness crushed out of them by that poverty which is the destruction of the poor, or leading the dance of youth and love in some grander, newer home far uptown? For such changes there are in this city, of which some novelists will have it that it has no more interesting social life than is shown in a report of Mrs. Blank's kettledrum or Mrs. Dash's theater party, or than we may study in the columns of the "Society Journal" or the "Upholsterers' Weekly Chippendale."

To me it has always seemed that there is one class in New York that sits guard over a past full of romance and quaint color. This is what I suppose must be called, conventionally, the Knickerbocker class—not those uncommonly proud Vans and Vanders who stalk loftily through Mr. Augustin Daly's American vaudeville from the German, but the agreeable relics of the simple provincial society of two generations ago. A class not unthrifty, not extravagant, yet not well fitted to make or to hoard money, they live in a golden mean of comfort, perhaps even in an atmosphere of mild luxury, on the borders of the world of fashion. They know little of Kensington stitch or of Eastern-woven portières: their parlors are upholstered in damask and their bedrooms in chintz. They are outdazzled by the glare and glitter with which the newer folk of vaster fortunes surround themselves. Living mostly upon the rentals of shops and warehouses built upon what were once their country-places, they draw year by year more closely to themselves, forming a sort of little Faubourg St. Germain, a colony of their own, among a faster-going people who respect them and despise their surroundings. It is a colony of rheumatic old beaux and faded old belles; where young faces are rare, and To-day somehow seems half Yesterday.

This is the world which interested Mr. Henry James when he wrote "Washington Square." But Mr. James had but a mild æsthetic sympathy with it; and, in fact, his Washington Square might as well have been the smokiest of sparrow-haunted London parks as that fair old spot that was once the Potter's Field, and then the Parade Ground, and where, for many years, old Pop Willis (a brother of the poet, and

he was proud of it) ruled, majestic and many-buttoned, over nurse-maids and grass-plot-invading children.

Truly, it were but a dull life to chronicle now, but it had its youth. You may listen to some gracious and garrulous old lady, with hair in puffs whiter than her widow's cap, purring over her reminiscences, until fancy begins to mimic memory, and to vivify for you some few hours of the dead days, and you almost believe that you yourself were at that fine party in Chambers street, where they had tea and cakes for the ladies, and sherry,—no, sherry-wine, if you please,—and where the gentlemen wrote verses in their hostess's album. And you may see the gentle old gossip, a bright-eyed girl, with brown hair done up in a knot *à la Grecque* high on her pretty nose; you may see her tie her fleecy hood under her chin, when ten o'clock strikes, and set out with *mammà* and *papà*—no "mommer" and "popper" then, the gods be thanked!—for her home in Greenwich Village or Chelsea, to lay her innocent head upon her pillow and blush in her dreams with thinking of that young man whose hair was curly, whose cheeks were red, whose black satin stock could not dim the glory of the Newgate collar, which the old people thought rakish and scarcely Christian.

And the young man? Well, you may fancy him sitting with his host and a few choice companions over a bowl of punch, and issuing forth into the lonely street what time the watchman cried "Twelve o'clock, and all's well!"—there to join in a baritone chorus of:

"Says I, 'Fair maid, where are you going,
All a-blowing,
All on a day so fine?'"

Says she, 'I'm going to the Bricklayers' Arms.
Says I, 'Oh, come to mine!'"

—until Mr. Jacob Hays warned them to cease.

A very ungentlemanly performance, you think. So it was. But it occurs to me that I have heard some young gentlemen from Columbia College do pretty much the same thing of winter nights, only the hour was three instead of twelve, and they sang "The Babies on our Block."

But the readers of the present demand a novel of the present? So be it. Let the deodorized American Zola go down into the old Ninth Ward any Sunday, and watch the solid bourgeois heading their family processions churchward, as staidly as though they had not been in their youth, every man of them, members of the volunteer fire department, and had not broken the laws of God and the heads of their fellow-men whenever they got a chance.

This is the true bourgeois class of New York, made up of eminently respectable, commonplace, well-to-do, narrow-minded men and women, among whom, of course, there must be, here and there, a few young hearts fluttering with nobler ambitions, a few finer natures yearning for a finer and higher life. Let this deodorized Zola record the fortunes of some Greenwich Dorothy, whose ideas of life were something too delicate for her plain-going elders, who "loved, may be, perfume, soft textures, lace, a half-lit room"—some

"Poor child—with heart the downiest nest
Of warmest instincts unconfest,
Soft, callow things that vaguely felt
The breeze caress, the sunlight melt,
But yet, by some obscure decree,
Unwinged from birth."

Let him record the history of one such, "far too subtly graced" for her surroundings, who, more lucky than her sisters, found a way to a wider, livelier, and more cultured world; and let him tell us what breath of her own she brought into its hot-house atmosphere.

Or who will write us a tale of the New England invaders? New York was a good place for trade; Boston was not. But New Yorkers were a poor lot at trading, and Bostonians had business at their fingertips. So thousands to whom the ungrateful soil of New England would not give subsistence came hither and made money out of the very stones of New York. They had the largest share in building up the new city north of Fourteenth street, and to this day many of them hold together in a solid phalanx, with one wing there and the other resting on Lenox, Massachusetts. They take all the London reviews, and they believe in the higher culture. They are liberal in religion, and intensely protectionistic in political economy. They were the right arm of loyalty in New York during the late war, and they have never quite got over it—like a certain estimable family, of whom a bored friend once remarked that their grandfather had signed the Declaration of Independence, and they had all been signing it ever since. Contrast this class, which represents what the British would call "progressive conservatism," with the restless, rootless Western element, full of a wild love of magnificence and the luxury of display, full of a hearty bear-a-hand hospitality toward new men and new ideas indiscriminately. What Romeo-and-Juliet dramas may not be enacted between a house in one and a house in the other of these two sets! Let us hear of the loves of Priscilla Hoskins and Calaveras Gashwiler, Jr.

Paris may be Paris, London may be London, Berlin may be Berlin; but every country of the civilized world has had its influence on the social life of New York. Even the troubles of the last French empire troubled us. For that mad whirlwind of shameless and senseless gayety that danced and fluttered along before the deadly leaden deluge of war and revolution, sent a hot puff over to these shores, and blew hither a host of fortuneless and fortune-hunting French aristocrats—and, moreover, alas! blew homeward many American butterflies whose wings had lost their bloom in Louis Napoleon's court. These people, finding themselves unwelcome in this clearer and purer air, settled down together and held a carnival among themselves for a little while, and then their carnival ended in a choice collection of domestic tragedies, most of which were wasted on the newspaper reporter, who measures the interest of a divorce case with a column-rule.

The limitations of space kindly help to cover up my inability to write a condensed gazetteer of New York society. I strive only to show that—if I may allow myself a glittering metaphor—we have here, in one firmament, a number of stellar systems, where one star differeth from another in glory, but where all are very particular about being considered glorious; where color, size, luster, age, is variously esteemed the prime qualification of a good star; where orbits often impinge awkwardly on other orbits; where the planet of one system drops into a mere asteroid in another; and where lights wax and wane and flare and flicker and come and go as in no group lit by the sun of an older

civilization.* Or, to put it more simply, I strive to show that here is a field worthy of the same conscientious, earnest, investigating, analytical study that the best English novelists have expended on another,—larger, no doubt, yet scarcely so rich in sharply differentiated products; for class distinction in England has been reduced almost to one of the actual sciences, and, thanks to a well-arranged schedule of social rank, you may, without injustice, clap its appropriate label on almost any British growth, from duke down to navvy.

The field is clear. I do not deny that there are many who have explored it, and successfully to some extent; but I have not yet found the man who has entered it with a full appreciation of its multifarious richness, to do work that will live; and I regret to say that no one seems inclined to try the experiment. Mr. Cable has discovered his own city, and has already overpaid the debt that the discoverer owes the world. Mr. Howells and Mr. Lathrop find their account in Boston. Mr. Julian Hawthorne has his duties to his ideal and ennobling hero. Mr. James devotes himself to settling international complications of taste and affection. Mrs. Burnett smiles now exclusively on Thespis.

The novelist of New York will find no competition. Yet none the less will he have, when he comes, a welcome and plenty of work to his hand; for if the mere journalist whose range of vision is bounded by his office walls may see this much, how much more is to be found by the man who has served his apprenticeship to fiction, who has the eye to study and the hand to write!

I cast my hint upon the waters. I hope somebody will fish it out in whose care it will thrive.

H. C. Bunner.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

EDITOR OF THE CENTURY.

SIR: I thank you for this opportunity to present a subject of transcendent interest and importance.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union is the lineal descendant of the woman's crusade of 1874, whose first "praying band" was led from the Presbyterian church of Hillsboro' by Mrs. Thompson, daughter of Governor Trimble. It is, in fact, "the sober second thought" of that marvelous uprising by means of which woman uttered her protest against the

* Dr. J. W. Francis, who certainly should have known whereof he spake, said in 1857, in his address before the New York Historical Society:

"New York is the most cosmopolitan of modern cities; hence, in a great measure, its ineffective municipal government, its rowdism, its perpetual demolition, its spasmodic and versatile phenomena, its advantages and its nuisances, its dangers and its blessings as a place of abode; larger opportunities with greater risks, more liberality of sentiment with less rectitude of principle, more work and more dissipation, higher achievement and deeper recklessness; in a word, more obvious and actual extremes of fortune, character, violence, philanthropy, indifference and staid taste and vulgarity, isolation and gregariousness, business and pleasure, vice and piety. Wherever there is more in quantity, there is a corresponding latitude in quality. Enterprise hath here an everlasting carnival; fashion is often rampant; financial crises sweep away fortunes; reputations are made and lost with magical facility; friends come and go; life and death, toil and amusement, worth and folly, truth and error, poetry and matter of fact alternate with more than dramatic celerity."

[*"Old New York,"* p. 377.]

forgetfulness and the neglect as the result of which home has lacked protection from the dram shop. The "praying bands," earnest, impetuous, inspired, have become the woman's Christian temperance unions,—firm, patient, and persevering. Thirty States are already organized, and three thousand local auxiliaries, dotting the continent, fulfill the Bible injunction, "Make a chain, for the cities are full of blood and the land of violence." Our methods of work are quiet, practical, and systematic. We have learned by the argument of defeat and the logic of events what not to do, as well as some things to attempt. The evolution of our activities has been from the individual to the home, thence to society, and finally to the Government itself.

The W. C. T. U. stands as the exponent, not alone of that return to physical sanity which will follow the downfall of the drink habit, but also of the reign of a religion of the body, which shall correlate with Christ's wholesome, practical, yet blessedly spiritual religion of the soul. "The kingdom of Heaven is within you" shall have a new significance to the clear-eyed, steady-limbed Christians of the future, from whose brain, blood, and brawn the taint of alcohol and nicotine has been eliminated by ages of pure habits and noble heredity. "The body is the temple of the Holy Ghost" will not then seem so mystical a statement, nor one indicative of a temple so insalubrious as now. "He that destroyeth this temple, him shall God destroy" will be seen to involve no element of vengeance, but to be, instead, the declaration of such boundless love and pity for our race as would not suffer its deterioration to reach the point of absolute failure and irremediable loss. The women of this land have never had such training as our "Topical Studies" furnish, in the laws by which childhood shall set out upon its endless journey with a priceless heritage of powers laid up in store by the tender, sacred foresight of those by whom the young immortal's being was evoked. The laws of health were never studied by so many mothers, or with such immediate results for good on their own lives and those of their children. The deformed waist and foot of the average fashionable woman never seemed so hideous and wicked, nor the cumbersome dress of the period so unendurable, as now, when, from studying one "poison habit," our minds, by the inevitable laws of thought, reach out to wider researches and more varied deductions than we had dreamed of at first. The economies of a simpler style of living never looked so feasible as to home-makers who have learned something about the priceless value of time and money for the purposes of a Christ-like benevolence. The value of a trained intellect never had such significance as since we have learned what an incalculable advantage results from a direct style; what value resides in the power to classify facts; what boundless resources for illustrating and enforcing truth come as the sequel of a well-stored memory and a cultivated imagination. The puerility of mere talk for talk's sake; the unworthiness of "idle words" and vacuous, purposeless gossip; the waste of long and aimless letter-writing, never looked so egregious as to our workers, who find each day too short for the glorious and gracious deeds waiting for them on every hand.

Frances E. Willard.

The Massachusetts Experiment in Education.

THE conventional school, with its book-lessons and recitations, is familiar to all; but the new public school, with its realistic methods, its entertaining sessions devoted apparently more to talking than recitation, more to amusement than drudgery, is unknown as yet except to the fortunate children of a few towns. We recently visited a model primary school-room in eastern Massachusetts, and, sitting down among the little children, tried to see the system pursued there from the little one's point of view.

It is a plain room, with windows on two sides. In the sunny windows are blossoming plants, and on the walls above the dado-like blackboard are pretty pictures, stuffed birds, and crayon sketches of plants and animals, shells, and curious things from fields and woods. The boys and girls enter the room together, and take their seats behind their little desks, on which are slates and pencils,—nothing more. The teacher comes, a smiling woman with flowers in her hand. She advances to the front of the two-score children, and begins to sing. They all sing: "This is the way we wash our slates, wash our slates, so early in the morning. This is the way we wipe our slates, wipe our slates, so early in the morning." Some of the older girls bring little pails of water, and each child dips a sponge in the water and washes the slate as they sing.

"Pussy Willow's class," says the teacher, "may copy the red words; Tommy Thorndike's class may take the green words; and Jenny's class may take the white words."

These words are already written in colored crayons on the blackboard. Three rows of the children take their slates and begin to copy the colored words,—a happy device for teaching to write and "to tell colors."

"Sophy May's class," resumes the teacher, "may come to the blackboard, and the babies may make a fence and a gate with the sticks."

One of the girls places a handful of large shoe-pegs on the desk of each of the youngest children, and several of the children come to the teacher's desk and stand before the blackboard. They are invited to tell what the teacher holds in her hand. Every hand is raised with almost frantic eagerness. They know what that is. "What is it, Johnny?" "A cat." "Can you tell me a story about it?" Every hand is up. "Well, Katy?" "I see a cat." "Good, now look at this on the board." She writes in script "cat." "What is that?" Not a hand is raised, though every eye is intently studying the unfamiliar letters. "What is this?" says the teacher, rapidly making a sketch of the cat. They all see that. "Now [pointing to the word] what does this stand for?" Two hands are up. "Freddy?" "A cat." "Oh, no. Mary?" "Cat." "Right! Now I will add our old friend," and with this the article is prefixed to the word. "Now Freddy is right—'a cat.' Who can find another?" With this, the word "cat" is written a number of times on different parts of the board, and the children eagerly hunt it up.

The sentence, "I see a cat," is written on the board. That puzzles the children. One has it; another, and another. "Mary?" "I have a cat." "No. Sophy?" "I see a cat." The word "see" is wholly new to the

class, and they get at it from the context, and have its appearance fixed in the mind by association. "Now you may copy this on your slates. Good-bye." This dismisses the class, and they return to their seats to write and rewrite the two new words whose sound, meaning, and aspect they have just learned. The pronoun and the article they learned before; so that now they join them to new words, and study spelling, language, and writing at the same time.

At first sight, there appears no special novelty in this lesson. Other teachers have used objects as a basis of instruction. The thing to be observed is this: These children do not know their letters. They do not study the alphabet at all. The aim is far wider than mere learning to read. First, the child's interest must be won by the sight of some familiar object. Secondly, the word is a substitute for the picture. The child is not told anything. He must arrive at things through his own thinking. There is no reward or punishment, no head or foot of the class. Each one must tell a story; that is, he must say something, make a complete sentence, and not use detached words. Lastly, and perhaps the most important of all, the young scholar must be happy in his pursuit of knowledge, because that which is happily learned is remembered.

The youngest class in numbers is now called up to a large table, on which are scattered a number of wooden blocks, such as are used for toys. The six little men and women have learned already five numerals. They can count five, but no more. To-day they are to learn five more numbers. Again the same merry session, the same stories told, language, expression, grammar, and numbers, all taught at once. Each child has ten blocks, and the game begins. The teacher leads the sport.

"I have five blocks, two and two and one. Now I hold one more. How many are there now?" Half the hands are up. "Well, Teddy?" "Seven," says Ted, with enthusiasm. "How many think Teddy is right? None. Well, Kitty, tell us about it." "I have five blocks, and I add one and have six." "Six what?" "Six blocks." "How many noses have we around the table? Well, Tommy?" "Eight." "No; we will not count company. Tell me something about it." "I see seven noses." "Now we'll all go to sleep." Every head is bent down while the teacher quickly removes two of the six blocks. "We wake up and find something." Every eye is intently studying the blocks. "Tell us about it, Jenny." "There were six blocks, and two have been taken away." "How many are left, Teddy?" "There are four blocks left."

With exhaustless patience, good humor, and ingenuity, the lesson proceeds, every problem being performed with the blocks, and every fact fixed in the mind by a statement made by the child. If bad grammar is used, it is quietly corrected without a word of explanation. The habit of right speaking is the only aim.

By this time the school is becoming weary. They have all worked hard for fifteen minutes. It is time for a change. The class is dismissed, and the teacher begins to sing. It is a merry song about the rain and the snow, and all join with the greatest interest, because at the end, when the snow falls and covers the ground, there are mock snow-balls to be picked up from the floor and tossed all over the room in a jolly

riot of fun. Everybody feels better and ready for work again.

The teacher writes a series of simple sums in addition on the board, and the whole school watch her with the keenest interest. Now for a grand competition in language, grammar, arithmetic, and imagination. As soon as the figures are set forth a dozen hands are up. "Well, Lizzy?" Lizzy rises and says: "I was walking in the fields, and I met two butterflies, and then I saw two more, and that made four butterflies." "Good." The answer is put under the sum, and another child is called. "I had seven red roses, and a man gave me three white roses, and then I had ten roses." By this time the school has caught the spirit of the game. Forty hands are up, trying in almost frantic eagerness for a chance to bowl over one of the sums and tell a story. Whispering is plenty. One by one the sums are answered and the quaint stories told. Then all the upper figures of the sums are removed, and the lesson is changed to subtraction. Again the stories. "I had four red apples, and I gave two away, and then I had two apples," etc. Nearly every one mentioned the color of the object described. The children plainly observed color in everything. They took their subjects from out-of-doors, as if all their thoughts were of the woods, the fields, and the street. The most striking feature of the lesson is the intense eagerness to tell something, the alertness, the free play to the imagination of the pupils, and the absence of formality and anything like a task or recitation. It is practically an exercise in imagination, grammar, language, expression, and arithmetic.

Then follows another song. The slates of those who have been writing are examined, and even the babies who were playing with the shoe-pegs are commended for their work. They are not strictly learners. They are like little fellows put in a boy's choir, not to sing, but to sit among singers in an atmosphere of study.

A class in reading is then called up. Each child has a book, and reads a sentence in turn. The manner of reading is peculiar. The pupil first reads the entire sentence over to herself in silence, and then, looking up from the book, speaks it in a natural manner, as if talking to the teacher. The lesson is a story, aptly illustrated by a good picture, and the children not only understand what they read, but enjoy it. This done, they turn back to a story they had read before. Now the exercise is to read the story, a paragraph at a time, in their own words, to practice expression, and to prove that they understand what they read. Next, a new story is taken, and the class gives its attention not to the text, but to the picture. "Can any one tell me something about this picture?" There is an intense study over the book for a moment, and then the hands go up. "I see a dog." "I see a crane." "The crane is standing on one foot." "The dog is a pug." "Tell us something about the dog." "The dog has four legs." "He has two ears." "The crane has wings." "The crane is a bird." "The dog is an animal." "The pug looks very cross. Perhaps he is going to bark at the crane." All these statements are given in breathless eagerness, as if each child were anxious to add something to the sum of human knowledge, and not one of them is over seven years of age.

Another class is called. They form a line before

the blackboard, and the teacher says: "Who can tell me something? Well, Susie?" "I have a red apple in my pocket." The teacher writes this on the board, and before it is half written the hands are up and there is a ripple of laughter through the class. Teacher has made a mistake. "Where is it, Tommy?" "You made a small i at the beginning." "Right. Another story." "It is a cloudy day." This is written: "It's a cloudy Day." The hands go up again. "Where is it, Jane?" "The capital D is wrong." The hands are still up, eagerly thrust right in the teacher's face, in a sort of passionate anxiety to get the chance to explain the error. "She said it *is*, and not *it's*." "Right." Still the hands are up. "The dot has been left out." "Good. Any more mistakes?" Not a hand is raised, though the eyes scan the letters again to see if there be nothing more. They crowd close up to the blackboard, and watch every word as it is written with unflinching interest.

To vary the lesson, a sentence is written on the board containing two words the children have never seen. They swarm, like bees around a plate of honey, standing close up to the strange words, even touching each letter with tiny fingers, and silently trying to spell them out by the sound of the letters. One child tries and fails, plainly showing that nearly all the sentence is understood, but the new words are not wholly mastered. Another tries and gets it right, and is rewarded by dismissal to her seat. Other sentences and new words are tried, and there is a lively competition to read them. No one speaks the new words alone, but each reads the whole sentence in an intelligent manner, as if it were grasped as a whole. As fast as the right answer is given, the pupils return to their seats till all have answered.

The first class in simple fractions then comes up. It is studying the deep science of wholes and halves, quarters and eighths. The first step is really to see a whole divided into eight parts, and then to study a diagram on the board. The class gather around a low table, and each is given a lump of clay. Each one pats his lump down to a square pancake on the table. The object now is to enable each child to see visible quantities by size and weight and the effect of division. The cake of clay is divided into two equal parts, and these again divided, and the portions compared by size and weight. Each experiment with the clay is made the basis of an example of fractions, and must be explained in words. The addition of fractions is studied in the same way. One child's cake is divided into eight parts, and four are taken away and half a cake added from another cake. The children see the one half and the four eighths put together to form one whole, and they speak of it as a real fact, and not as an unmeaning formula read in a book. On the blackboard they draw in white chalk four bands of equal size. Then each is divided by a red line and subdivided by green lines. The pupil sees, by tracing the colors through each band, the exact relation of whole, halves, and quarters.

With all the lessons that have been described there is at frequent intervals a story or some exercise to change the current of the thoughts. Not all these lessons can be seen in one day or in one school. They are only typical lessons as seen by the writer in different primary schools in Boston, Dedham, and Quincy.

If there is any one thing over which the children of the United States have shed floods of useless tears, it is the "Tables of Weights and Measures" in the ancient arithmetics. Here is a new set of miseries just come to the edge of these horrid tables. Shall they go on in the old unhappy way, trying to say "two pints make one quart," or shall they see the things, and, half in sport, learn the easy lesson? After the lesson they can glibly recite the table, because they have seen what it means.

Here are the tin and wooden measures, with a pail of water and a bushel of bran, ranged on the table before the class. The teacher holds up the smallest tin measure and asks what it is. Some say it is a quart, others a pint. After some delay it is decided to be a gill. "Can any one spell it or write it on the board?" This is done, and the next step is to experiment with the measure. One of the girls fills it with water and makes a statement about it: "I have one gill of water." Having obtained a unit of measure, the next is taken, and the pint is considered by filling it with water by means of the gill measure, and counting the number of gills required to fill it. For dry measure, the bran is used instead of water.

This class are from nine to twelve years old. They are in the upper primary classes, and have spent two or three years already at school. It might be thought that they would not care for such a method of instruction. It does not so appear. There is the same alertness of attention, the same eagerness to tell a story or to express themselves, as in the youngest children, with perhaps a little less playfulness and more gravity.

A class in geography is studying the shape, surface, and general features of the continent of Australia. One of the class is appointed to act as its scribe, and write out the facts as learned. The pupils are supposed to have read their books, and are now up for examination. On a table before the class is a pile of brown molding sand. The first step is to spell the name Australia. This, it may be remarked, is the constant practice—to spell all the important words of the lesson as it proceeds, the correct spelling being at the same time written on the board by the scribe. The study of the shape of Australia, its surface, mountain ranges, and plains, is performed entirely with the molding sand. Each pupil volunteers a fact concerning the matter, and illustrates it in the heap of sand. First, the general outline, then the capes, bays, etc., then the mountain ranges, plains, etc. If any one makes a mistake, either in describing the thing or in arranging the sand, there is a vote taken to see if the majority of the class can correct the error. By the end of the lesson, a complete relief map has been constructed in sand on the table. Every subject in geography, the divisions of land and water, etc., that can be shown by a plan or map, is illustrated on the table, in the sand or with modeling clay. The child is not told to read in a book that "an island is a portion of land entirely surrounded by water." These children are given a lump of clay, and instructed to make an island of clay on the table, and then to cover the top of the table (it is really a shallow tank) with water, to show that the island is really surrounded by water. In some schools the table is painted blue to represent the water, and the brown sand aptly indicates the land.

As with the weights and measures, so the measures of length are studied by means of a tape stretched along the wall. Upon this tape the pupils measure off the foot, the yard, the rod. Each child is provided with a foot-rule as part of his school apparatus, and it is frequently used in the various lessons. The study of the rod and yard grows out of this, and they get what no one who merely learns by rote that "twelve inches make one foot, three feet make one yard," etc., ever can get,—an exact and real idea of the yard and rod. From this tape the teacher readily brings out a lesson in numbers. For instance, she writes on the board: "If I paid \$9.00 for eighteen feet of land, how much did three yards cost?" The pupils see the foot and yard plainly marked off on the tape. They have a realizing sense of the comparative lengths, and this assists the mental process required to solve the question. In fact, all arithmetical problems can be taught by the blocks, the wet and dry measures, the rules and tapes, without once referring to a book. In point of fact, it does not appear advisable to use books at all, but to study numbers from objects, or by means of the board or stories of imaginary transactions from real life. The study of numbers is confined to the first four rules, simple fractions, and perhaps interest. This carries the pupil about half way through the grammar school, and it covers all that is required in ordinary business transactions. The tables, addition, multiplication, weights, etc., are in time all learned, but they are placed last and not first. I heard a teacher recite rapidly a series of sums in this way: "I had six apples, I took one away, added five, divided by two, squared them, gave away five, lost one, sold two, bought ten and ten and five and four and three, and lost seven, and divided them all with Kate and Jenny and Tommy and Jack and Ned. How many did they have, and how many were left?" For about thirty seconds there was a pause, and then one called out that he had it, and then another and another, till all said they had solved the problem. Perhaps a whole minute elapsed, and then, on calling on one scholar for the answer, it was put to the vote of the school whether or not the answer was right. While there may be nothing specially novel in this method of teaching, this point must be observed: These children had been wholly instructed by the new methods. They were probably weak on the "tables," or in the mere parrot-like recitation of formulas, yet they displayed a degree of, quickness, a readiness of memory, comprehension, and reasoning, that was remarkable. With shorter questions involving, say, two sums in one rapidly spoken sentence, the answers came in a volley from the class the instant the sentence was finished, showing that the mental processes had been just as rapid as the spoken words.

It is said that the majority of public school children leave school when about half way through the grammar school. The question is, Does this objective teaching fit or unfit the boy for his probable position in life? Is this the best schooling for the poor man's child? Without venturing our final opinion, it may be observed that the aims of the system are in the right direction, and that all the aims are more or less thoroughly accomplished. First of all, the child must be happy. He must be at ease and pleased with his work, or little will be learned, and the training will be slight.

The child has senses through which he receives all he can know, and makes known the thought that is in him. His senses must be trained by use; hence the games, the blocks, the colors, the music, pictures, and real objects. Imagination is perhaps the most valuable mental quality given to human beings: it must be cultivated continually, that the mind may work quickly and surely. This is the aim of the continual story-telling, the imaginary sums, and the use of pictures. The studies are very limited, because reading, writing, and arithmetic are the tools with which the work of the world is performed. These are enough for the boy or girl who must leave school before the grammar term is over. If he has these, the world of work and learning is all before him. It has been said that the boy taken from these schools and made an entry clerk will be a failure, because, while he is quick of observation, lively of imagination, and learned in a thousand things of the fields, the woods, and the sea, his business is to take the numbers from bales and boxes correctly. This is all that is required, and all the rest is useless. This may be true in a certain sense. Let us wait twenty years and see where the boy will be. Will he be still an entry clerk, or a merchant? In mechanical trades there is a fear that such teaching will unfit the boy for tending a nail machine or a shoe-pegging machine. This might be well founded if such trades were to cling to the old minute subdivision of labor, and the Old World notion that a workman must stick to one trade all his life. A celebrated builder of machine tools once said of one of his lathes: "It will take a man of science to run that lathe." The tendency of all tools is toward complexity, and mechanical trades continually demand more "all-round men," more workmen ready to change from tool to tool, and task to task. The American boy from the new schools will be a master at many trades, because he has been taught to use his imagination, to observe, to use his senses and his mind in a workman-like manner.

Charles Barnard.

A Romantic Career.

DR. FRANCIS LIEBER was one of the remarkable characters of our generation. A statesman without station in politics, he was an enthusiastic, versatile, learned, suggestive, vigorous thinker on public affairs, whose works have influenced the ablest men of this country, and whose fame is international. He was not popular in the sense of being one who elicited the applause of multitudes. As a writer, he was too profound for the general reader; as a teacher and lecturer, he was adapted to superior and not to inferior intellects; and so he seemed to have less influence than he really possessed. But he had the power of attracting, informing, and inspiring strong minds. Wherever he lived, he was surrounded by the best of friends, and engaged with them in the discussion of the loftiest themes. In Berlin, Rome, Paris, London, New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, he made himself felt by his acquisitions, his good sense, his political wisdom, his love of duty and of right, his adhesion to the truth. He is foremost among many noble emigrants from Germany to America.

His long career was romantic. Follow him in the quick succession of events during an active period of sixty years,—watching the victorious appearance of the French in Berlin; harboring the desire to enter Napoleon's army that he might kill the conqueror; wounded in the battle of Waterloo; imprisoned by the Prussian government for his love of liberty; participating in the struggle of the Greeks for independence; walking through Rome with the historian Niebuhr, and making notes of his pithy sayings; becoming a proficient in athletic sports; confined again in prison for his political views; introduced by Niebuhr to Grote, and hoping to become teacher of German in the new London University; an immigrant in this country, looking for something to do; now writing letters for German journals; now conducting a swimming school (where John Quincy Adams, while President, displayed his skill); now studying the improvement of prisons, as one acquainted with duress; now translating Beaumont and Tocqueville's great work; now drafting, by request, an elaborate plan for Girard College, that it might be organized as a seminary for teachers, and as a technical institute; and now editing an Encyclopædia Americana, with the aid of Joseph Story and many other illustrious writers. At length, he was established as professor in the University of South Carolina at Columbia, where his great books on civil liberty, political ethics, and legal hermeneutics were written; but at last became so uncomfortable that he left his southern home, and was reestablished in New York as a professor in Columbia College. He was an incessant contributor to the newspapers, and a correspondent who never tired of exchanging letters; he was thoroughly roused by the Civil War, was consulted by Stanton, Halleck, Sumner, and others high in the national councils; was called upon to form a code for the government of armies in the field; was obliged to see, in his own family, brother turned against brother (one son serving with the Confederates, and two with the Union army). He suggested to European publicists the formation of an international council on international law. He became keeper of the public military archives, to which were sent all papers captured in the South, and was invited to serve as an umpire between Mexico and the United States. Honored with many academic titles, he was more honored by the respect of his pupils and by the unqualified homage of the principal writers on public law in this country and abroad. Such is the record of a life now fully revealed to the public by the diaries and letters which he wrote from 1814 to 1872.

His biography, which has recently been published by Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co., under the editorship of Mr. T. S. Perry, illustrates in a very curious manner the growth of ideas in the human intellect. With a little care, we can see over and over again the growth of a good germ, in a good soil, till it produces good fruit,—which, in its turn, may become the seed-corn in another hill.

Mr. Perry tells us, as the result of his observations of Lieber's life, that it was a continual exposition of his favorite motto: "No right without its duties; no duty without its rights." His correspondents have seen this sentence printed on his note-paper; his readers have often met it in his books. Whence came it? A letter to Judge Thayer, in 1869, gives the

Genesis of this Deuteronomy. Lieber bound for Greece, with his freedom-loving comrades, in 1822, saw at the end of the schooner's yard-arm a little flame. "That is bad, indeed," said the captain, who explained that the flames (electrical lights) were called Castor and Pollux, or St. Elmo's fire. If both appeared, it foretold fine sailing; if only one, foul weather. "Thought I," says Lieber, "this is like *right* and *duty*: both together, and all is well; *right* alone, despotism; *duty* alone, slavery."

In the great battle of this century, at Waterloo, enthusiastic Lieber took part. His little pocket memorandum-book is still extant in which he noted the passing events, and his fuller narrative has thrice been printed. Here he underwent a personal experience of the conduct of soldiers on the march, in the field, and in the hospital. It made a deep impression on his susceptible mind. The memory of consuming thirst was so vivid that for a long time afterward he could not see liquid of any kind without feeling an intense desire to swallow it. He always remembered the anniversary of Waterloo; and he made use of his experience as a soldier to interpret other historic events. When our Civil War was raging, it was this veteran of Waterloo who was asked by the Government to draw up a code for the government of armies in the field, and this he did with such skill that "General Order No. 100" of the United States Army became the basis of European usages.

Napoleon was Lieber's pet aversion, as the students of his "Civil Liberty" are well aware. He would not allow that the Emperor was even worthy of comparison with Washington. His abhorrence was manifested in many pages; but the beginning of this hostility is indicated in a very remarkable letter addressed to George S. Hillard in 1858, in which he declares that when he was thirteen years old, "in the year '13," he took a solemn oath, with a voice as loud as sobbing would permit, that he "would enter the French army, come near Napoleon's person, and rid the earth of that son of sin and crime." "I did it fervently, devoutly, unreservedly," he adds. The auto-psychological comments which he bases on this recollection are very curious. "Keep this letter," he concludes, "for my biography. Do not think I wrote it all in ten minutes."

Lieber was twice imprisoned in Köpenick, in 1819 and again in 1824, because he was suspected of being too free in his utterances on political liberty. He never lost his interest in the subject of penal discipline; he was a close student of the prison reforms which originated in this country forty years ago; he wrote an elaborate introduction to his translation of the celebrated work of the French commissioners; late in life he coöperated with those citizens of New York who were seeking to secure improvements in prison discipline; but more remarkable than all this is the fact that after he received a political pardon, and returned to Berlin, he used all his efforts to secure good penal administration in Germany, discussed the subject with Humboldt, Bülow, and the King, urged that prison inspectors should be appointed who could lecture in universities, and was himself invited to become a professor in the very university from which, as a political offender, he had been excluded in his youth.

Allusion has been made more than once to the code prepared by Lieber for the government of the United States Army in the field. It was issued by the War Department under the designation General Order No. 100, and was frequently referred to by its author as "the Old Hundred." Perry's memoir throws some interesting light upon its preparation. In February, 1863, he sends the *project* of the code to General Halleck, earnestly asking for suggestions and amendments. For this purpose, he is going to send one copy to the soldier General Scott, and one to the civilian Horace Binney; fifty copies also to General Hitchcock for distribution.

"You," he says to Halleck, "well read in the literature on this branch of international law, know that nothing of the kind exists in any language. I had no guide, no groundwork, no text-book. I can assure you as a friend, that no counselor of Justinian sat down to his task of the Digest with a deeper feeling of the gravity of his labor than filled my breast in the laying down for the first time such a code, where nearly everything was floating. Usage, history, reason, and conscientiousness, and sincere love of truth, justice, and civilization have been my guides; but, of course, the whole must still be very imperfect."

At a later date, it is evident that he was quite well aware of the significance of this pioneer code. Twenty years have passed, and the idea which he gave birth to has been nurtured by skillful hands with ever increasing vigor, till at length it seems very near its maturity. It seems probable that the manual on this subject, approved by the Institute of International Law, in its meeting at Oxford in 1880, will receive the official sanction of European powers.

Lieber loved correspondence. He gave freely, and freely he received,—not finished, copied, formal epistles, nor the diffuse utterances of dictation, but sharp, lively, racy notes and queries. If his style was sometimes *staccato*, it had the merit of being pointed and of compelling attention. Consequently, the letters now brought together are very readable. The choice has been made with a nice instinct, which has retained personalities, as in his long-continued intimacy with G. S. Hillard; philosophical reflections, like those addressed to Samuel Tyler in Maryland, and to Bluntschli and Mittermaier in Germany; pleasantry, like his letters to Mrs. Ticknor; and patriotism, like his letters during the war. By this course, Mr. Perry has succeeded in giving us a rounded portrait, not a flat one,—the many-sided likeness of a many-sided man. Mittermaier, Bluntschli, and Holtzendorff are the German correspondents, Hilliard, Sumner, Samuel Tyler, Allibone, Thayer, General Halleck, and Hamilton Fish, the Americans, whose letters from Lieber have been most fully printed.

I miss the letters addressed to Binney, Laboulaye, Woolsey, and others who are known to have been his friends; and I venture the surmise that another volume might be collected from the stores at the editor's command. In behalf of many readers, I bespeak from Mr. Perry another volume of Lieber's letters, two or three years hence.

D. C. Gilman.

The Christian League.—A Postscript.

THANK you, Mr. Editor. Your invention of "Open Letters" gives me just the chance I want to grind my own little hatchet. Your types, far better than my hectograph, will multiply the answer that I ought to make to the many who are writing me kind and curious letters about "The Christian League of Connecticut." Mr. Franklin mentioned, at the last Convention, the large correspondence which had grown out of his connection with the League as its Secretary; and upon me, as its historian, an almost equal burden has been thrown. Some of the inquirers write to head-quarters, as they should; but letters directed to the League at Hartford are sometimes forwarded to me. A few of my English correspondents seem to be puzzled by the geography, but that is nothing strange for Englishmen. If Mr. Franklin should visit England, as I hope he may, he will undoubtedly prepare a large map, after the manner of the missionary secretaries, showing the location of the principal League Clubs, and indicating with spots of some bright color the towns in which churches have been consolidated. I trust that my English friends will avail themselves of the opportunity of hearing Mr. Franklin's lecture, if for no other purpose, that they may obtain a little information about American geography.

The grateful and appreciative words that have come to me from all quarters give me far greater honor than belongs to me. In making the record that I have made of this beneficent movement, I have only done my duty. The praise is due to those—and they are many, nor do they all live in Connecticut—in whose minds and hearts this impulse toward coöperation in Christian work lives and grows from year to year. It is plain that a destructive analysis has done its worst upon the church, and that we have reached a period of reconstruction and synthesis. The fragments of the great denominations steadily gravitate together; the Presbyterians, North and South, are beginning to talk in their assemblies about coming together, and disunion can never survive discussion. No man can give a Christian reason for opposing reunion; every reason against it is drawn from selfish considerations or hateful passions which Christian men cannot long justify themselves in cherishing. When the Presbyterians come together, the Methodists and the Baptists cannot afford to stay apart, and we shall presently see the centrifugal forces acting as vigorously as the centrifugal forces have been acting for a century or two. All this is in the air. He who cannot discern it is dull-witted indeed. I have only reported the movements of the *Zeitgeist*.

Mr. Franklin made a few quotations from his letters. Let me give an extract or two from mine, to indicate the depth of the feeling on this subject, and the social and ecclesiastical conditions out of which this feeling springs. A minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church in New England writes to me as follows:

"You see from my address where I am. Here are five churches and only eight hundred people in the entire township. The — church has no regular preaching. The other churches are in good order as to buildings and parsonages. The Methodists are said to have the largest congregations. At my first service, last Sunday, there were eighty-six. The salaries

are three hundred and fifty or four hundred dollars and rent, save that the — clergyman has to pay his rent from his salary of four hundred dollars. * * * It seems to me that as long as such churches can get men to be pastors they will stick to their narrow denominational ideas and have different churches. But I do not think that God has called me into the ministry for any such purpose. One of the clergymen said he had been very happy here for ten years, and thought I should be. I cannot be, unless I can bring about some union of these churches. With the call for men to heathen lands and the West, how can I be happy here? * * * This much is settled. I cannot give my life to the preservation of mere denominational lines. What can I do in the way of the Christian League? Have you those articles in pamphlet form? If I could put one in every family here, and call a meeting in the large, beautiful town hall!"

The good man in his perplexity sees a glimmer of light in the West; but there is reason to fear that his fight thither would prove to be only a translation from a Yankee frying-pan to a prairie fire, as the following extracts will show. The writer of the letter from which they are taken is a Congregational minister in the Far West—a man with the most ample knowledge of all that region, and with a grasp of mind and a temper of soul that speak for themselves:

"I am convinced that if the policy of our missionary societies could be this, to have fewer churches and better, to withdraw from competition in many a hopeless field, that we may do the right thing where the way is open and the need great, we should do a much better work than we do. Only last week I was told by Rev. —, who has long known Kansas, that he knew of fifty places in which the Congregationalists and Presbyterians should unite. If that could be done so that there would be twenty-five less Congregational churches and twenty-five less Presbyterian, there would be (1) a saving of fifteen thousand dollars missionary money; (2) a saving of an indefinite amount for church-buildings; (3) the release of fifty men to preach the Gospel in other places; (4) fifty fields that would be an attraction to men of spirit, in the place of fifty fields that no one but a mendicant would think of taking.

"I am not at all surprised at the scarcity of ministers. The policy of our home missionary societies tends to keep men from the ministry. We have a dead and dreary level of little churches that offer no inviting field for young men. It is easy to say that any young man fit for the ministry ought to be ready to enter the smallest field, that he ought to have the spiritual efficiency to make his small field a large one. I have said this myself. It is the true thing to say. But if the field is small, not because of the wickedness of sinners, but because of the folly of saints and the mistakes of the home missionary authorities, the case becomes hopeless. We must expect to begin small in new places; the trouble is that our fields remain small, and must remain so while this mistaken policy continues. If a young man is asked to endure hardships for Christ's sake, by all means let us not take the courage out of him by false pity; but if it turns out that the call for self-sacrifice is not for Christ at all, but for *our church*, we need not wonder if the truest consecration comes to be a forgotten grace, and that the best men cannot be found for the ministry."

The writers of these letters—and I have many like them—are not theorists; they are men who stand in the midst of this sectarian confusion, and who are doing their best to bring a little order out of its tumult, and to mix a little sweetness with its bitter waters.

Such voices have a right to be heard, and they will be heard. The men who have the ordering of the work of our home missionary societies must attend to these mischiefs at once. Some of them, as I happen to know, are heartily disposed to do so; others, I fear, are ready to wink at any amount of "scrouging" if it do but inure to the benefit of their respective sects.

I will add but one word more, that the scarcity of ministers, so much complained of, is due, as my Western correspondent shows, to the spirit of schism, perhaps quite as much as to any other cause. There would be no lack of ministers, even numerically, if the churches that have no right to exist were blotted out. And, if that were done, we should soon report a great gain not only in the number but also in the quality of the men seeking the ministry.

Washington Gladden.

[THE following letter has been received by the Editor from the (Protestant Episcopal) Bishop of New Mexico and Arizona:]

I read with great interest Dr. Gladden's series of articles in THE CENTURY, entitled "The Christian League of Connecticut." The subject is handled with marked ability and in an excellent spirit. The Doctor has hit the plague-spot of modern Christianity. I am thoroughly convinced that the needless divisions among Christians is to-day a greater hindrance to the spread of Christ's religion than any other evil, not excepting infidelity and intemperance. If this seems to some to put the case too strongly, let them remember that divisions kill charity, the most important of Christian graces.

Doubtless the evil is sufficiently grave in New England; but it grows worse the farther West you come. I think I understate the case when I say that in the great cities of the West not one in ten of the nominally Protestant population are in the habit of attending any place of worship. Farther West, and in thinly settled districts, the evil is still greater. In the Western States and Territories, you may travel hundreds of miles and not meet with a place where any regular service is held.

You will pass a score of small settlements, around stations with sufficient population to make a congregation; but, not being able to unite on any one denomination, they live practically heathens. When you reach a town of from one thousand to five thousand inhabitants, you will find half a dozen sects, each generally with a handful of followers, a half-starved minister, and a shabby little church; and yet an expert would often fail to discover in what essential particular these denominations differed with each other.

Of course, there must be a cure, but my object in writing this letter is to help men to see the enormity of the evil. When Christian men begin to look in earnest, a remedy will be found.

In conclusion, let me recommend Dr. Gladden's suggestion, in organizing new congregations, to use only the short platform of the Apostles' Creed. I would add to this a request that all sincere followers of Our Lord would use daily that touching prayer of his, "that all may be one," on which is conditioned the concluding sentence "that the world may believe that Thou hast sent me."

Geo. K. Dunlop.

LAS VEGAS, N. M., June 26, 1883.

Standard Railway Time.

PEOPLE whose journeyings have been limited to short distances can hardly appreciate the perplexity experienced by a traveler who undertakes to make a long tour in this country, when he endeavors to ascertain by what standard he must time his movements in order to catch a train advertised to depart at a certain hour. It is a lamentable fact that our railways are run to-day by no less than fifty different meridian times, varying from each other by all sorts of odd combinations of minutes. The roads using the various standards cross and interlace each other in such a puzzling manner as to render any ready acquisition of knowledge of the standard by which each is governed a sheer impossibility. Studying a map of the system is like tracing the intricacies of a labyrinth.

This condition of affairs has largely arisen from the fact that, in the early days of railroads, the several lines were isolated from each other, and each, as a rule, adopted as its standard the meridian time of the city in which its head-quarters happened to be located. As these lines were extended and branches were constructed, each adhered to its original standard, or compromised upon some intermediate meridian suitable for its own system, without regard to the standards of other lines in the same section. Many new lines of road, using standards varying from all the others, have been constructed across the original lines, thus adding to the confusion, which was bad enough before. So generally does this condition of affairs exist, that there is to-day scarcely a railroad center of any importance in the United States at which the standards used by the roads entering it do not number from two to five. The inconvenience this causes was aptly expressed, not long since, by a bright and intelligent Virginia lady, one of a party of tourists. Finding herself utterly unable to reconcile the time shown by her usually reliable watch to the varying times shown by the railway clocks at different points, she turned to the writer, and, using a provincial expression, asked appealingly: "Please tell me what is *sure enough* time?"

An effort is now being made in railway circles to arrive at a "*sure enough*" time, which has been not only indorsed but strongly recommended for adoption by the managing officers of a large number of important railway lines.

The system proposed is based, so far as it affects the railway lines, upon readily understood principles.

First. That the same standard should be used by all lines within sections as largely extended as may be possible, without entailing such a difference between local and railroad time as to cause inconvenience to the public. It is believed, however, that as exact time is seldom required except for purposes connected with transportation, standard time could be readily substituted for local time in all cases where the difference would not be much over thirty minutes.

Second. That where a second standard becomes necessary, it should differ from the first by the simplest and most readily calculated variation,—an even hour.

Third. That the changes from one standard to another should be made at well known points of departure, and so far as may be possible at points where changes now occur, and where no practical difficulty would cause danger or inconvenience to railway operations.

The section of country which includes within its limits over eighty per cent. of all the railways lies within thirty degrees of longitude westward from the eastern boundary of the State of Maine.

In railway circles, all roads east of Buffalo, Pittsburg, Wheeling, Bristol (Tennessee), etc., are distinctively known as Eastern roads, and the lines west of those points as Western roads. In examining a map of these Eastern roads, grouped together, we find that a meridian line, drawn centrally between their eastern and western extremities, coincides almost exactly with the seventy-fifth meridian west from Greenwich. A similar grouping of the Western roads between Buffalo, Pittsburg, etc., on the east, and the western boundary of Kansas on the west, develops the fact that the ninetieth meridian west from Greenwich is very approximately the central meridian for the system of roads embraced within that section.

The seventy-fifth and ninetieth meridians being fifteen degrees apart, their time differs, of course, by an even hour. It is proposed that all railroads east of Buffalo, Pittsburg, etc., shall use the seventy-fifth meridian time, which is approximately four minutes slower than the meridian time of New York; and that the Western roads shall use the ninetieth meridian time, which is nine minutes slower than Chicago time.

The meridian equidistant from these central meridians crosses the railway lines in Ohio and other States at points where the peculiarities of railway operations prevent the change being made from one standard to another, and the difficulty has been met by extending the Western standard to the eastern termini of such roads at Buffalo, Salamanca, Pittsburg, etc. Similar practical questions decide the standards for all roads south of the points named to Charleston, South Carolina. In Canada, all roads between Quebec and Detroit would use the seventy-fifth meridian time. The western limit of the ninetieth meridian, or "central time" system, is fixed at points on the great transcontinental lines, where a complete change is now made in the personnel of the hands in charge of trains, or, more technically speaking, at the ends of divisions. The standard for the next western or "Mountain" system is the time of the one hundred and fifth meridian, which coincides with Denver (Colorado) time, and, for the Pacific coast, that of the one hundred and twentieth meridian. The change from the Mountain to the Pacific system is proposed to be made at Yuma, Ogden, and Missoula, all convenient locations. For the extreme eastern section, east of Quebec and Vanceboro, the sixtieth meridian time may be employed.

By the adoption of this system over eighty per cent. of the railroads will use but two standards where they now use forty, and these standards will differ from each other by an even hour. The standard for each section will differ from every other section by one, two, three, or four hours; hence the minutes will be identical in all the sections. At points where the changes are made from one standard to the next, as Pittsburg, Wheeling, etc., similar changes are now made, the distinction being that instead of the readily calculated difference of one hour these changes now consist of differences of odd minutes varying from thirteen to thirty-six, numbers inconvenient to calculate and which constantly cause annoying mistakes.

It has been pretty generally conceded that the system proposed will be, *per se*, advantageous to the railway companies. As affecting the general public, the traveling portion will certainly be benefited. For the rest, numerous instances now exist where railroad time is exclusively used without inconvenience in localities where the railroad standard differs by over thirty minutes from true local time.

Multiples of Greenwich time have been adopted for the system proposed, because they have been found to be the meridians best adapted for the purpose desired to be accomplished. It is a petty, school-boy patriotism which urges that Washington time should be adopted as the prime meridian, in the face of the fact that its adoption would aggravate rather than diminish the difficulties of the situation, so far as the railways at least are concerned.

The adoption of the system proposed will reduce the present uncertainty to comparative if not absolute certainty; and as Greenwich time is the standard by which all navigators' chronometers are regulated, it will give us a national standard time that will be in harmonic accord with a system which may be extended to include within its limits the whole world. For reasons of this nature, every scientific society in this country which has considered the subject has recommended the adoption of the seventy-fifth, ninetyeth, etc., meridians west from Greenwich as those upon which time standards should be based.

But the question whether these meridians are also best adapted for the use of the railways, and how they can be practically adopted without serious inconvenience, has been heretofore an open one in railway circles. It is hoped and believed that a solution has now been reached. The question is to be finally decided at conventions of railway managers to be held in Chicago and in New York City in October, 1883.

W. F. Allen.

Reforming the Alphabet.

IN "Science" for June 1st, Mr. Alexander M. Bell designates six consonant sounds in the English language as having no proper letters to represent them, and proposes that the deficiency be supplied with "Visibl Speech" symbols. Five of the six sounds which he mentions ar the same as five of the six usually designated by spelling reformers as not properly represented; but he puts in *w* and leaves out *ch*. Now that the combination *w* represents, not a singl sound, but two sounds, any one can prove for himself. If there is but one sound it wil be possibl to "hold" it, in the musical sens; but the result of a trial in this case is the sound of *h* followed by that of *u* in *quack*, or els som noise never represented by *w*.

Then why is *ch* omitted? From his spelling *catch* in his list of examples with the sign for *sh*, it may be inferred that Mr. Bell would reply that *ch* is made up of *t* and *sh*. The holding test does not giv a distinct result in this case, owing to the peculiarity of the sound; but a trial wil prove that *ch* is pronouncd with the vocal organs in one position, and hence stands for a singl sound. That the sound of *ch* does not include that of *sh* becoms evident from it being necessary,

after pronouncing the former, to change the positions of the tongue and lips slightly before *sh* can be spoken.

Mr. Bell givs the six "Visibl Speech" letters which he proposes as substitutes, and invites the reader to judg as to the simplicity of their forms and their adaptability for intermixture with Roman letters. They are not prepossessing, for, not having any structural elements in common with Roman characters, they look even more out of place than script letters would if mixt with Roman. The sign for *sh* is almost exactly like an eye such as ar used with hooks on ladies' dreses; that for *sh* (*s* in *azure*) is the same with an aded mark; those for the two sounds of *ch* resemble script *w's*; that for *ng* is not so easily described, but the main part of it resembles the apothecary's scrupl mark. Their foreign look is, of course, the least rational objection, but practically it would be found the hardest one to remove. Another disadvantage is that the similarity of two pairs of these letters would cause many mistakes in distributing type. The argument that by these and other fysiological signs the pronunciation of foreign words can be represented, is no reason for introducing them into the alfabet in which our daily papers, our Bibls, and school-books ar printed. "Why not hav two alfabets?" Mr. Bell asks; an excellent suggestion, but let the "Visibl Speech" alfabet be kept distinct for the use of def mutes, for grammars of foreign languages, and other filological uses. There is no more need of continually reminding the reader of the vocal proces he uses in speaking each letter, than of reminding him as often as he sees the word that *husband* was originally *house-band*.

What shal we do, then? for, as Mr. Bell says, the new letters advised by som reformers hav failed to be adopted by the rest. Wel, here is a plan which the writer formed over three years ago, and which he stil deems the most feasibl. Reformers ar agreed that *g*, *x*, and either *c* or *k* must go. The retaining of *k* rather than *c* would seem preferabl, because when a person sees a *k* he knows alreedy what it stands for, and would not hav to forget that it sometimes denoted the same sound as *s*. A tendency in this direction has begun in the spelling of Sokrates, Sanskrit, and som other foreign words. The fact that *k* is preferred in German, to which the Anglo-Saxon part of our language is so closely allied, also pronounces in its favor, for, as Mr. Bell insists, international agrement is highly desirabl. Now, why not use these discarded familiar letters for thre of the unrepresented sounds, insted of offending the eye unnecessarily with newly devised signs, and requiring every foreigner who lernas our language to share the burden? In deciding which sound each letter shal represent, let us invoke again the principl of international agrement. Thus, in Italian, *c* in certain situations has the sound of *ch* in *church*; why not choose a change that makes one more point of agrement between the two languages insted of one that makes another point of differenc? The use of *x* for the *sh* sound would not be far from its present initial use, as in *xylofone*; and, if no weightier determining reason arose, let *g* take the place of *ng*, because it resembles *g* in projecting below the line. Perhaps it wil be decided to replace *w* and *y* by vowels, as ip Franklin's scheme; if so, these with one Anglo-Saxon letter, alreedy lookt upon with favor, would make up the six lacking consonants.

IN THE CENTURY for last December was an article on the spelling reform by Professor Lounsbury, with all but one of the views in which I desire to express full agreement, together with great admiration of the manner of treatment. But Professor Lounsbury, to, deems the introduction of new letters "a necessity of the situation." Besides mentioning the six consonant sounds already referred to, he states that we have fourteen simple vowel sounds, and only five letters to represent them. But there is a simple remedy for this deficiency also, and that, to, in conformity with the principle of international agreement. We have only to use with each of these five letters two of the diacritical marks so freely used in continental languages to have the means of representing fifteen vowels.

New letters have already been devised, and are used in the organ of the Spelling Reform Association. "Transition letters" have also been invented, to make the change to full phonetic spelling a gradual one; but this scheme savors of the wisdom that cut off a dog's tail an inch at a time out of compassion.

Surely, if the growing disposition of the Germans to replace their peculiar alphabet by the one used in writing English, French, Italian, and Spanish is a move in the right direction, and if it would be well for the Russians and Chinese to do the same, then the formation of a peculiarly English alphabet, by the introduction of ten or more new letters, is a long step backward.

Frederick A. Fernald.

The Training of Children's Voices.

THE experience of teachers trained at this college and practicing its methods is exactly that which Mr. W. L. Tomlins relates in your June number. Of those

who teach singing by note in English and Scotch elementary schools, seventy per cent. practice our system of singing; hence their experience is wide and various. With Mr. Tomlins, our teachers find that coarse and loud tone limits the compass of the voice; they find, too, that children who are in the habit of shouting, either in the play-ground or at the Sunday-school, have very poor singing voices. As an illustration of Mr. Tomlins's point that children's voices are naturally high, let me mention the work of Mr. Frank Sharp, superintendent of music in the board schools at Dundee, Scotland, and a teacher of our system. Mr. Sharp's children's choir has frequently performed Handel's "Messiah" in public, not only in Dundee, but in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen. In these performances, the treble and alto parts both of the solos and choruses are sung by children, without the assistance of a single adult voice, tenors and basses only being brought in to complete the harmony. I have noticed the ease with which the boy and girl trebles attack the G's and A's of Handel's music. They sing these notes with far less effort than most adult sopranos. The reason is that the low and medium voices have been carefully separated from the really high ones, and the registers of the voice have been developed. Mr. Tomlins evidently means that a fair proportion of children's voices are high. We find that they differ in compass just as much as the voices of adults.

The habit of singing by ear, once formed, is difficult to cure, and we regard it as of utmost importance that the understanding should keep pace with vocal skill.

J. Spencer Curwen.

THE TONIC SOL-FA COLLEGE, London, June 6, '83.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

In Swimming-time.

CLOUDS above, as white as wool,
Drifting over skies as blue
As the eyes of beautiful
Children when they smile at you;
Groves of maple, elm, and beech,
With the sunshine sifted through
Branches, mingling each with each,
Dim with shade and bright with dew;
Stripling trees, and poplars hoar,
Hickory and sycamore,
And the drowsy dogwood bowed
Where the ripples laugh aloud,
And the crooning creek is stirred
To a gayety that now
Mates the warble of the bird
Teetering on the hazel-bough;
Grasses long and fine and fair
As your school-boy sweetheart's hair,
Backward roached and twirled and twined
By the fingers of the wind;
Vines and mosses, interlinked
Down dark aisles and deep ravines,
Where the stream runs, willow-brinked,
Round a bend where some one leans
Faint and vague and indistinct
As the like reflected thing

In the current shimmering.
Childish voices farther on,
Where the truant stream has gone,
Vex the echoes of the wood
Till no word is understood,
Save that one is well aware
Happiness is hiding there.
There, in leafy coverts, nude
Little bodies poise and leap,
Spattering the solitude
And the silence everywhere—
Mimic monsters of the deep!
Wallowing in sandy shoals—
Plunging headlong out of sight;
And, with spurtings of delight,
Clutching hands, and slippery soles,
Climbing up the treacherous steep
Over which the spring-board spurns
Each again as he returns.
Ah! the glorious carnival!
Purple lips and chattering teeth—
Eyes that burn—but, in beneath,
Every care beyond recall,
Every task forgotten quite—
And again, in dreams at night,
Dropping, drifting through it all!

James Whitcomb Riley.

Model Children.

DAT fust chile am Abs'lum 'Neezer,
An' dat nex' one's Ephaham;
Ober dar am Potiphar Cesar—
Him as we fo' short call Sam.

Sorter 'semblin'? Like free pins, sah;
Can't mos' tell which which one am;
Dat, I 'spec', is case dey's twins, sah—
Abs'lum, Ephaham, an' Sam.

Yo' nebber seed sich peaceable chillun;
No, dey nebber disumgree;
Jes' watch 'em eat dat water-millun—
Peaceable, sah, as dey ken be.

Dar, now, chillun, quit yer foolin';
Frow dat piece o' peel away;
Yes, dey likes ter all be ruin',
But dey'll mind jes' when I say.

Luff him be, dar, Ephaham; yo'
Needn't took de biggest share!
Fo' de solem' fack I'll flam yo'
If ye doan divide dat fair!

Did'n ye heah me talkin', Abs'lum?
Luff right go ob Eph'am's ha'r!
Dar's enuff; ye all ken hab sum,—
Cuff him agin, sah, if yo' dare!

Potiphar, stop dat! Mind yer mudder!
Look out 'fo' ye tear his cloze!
Haint yer 'shamed to scratch yer brudder?
See dat poor little Abs'lum's nose!

Hi! yo' wile-cat, dar! He's stranglin'!
Doan yer da's to frow dat stone!
'Pears yer wuss'n dogs far janglin',
If I da's to leab yer 'lone!

Whist! I heah de ole man 'wakin'!
Skatter quick, wid all yer might;
Ye ken bet ye'll git a shakin'
If ye doan skoot out o' sight.

See 'em git! Yah! yah! What chillun!
Coarse dey'll jangle when dey's mad;
But dey'll quit, sah, mighty willin',
When I menshum de ole man's gad.

Charles H. Turner.

What's in a Name?

In letters large upon the frame,
That visitors might see,
The painter placed his humble name:
O'Callaghan McGee.

And from Beërshaba to Dan,
The critics with a nod
Exclaimed: "This painting Irishman
Adores his native sod.

"His stout heart's patriotic flame
There's naught on earth can quell;
He takes no wild romantic name
To make his pictures sell!"

Then poets praised in sonnets neat
His stroke so bold and free;
No parlor wall was thought complete
That hadn't a McGee.

All patriots before McGee
Threw lavishly their gold;
His works in the Academy
Were very quickly sold.

His "Digging Clams at Barnegat,"
His "When the Morning Smiled,"
His "Seven Miles from Ararat,"
His "Portrait of a Child,"

Were purchased in a single day
And lauded as divine.—

That night as in his atelier
The artist sipped his wine,

And looked upon his gilded frames,
He grinned from ear to ear:—
"They little think my *real* name's
V. Stuyvesant De Vere!"

R. K. Munkittrick.

A Midsummer Day's Dream.

Oh, the bright, the breezy sky,
Blue and boundless, pure and high!
Oh, the winds, the clouds, the bliss,
Wed to woodland hours like this!
Bird and insect! teach me, pray,
Songs to match with yours to-day!

Chirp and chirrup—by my fate
Not too long you bid me wait!
Lovely winglings! Oh, for feather
Light as yours, this summer weather!
Oh, for music like the bee!
Oh, for wild-wasp minstrelsy!

Speckled Spider, venture near!
There is naught for you to fear.
Two-tailed Cricket, come and be
Mine accepted company;
Bring your cousins, too, the Ants;
Here are crumbs for all your wants!

Daddy Long-legs! hither haste,
Thin of leg and thick of waist;
Tell me, Daddy, minus prayers,
Tumbling down the kitchen stairs,
Is it true, what I'm afraid is,
You're a sinner, bound for Hades?

Nonsense—that I'll not believe!
What's this traveling up my sleeve?
Ho! friend Grasshopper, is't you,
With your sharp and rasping shoe?
Skip, old Hammer-head, away—
No molasses, sir, to-day!

Ah, what's here? my Lady fair!
Crimson speck upon the air!
Lady-bird—oh, wherefore roam,
Why so far from hearth and home?
Spotted Lady, fly—return—
Else the fire your house will burn!

Beetle, wood-moth, bird on wing—
Nature's tribes, that own no sting—
Come and flutter by my side,
Here in covert safe abide;
I'll your boon companion be
For your noble company!

Here I'll come, for each bright day,
While the birds and blossoms stay,
While the wooing breezes roll
Sweet content through heart and soul,
And from banks of blowing thistle
I can list yon blackbird's whistle!

Come—oh, come! for you and me
All these summer mornings be;
Come—oh, come! for me and you
Each soft evening drops its dew;
Morn and noon and sunset's glow
Made for you and me, you know!

William M. Briggs.

A Bundle of Letters.

STRANGE how much sentiment
Clings like a fragrant scent
To these love-letters pent
In their pink covers:
Day after day they came
Feeding love's fickle flame;—
Now, she has changed her name,—
Then, we were lovers.

Loosen the silken band
Round the square bundle, and
See what a dainty hand
Scribbled to fill it
Full of facetious chat;
Fancy how long she sat
Molding the bullets that
Came with each billet!

Ah, I remember still
Time that I used to kill
Waiting the postman's shrill,
Heart-stirring whistles,
Calling vague doubts to mind,
Whether or no I'd find
That he had left behind
One of her missals.

Seconds become an age
At this exciting stage;
Two eager eyes the page
Scan for a minute;
Then, with true lover's art,
Study it part by part,
Until they know by heart
Everything in it.

What is it all about?
Dashes for words left out,—
Pronouns beyond a doubt!
Very devoted.
Howells she's just begun;
Dobson her heart has won;
Locker and Tennyson
Frequently quoted.

Criss-cross the reading goes,
Rapturous rhyme and prose,—
Words which I don't suppose
Look very large in
Books on the "ologies";
Then there's a tiny frieze
Full of sweets in a squeeze,
Worked on the margin.

Lastly,—don't pause to laugh!—
That is her autograph
Signing this truce for half
Her heart's surrender;

Post-scriptum, one and two,—
Desserts,—the dinner's through!—
Linking the "I" and "You"
In longings tender.

Such is the type of all
Save one, and let me call
Brief notice to this small
Note neatly written:
'Tis but a card, you see,
Gently informing me
That it can never be!—
This is the mitten!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

Massachusetts French.

DEDICATED (WITH APOLOGIES) TO CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR.

THE model was a Frenchman; tall and muscular
was he,
And the pose was very difficult, as any one might
see;
For he shot fictitious arrows from a stout but string-
less bow;
And the Life Class sat before him—thirty young
men in a row.

He stood stock-still one hour—yet one more, nor
moved a hair;
The students still worked steadily with fixed, artistic
stare.
The model groaned in secret, and the sweat was on
his brow,
And he longed to beg for respite, but alas! he knew
not how.

He knew no English, they no French; so all still
held their peace,
Though all, no doubt, knew Latin, and were fluent
when in Greece;
For Latin school and college had made them "cult-
ured" men,
With no thought that French or German might come
handy now and then.
The use of all such knowledge their teachers ne'er
could see;
So the sum of their acquirements was a guinea-hen-
like "Oui."

At last one youth, more pitiful or lazy than the rest,
Observed the clouding of his eyes, the heaving of his
breast;
"Oh, fellows! we are cruel; he must rest awhile," he
cried.
But all looked blank and helpless and nobody replied.

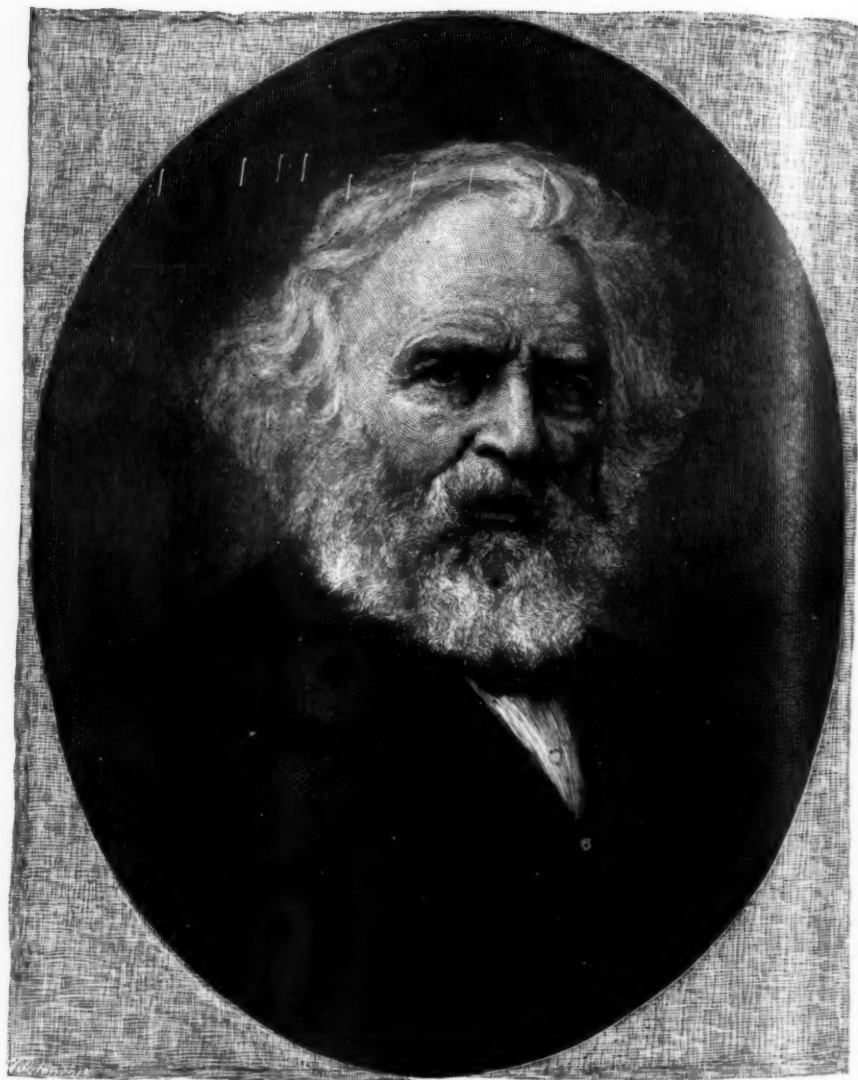
Then one young man who felt a pride in his knowl-
edge of the tongue,
But had been too modest to come forth till other hope
was gone,
Stepped forward to the model, full in all the students'
view,
And lisped in accents dulcet: "*Ah, monsieur, restez-
vous!*"

"*Mais non, messieurs!*" the model said, and "Oui,"
the youth replied;
And still the weary man said "*Non*"; still "Oui" the
chorus cried.

"What cruel creatures!" thought the man. "Why
wont he rest?" said they.
But neither class nor man has seen the point unto this
day.

Bell F. Hapgood.

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Henry W. Longfellow

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